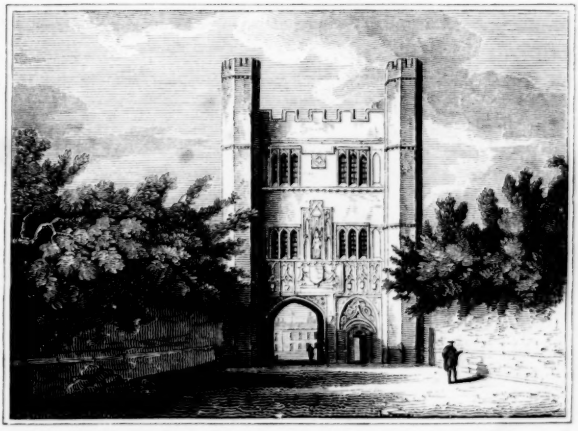
THE

Retrospective Review.

FOR OUT OF THE OLDE FIELDES, AS MEN SAITHE,
COMETH ALL THIS NEWE CORN FRO YERE TO YERE;
AND OUT OF OLDE BOOKES, IN GOOD FAITHE,
COMETH ALL THIS NEWE SCIENCE THAT MEN LERE.

CHAUCER.

VOL. VIII.



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THE

Retrospective Review.

Vol. VIII. Part I.

Art. I.—*Examen; or, an Inquiry into the Credit and Veracity of a pretended Complete History; shewing the perverse and wicked Design of it, and the many Falsities and Abuses of Truth contained in it. Together with some Memoirs occasionally inserted. All tending to vindicate the Honour of the late King Charles II., and his happy Reign, from the intended Aspersions of that foul Pen. By the Hon.* Roger North. *London, Printed for* Fletcher Gyles, *against Grey's-Inn Gate in Holborn.* 1740.

In the last article of a preceding number, we endeavoured—with what success it is not for ourselves to pronounce—to select into one view such characteristic notices from contemporary writers, as, whilst they served to illustrate the subject we had undertaken to discuss, might also, in some degree, indirectly promote the great and more immediate object of our publication. To revive the recollection of works, whose sterling merits have been somewhat obscured by time and neglect, and to quicken the reader's appetite for the original and invaluable fountains of historical information, is a part of our duty, which, we conceive, cannot be more effectually discharged than by dispensing such portions from the living well itself, as may tend to stimulate rather than allay his thirst after a longer and deeper draught. The character of the royal personage under review is one of that stamp, which can hardly

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be thought to merit the trouble of much investigation; and we confess, we should have been extremely reluctant to waste our own time and the reader's patience in so unprofitable a labour as that of defining exactly the shades of his moral and political turpitude, had we not been tempted to proceed by the inexhaustible fund of amusement which is supplied by the anecdotic history of his life and reign. It originally formed part of our purpose to attempt to make the inquiry into his character and actions a vehicle of instruction as well as of amusement, but all more serious designs were soon lost sight of in the utter unsuitableness of the subject we had chosen for profound or sober disquisition. A saunterer among the gay and the frivolous, whom each successive morning called forth, like butterflies, to expand their painted wings in the sun-shine of the Mall—presiding with more grace and eclat over the business of a lady's toilette than the affairs of the nation, which heaven, in its wrath, had cursed with his government—living but to laugh, and laughing at every thing sanctified by the reason or prejudices of mankind, it were paying too much consideration to the memory of a worthless monarch to hope to derive any more serious advantage from the study of his character, than the amusement of a very idle hour. In this low estimate, we, of course, mean only to include the personal history of Charles—the public annals of his reign are fraught, God knows, with but too many subjects of deep and painful interest. By dwelling on this disgusting period of our history, we may discern, as in a putrid and offensive corpse, the latent seeds of those disorders which are incident to our mixed constitution and national character; and thence derive such wise precautions, as may enable us to guard against the occurrence of future maladies, and such salutary prescriptions as may tend to the preservation of the general weal. But to unravel the complicated web into which the politics of that reign are woven, and, without clue to guide us, to find our way through the dire confusion of intrigues and conspiracies—plots and counterplots—requires more patience than we possess, more discernment than we boast, and much more space than our narrow limits can possibly afford. In pursuing, therefore, the present inquiry, we neither seek to enlighten what is obscure, nor to fix what is uncertain, but merely to divert into our pages some portion of that anecdotic wealth, which runs in so rich a vein through the works of contemporary writers. To this object, we confess, the consideration of Charles's merits and demerits is entirely subordinate; though we doubt not that our few pages will be found, in conclusion, to furnish a juster and more impartial view of his character and conduct than can be extracted from the pon-

derous tome, whose title we have chosen to prefix to the present article.

Of the numerous catalogue of vices, with which men are apt to gratify their spleen by stigmatizing the characters of their rulers, there is none to which royalty has ever been more obnoxious, nor one from which it can, in general, be more easily exculpated, than that of political ingratitude. Not to mention the great difficulty there must always be in discriminating between those, who in troubled times have actually done and suffered, and those who have only talked and made empty professions of attachment, it seems a mistaken notion to suppose, that services done to the crown constitute a necessary or binding claim upon the rewards and distinctions which it has to confer. So much is it the custom of common conversation to talk only of the king's service and the king's necessities, that we come insensibly to consider the monarch as the only party interested in the stake which may happen to be pending; and to forget, that, when we stand up in defence of church and king, we mean, if we mean any thing at all, to vindicate our own right to worship God after the way of our fathers, and to preserve inviolate the rights and property they have bequeathed us. He who, in civil commotions, draws his sword from any other than such interested motives, is an insane bigot to his own chivalrous and irrational loyalty; or, worst of all, fights, a mere mercenary, in the very fields and by the very hearth-stone of his ancestors. The only reward which a true citizen can propose to himself, as the recompense of his sufferings and privations in the cause to which he has devoted his life and property, must be the eventual firm and lasting security of both; or, if unsuccessful in the vindication of his rights, that he may, at least, bear away into foreign lands that balm, more healing than a king's favour—the ineffable quiet of an approving conscience. Regarding his services, not as a favour conferred, but as a debt due to his country and to himself, such a one will not invoke the faith of kings, and murmur loudly at finding his services neglected or overlooked; nor will he repine, that, in the distribution of places and distinctions, his own individual interests have been postponed to the general welfare of the community. Of such a stamp were many of those gallant cavaliers, whose loyal crests glanced in the sun-beam that shone upon the field of Edge-hill; but of a far different description were those younger royalists, who, with loud and obstreperous shouts, and the cry of "give!—give!" in their mouths, hastened to greet the royal wanderer, on his return from an almost hopeless exile.

If the debt, which the loyalty of subjects is understood, however erroneously, to impose upon the gratitude of the

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sovereign, be, in most cases, too heavy to be easily discharged, that, which had been accumulating through so many years of destruction and civil broils, could hardly fail of galling the reluctant shoulders of him, who now literally took it up as a cross laid upon him for his sins. Not only did those who had poured out their blood like water, and had their persons as much emaciated by imprisonment, as their purses were reduced by sequestrations and compositions, think themselves entitled to expect recompense and reparation;—but every one who had but strained his throat in the universal shout of welcome—every one who had drained his cup in deep devotion to a treasonable toast—every one, in short, who had, by extravagant debauchery, brought his cause into disestimation, and himself under the notice of the presbyterian magistrate, was eagerly looking out for honours he could not support, or offices he could not discharge, or lands and money the king had not to give.*

> " 'Twas this produced the joy, that hurried o'er
> Such swarms of English to the neighbouring shore,
> To fetch that prize ——"

No sooner was Charles arrived at Canterbury, which was within three hours after he had landed at Dover, than he found reason to lament the condition to which, in the character and situation of a restored monarch, he found he must necessarily be subject. Thither both those who had services on which to found their pretensions, and those who had none—those who had acted, and those who had only talked—those who had bled, and those who had drank in his cause, hastened alike, and were alike received with open arms and flowing expressions of grace. So universal appeared the welcome, that he was wont merrily to say, " it could be nobody's fault but his own that he had stayed so long abroad, when all mankind wished him so heartily at home."† Such as were known to him, he addressed with some pertinent inquiry—others, he saluted more distantly, at a venture, as " old acquaintance"‡—and for all he had a smile, that thawed the frost work of every man's bosom, as a snow-wreath vanishes under the influence of the mid-day sun.

> " On each side bowing popularly low,
> His looks, his gestures, and his words he frames,
> And with familiar ease repeats their names."

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* *Continuation of the Life of Lord Clarendon.* † Ibid.
‡ *Evelyn.*

A prince so gracious in his expressions, and so liberal of his courtesy, was easily conceived to be generous too; and every one began to assure himself of the full accomplishment of his wildest wishes. Nay, some, that they might not lose the present opportunity, forced him to give them audience on the spot, and reckoning up the insupportable losses which they themselves, or their fathers, had undergone in his service, demanded the present grant or promise of such and such offices of the highest trust and importance. They pressed these extravagant requests with such importunity, and, what was worse, with such tedious discourses, "that the king was extremely nauseated with their suits, though his modesty knew not how to break from them;" and he had no sooner regained the freedom of his own closet, which for some hours he was not able to do, than he began to bemoan himself, and to lament to the Chancellor the hard lot which his happy restoration had imposed upon him. And, in truth, he did "from that minute contract such a prejudice against the persons of some of those, though of the greatest quality, for the indecency and incongruity of their pretences, that he never afterwards received their addresses with his usual grace or patience, and rarely granted any thing they desired, though the matter was more reasonable, and the manner of asking much more modest."* A man of large mind would have been prepared to expect, and therefore have borne with equanimity, the unreasonable and griping avidity of his partizans; and with one of a liberal disposition, the disgust it could hardly fail to inspire, would have soon blown over, and left him free to use his penetration in detecting and rewarding real merit. But Charles was neither high-minded, nor generous; he neither forgot, nor forgave—made allowance, nor distinction; but having had the misfortune to be disgusted and fatigued by the tiresome importunity of a few, he revenged himself by a total neglect of all. Circumstanced, however, as he was, and happily as much restricted by the conditions on which his restoration was effected, from allowing scope to his gratitude, or room to his revenge, we see no just cause for being severe in our censure, or joining in the outcry that was raised against him during his life, and has since continued to pursue his memory. Forfeitures he had none, with which to glut the craving of his followers—for the presbyterian party, though they had neglected the interests of liberty, had been careful of their own—and the persons who had accompanied him from abroad—who, in their own language, had "borne the burthen and heat of the day,"

* *Continuation of the Life of Lord Clarendon.*

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and, therefore, had the better right to push on their fortunes, had appetites sufficiently keen to swallow up whatever else he had to bestow.* To gratify all was clearly impossible; and as it was particularly incumbent on him to conciliate all parties and to offend none—as he stood in the unusual predicament of owing more to his enemies than to his friends, little regard could, perhaps, be had to the merits of the more ancient and respectable cavaliers. These, who had been incomparably the greatest sufferers, and in all respects merited most, never made any inconvenient suits to him, but modestly left to his own reflections the consideration of all they had done and undergone. But this was far from being the character of the great majority of the cavaliers, who were seldom, to use the words of Baxter, "sick of the disease called tenderness of conscience or scrupulosity;" and whose importunity in pressing for place and preferment was only to be equalled by their incapacity to discharge the offices they sought. The vice of drunkenness, brought on by the uneasiness of their condition during the Protectorate, and the necessity of frequenting meetings together, for which taverns offered the most security, had woefully impaired their judgement, and ruined their intellects;† whilst the very poverty to which the more zealous royalists had reduced themselves, by rendering them insignificant, made them unequal to the support of government. On the other hand, the king's reconciled adversaries, to whom, more than to his ancient friends, he was indebted for his restoration, had equal pretensions to a share of his favour; and being, from practice, more acquainted with public business, were better qualified to execute any trust committed to them. The general unfitness, then, of the cavaliers for places of consequence in the state—the necessity Charles was under of scrupulously respecting the property, and conciliating the good will, of those who had been most active against him, and his utter want of means in any degree proportioned to the numerous claims made upon his bounty, are the grounds on which Clarendon defends or excuses his neglect of those, whose zeal and sufferings in the royal cause had known no bounds. Without stopping to consider with what grace such an apology comes from one who had received £20,000 from the king, and the forfeited estate of one of the late king's judges, though he had never suffered imprisonment, nor even hazard in the field, it must be acknowledged, that the indifference shown to the wretched cavaliers ought, in candour, to be charged rather upon the necessity of the case, than the neglect or ingratitude of the monarch.

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* *Continuation of the Life of Lord Clarendon.* † Ibid.

It was, of course, not to be expected, that angry and disappointed men should admit the reasonableness of an excuse, that went to deprive them of the poor consolation of venting their murmurs—rehearsing their wrongs, and abusing their superiors. They jested indignantly on the title of the "act of oblivion and indemnity;" and said, "his majesty had passed an act of oblivion to his friends, and indemnity to his enemies;"* and against the Chancellor, who used to beat down the value of their services, and was reported, though falsely, to have advised the king "to gain his enemies, since he was sure of his friends by their principles," they conceived an implacable resentment. The neglect of the cavaliers is a favourite topic of the libels and satires of which that age was so prolific:—Andrew Marvel insults their disappointed hopes as well as his halting verse will permit; and Rochester, the universal libeller, has not failed to hitch his sovereign's ingratitude into a kind of miserable epigram.

"His father's foes he does reward,
Preserving those that cut off's head:
Old cavaliers, the crown's best guard,
He lets them starve for want of bread.
Never was a king endued
With so much grace and gratitude."

Bishop Burnet, the severe censurer, and sometimes malicious interpreter, of his conduct, has likewise his observations on the subject; to the truth of which we should have been more willing to subscribe, had he been candid enough to make allowance for the insuperable difficulties of Charles's situation. "He had been," says that historian, "obliged to so many who had been faithful to him, and careful of him, that he seemed afterwards to resolve to make an equal return to them all: and finding it not easy to reward them all as they deserved, he forgot them all alike. Most princes seem to have this pretty deep in them; and to think, that they ought never to remember past services, but that their acceptance of them is a full reward. He, of all in our age, exerted this piece of prerogative in the amplest manner: for he never seemed to charge his memory, or trouble his thoughts, with the sense of any of the services that had been done him."

That the poverty and distress of the cavaliers would have been proportionably mitigated by royal bounty, in case Charles's difficulties had been fewer, and his means of evincing

* *Burnet.*

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his gratitude more ample, is too bold a position to be maintained by those who are at all acquainted with his character. That, where so many false and ridiculous claims were set up, he should be averse to enter into any strict discussion or inquiry, might have been imputed less to his indifference than to his indolence; but the fact was, he seldom, or never, shewed himself liberal of his bounty, where the demand upon his gratitude was incontestably just and peremptory. Those from whom he had received personal kindnesses, as Mr. Lane and the Penderells, were, indeed, not absolutely forgotten; but he gave one or two signal proofs, how little he was in the habit of considering political services, as constituting any sort of claim to his favour or protection. The last Earl of Derby, of the family of Stanley, has taken a singular revenge on his memory, and perpetuated by an inscription on a building, erected near his seat in Lancashire, the shameful neglect which his family reaped, as the sole reward of all their sufferings in the cause of royalty. It runs as follows: "James, Earl of Derby, Lord of Man and the Isles, grandson of James, Earl of Derby, and of Charlotte, daughter of Claude, Duke de la Tremouille, whose husband, James, was beheaded at Bolton, 15 Octob. 1652, for the strenuously adhering to Charles II., who refused a bill, past unanimously by both houses of parliament, for restoring to the family the estate lost by his loyalty to him. 1732."*

How far the English cavaliers would have been benefited by any exactions made upon the opposite party, supposing the latter not to have been protected from sequestrations by the salutary fears, under which his majesty laid, may be conjectured from the government proceedings in Scotland, over whose political offences no blessed bill of oblivion and indemnity had been drawn. A considerable sum of money had been raised in that country by fines, which, according to the act of parliament, was to be distributed among those, who had served and suffered for the king. The cavaliers came up in crowds with their pretensions, but were disappointed of their last hopes of recompense—the money having been applied to raising a military force.† Charles threw the blame of this transaction upon Sharpe, (the archbishop,) who, he knew, durst not contradict him, as if by so doing he could have shifted his dishonour from himself, without whose authority neither Sharpe, nor any body else, durst have taken such a step. On the whole, it must be confessed, that making every allowance for that indolence of temper, which would never permit him to be at the trouble

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* *Rapin's History by Tindal.* † *Burnet.*

of inquiring into the justice of the claims made upon his bounty, and for the narrowness of his revenue, as well as the voracity of his needy courtiers, which left him without the means to satisfy such as were clearly established, it may reasonably be doubted whether a more active disposition, and less embarrassed finances, would have served any other end, than to display his ingratitude in a yet more conspicuous light. Two more flagrant instances remain to be noticed, after which we shall leave this part of his character to the reader's mercy, to be judged as it deserves. To the states of Holland, and the family of the Prince of Orange, he was considerably indebted. The one had entertained him with great magnificence, at a vast charge, during his stay among them, and loaded him with valuable gifts, at his departure;* and the other had been impoverished by their imprudent but generous exertions in favour of his father and himself. This kindness Charles acknowledged by making two successive wars upon the first, each more infamous and unprovoked than the other; and treating the latter (more fortunate certainly in the absence of any such demonstration of his regard) with total indifference. To the Dutch, who were absolutely the only people on the continent, who had expressed any friendship or even civility towards him, he entertained an avowed and personal hatred; and when obliged to sign a peace with them, for want of means to carry on the war longer, he declared, that he had done "a thing, which went more against his heart than the loss of his right hand." And the Prince of Orange, who, in the winter of 1669, came over to see after the great debt due to him from the king, and to try to engage his uncle to assist him in recovering the stadtholdership, he repaid with good words, and a vast shew of civility, "but neither then, nor afterwards, did he bestir himself in that matter, though if either gratitude or interest had been of force, he must have been inclined to make some returns for the services the late prince did him."† And yet Charles would occasionally shew himself mindful of an ancient favour, and grateful to an ancient friend: pity that this was not oftener the case, for no one could confer a favour like him, no one ever possessed in such perfection, that graceful and benevolent air, which enhances an obligation, and delights the person obliged, even more than the favour itself.—"April 20, 1665. To Whitehall, (we quote from *Evelyn's Journal,*) to the king, who called me into his bed-chamber as he was dressing, to whom I shewed the letter written to me, from the Duke of York, from the fleets,

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* Notes on *Astræa Redux*, Scott's *Dryden*, vol. ix. p. 48.

† *Burnet.*

giving me notice of young Evertson, and some other considerable commanders newly taken in the fight with the Dartmouth and Diamond frigates, whom he had sent me as prisoners of war; I went to know of his majesty how he would have me treat them, when he commanded me to bring the young captain to him . . . . . &c. (he was eldest son of Cornelius, Vice Admiral of Zealand, and nephew of John, now admiral, a most valiant person) . . . . . The king gave him his hand to kiss, and gave him his liberty; asked many questions concerning the fight, (it being the first blood drawn,) his majesty remembering the many civilities he had formerly received from his relations abroad. . . . Then I was commanded to go with him to the Holland ambassador, where he was to stay for his passport, and I was to give him fifty pieces in broad gold."

Charles's liberality, however, or want of it, had very little to do with the main question at issue between himself and his people; as a sovereign he was little better, or little worse, for being endowed with a greater or less proportion of generosity,—an ingredient of rather a doubtful description in the composition of a monarch's character, and full as likely to be displayed at the expense, as for the benefit, of his subjects. The two best and wisest sovereigns of any age, or country, our own Elizabeth, and her contemporary, Henry IV. of France, neither of those affected the praise of generosity, or were very liberal of their bounty; and those who served them with the sword, or the pen, were apt to complain, and not always without reason, that their rewards were by no means proportioned to the length or nature of their services. Yet we know not that the sage statesmen, or armed warriors, who, in their different vocations, adorned the reigns of these two sovereigns, were, on that account, less zealous or less active in their cause; and that which the courtier might term the niggardliness of their temper, was certainly, in its effects, generosity to the people, whom they governed. To be lavish of what is not one's own, is a cheap and easy method of acquiring a reputation for liberality; and that profuse expenditure of the public money, which opens a hundred venal throats in praise of the monarch, is nothing but an ungenerous waste of the property of the subjects. The country is drained of that, which, if allowed to circulate freely through its veins, would promote health and vegetation, clothing the hills with verdure, and making the valleys smile with plenty; but, to vary the favourite metaphor of the advocates of taxation, the dews, thus exhaled, descend not back, in refreshing showers, upon their mother earth, but are rained down on a thirsty and barren sand, which returns neither herb nor tree, fruit nor flower. A tender care of the purses, no less than of the persons, of his subjects, with which lavish grants and

indiscriminate bounty are utterly inconsistent, is true generosity in a prince; and had the insensibility, which Charles too often evinced, to the services of his ancient friends, proceeded from this motive, that which his contemporaries called ingratitude, posterity would have more justly pronounced a considerate regard for the interests of his people. But the character, which the Roman historian has given of a great patriot of his time, might be applied, with but little modification, to the merry monarch; he was as greedy of his subjects' property as he was lavish of his own; though not generous, he was profuse and extravagant; his mistresses, and the companions of his social pleasures, could gain, by solicitation, from the easiness of his temper, what, on better principles, would have been vainly sought from his justice, or liberality. Sir John Reresby gives a ludicrous instance of the extreme readiness of the people about the Court to snap up every thing that fell in their way, as well as of his majesty to grant what was not even his to dispose of. A foolish and scandalous report had some how got abroad, of his having caused the death of a black servant of his, by an operation, which he was said to have had performed upon him. Sir John laughed at it at first, but he quickly changed his note, when he heard that the Duke of Norfolk had been begging his estate of the king, as forfeited by the felony; and on his arrival in town, he found that a Mr. Felton, of the bed-chamber, had not only asked, but actually obtained a grant of it. Sir John could not well digest this readiness of the king's to grant away his estate; but his majesty professed he did not remember any grant he had made of it to any person whatsoever. The Lord Treasurer assured him also, that *he* had taken great pains to prevent the begging of his estate; and Sir John believed it to be true, but shrewdly suspected it was with design, had it proved a forfeiture, to have secured it for himself. Indeed he was told as much afterwards.*

Whenever Charles's bounty flowed, it proceeded from no sense of gratitude, or consideration of policy, but entirely from an *imbecillitas frontis*,† which left him no power to utter a denial, and no other means of rescuing himself from importunity, than granting whatever was requested. It is a just observation of one, who understood his character, but has naturally enough shewn himself too indulgent to its defects, that when once aversion to bear uneasiness takes place in a man's mind, the passions are damped into a kind of indifference, grow faint and languishing, and become subordinate to the funda-

* *Memoirs of Sir John Reresby*, p. 36. &c.
† *Clarendon.*

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mental maxim of not purchasing, or withstanding any thing, at the price of a difficulty. "This made, that he had as little eagerness to oblige, as he had to hurt men; the motive of his giving bounties, was rather to make men less uneasy to him, than more easy to themselves; and yet no ill-nature all this while. He would slide from an asking face, and could guess very well. It was throwing a man off from his shoulders, that leaned upon them with his whole weight; so that the party was not gladder to receive, than he was to give. It was a kind of implied bargain; though men seldom kept it, being so apt to forget the advantage they had received, that they would presume the king would as little remember the good he had done them, so as to make it an argument against their next request."*

As it is evident that Charles was not of a disposition to be led away by effusions of gratitude, or imprudent bursts of generosity, it might have been expected that his colder temper would have left him free to pursue the dictates of prudence and justice. But the same imbecility of mind, the same unsteadiness of purpose and levity of temper, and the same want of principle, which either made, or found him extravagant and profuse, without being either generous or grateful, left him equally regardless of the distinction of right and wrong, and as prone to violate the rights of his subjects, as he was greedy and lavish of their property. It is but fair, however, to hear what those have to urge in his behalf, who have attempted to vindicate his character, or palliate his offences. "He was surely," says Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, "inclined to justice; for nothing else would have retained him so fast to the succession of a brother, against a son he was so fond of, and the humour of a party he so much feared."† Agreeable to this view of the matter, is a story which the author of the *Examen* has quoted from some forgotten pamphlet of that day; the truth of which he finds no reason to doubt,—"the rather because the pamphlet itself is so rare, as looks as if the whole edition had been secured from the public,"—a practice, it seems, of the whig faction, when any thing, they did not like, was thought fit to be suppressed. Although we think we could assign a much better reason for the scarcity of the pamphlet in question, we see none at all why the account should not be true, since the circumstances related are likely enough to have happened, and are quite consistent with the characters of the parties concerned. It states, that on the 24th of March, 1681, "the great

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* Marquis of Halifax, *Character of King Charles II.*

† *Character of King Charles II.* Duke of Buckingham's Works, vol. ii.

patriot, next under God and Dr. Oates, the supreme defender of the nation," the Earl of Shaftesbury, having received, or pretended to receive a letter in an unknown hand, bustled away to court, "as fast as his legs, man, and stick would carry him." The Duke of Monmouth, who was supposed to be privy to the search, being asked by the Lord Chamberlain, what this great affair was, answered, with a modest air of self-denial, that it was something concerning himself, in which Lord S., as usual, took a deeper interest than he desired. Meantime Shaftesbury, applying for admittance to the king's presence, was told by the lord in waiting, (Feversham) that as he heard he had business of importance, he would conduct him to his majesty. "The busy earl told him, he was willing to be conducted by so honest a man as his lordship, drolling, and thinking himself guilty of a shrewd irony." Being introduced, he produced his letter; and the plan, for securing the peace and religion of the nation, turned out to be a proposal for settling the crown upon the Duke of Monmouth. The king said, he wondered that, after so many declarations on the contrary, he should still be pressed on that subject; adding, that he was none of those that grew more timorous with age, but that, rather, he grew more resolute, the nearer he approached the grave. Upon the earl's expressing himself mightily concerned to hear such a word, the king said, he might assure himself, that he was as careful of his own preservation, as any of those persons could be, who affected so much concern for his personal safety, but that he would much sooner lose his life, than alter the true succession to the crown, which was repugnant both to law and conscience. "For that matter," replied the earl, "let us alone, we will make a law for it." To which the king replied, "if this is your conscience, my lord, it is not mine, and much as I regard my life, I don't think it of sufficient value, after fifty, to be preserved with the forfeiture of my honour, conscience, and the laws of the land."* This is all very well: we never thought so meanly of Charles's conversational powers, as to doubt his ability to talk in terms of virtue and honour. To be sure, he was not much in the habit of expressing himself thus; and the quick unceremonious answer he once gave Burnet, when the latter told him, there was a report abroad, that he intended to legitimate the Duke of Monmouth, was far more in his natural way,—"as well as I love him, I had rather see him hanged!"—But such were, doubtless, the motives, by which he represented himself to be influenced; and though he was too clear-sighted to impose upon himself, it was easy enough for him to impose upon

* *Examen*, p. 124.

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others. His friends have attempted somewhat more, and on this slender foundation have built him up a goodly reputation for justice and equity; although if they had not resolved against seeing any thing, but what favoured their own view of the matter, they might have detected motives, which were likely to have full as much weight with his majesty, as affection for a brother, whom he never loved at heart,* or regard for justice, which every other action of his life shews him to have utterly disregarded. The question with him, was not so much whether his brother should, or should not be excluded from the succession, as whether, in the great struggle that was pending, himself, or the party in parliament, that opposed his measures, should gain the victory. It was not difficult to foresee, that if he yielded in the present instance, the exclusionists would acquire such an influence in the government, as would render impracticable all his favourite measures of policy, whether they regarded mercenary treaties with the French king, or unjust and unprovoked wars upon the states of Holland, or arbitrary designs on the privileges of his own subjects. His fears might even have gone beyond this point. He might, as Burnet supposes, have reflected, that if acts of exclusion were once began, it would not be easy to stop them; and though the party, for decency's sake, masked their attack, by substituting his brother, that he himself was the person chiefly aimed at.

> "Without my leave a future king to choose,
> Infers a right the present to depose.
> True, they petition me to approve their choice;
> But Esau's words suit ill with Jacob's voice.
> My pious subjects for my safety pray;
> Which to secure they take my power away."

Without absolutely believing, as Spencer has said, that Charles obliged Dryden to put his speech to the Oxford parliament into verse, it may be supposed, the poet would naturally make King David express himself in a strain of argument and insinuation similar to that which King Charles had himself used before. At all events, such was the belief, sincere or pretended, of his partizans,—they hoped, says North, through his brother, to smite him, and that if they could carry a law against the former, the king himself would lie exposed to their aggressions. Rather than thus endanger his own authority, by allowing what he probably looked upon as a sort of prop and

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* *Memoirs of Sir John Reresby*, p. 47.

buttress to his throne to be removed, he was willing that the commons should enact what they pleased, in the way of limitations, "to pare the nails of a popish successor."*

In whatever light Charles's conduct on this occasion is regarded, if it be viewed as a sacrifice of his ease and pleasure to principle, and of his affection to justice, it is still but a solitary example, against which may be set in array, a dire battalion of acts of gross and palpable injustice. In the proceedings against Sir H. Vane, which we formerly mentioned, and the eagerness he manifested to avail himself of a verdict, unsanctioned even by the letter of the law, he gave an early proof how little he was likely to be influenced in his conduct, by considerations of justice, when opposed to fancied political interests. But the trial and execution of the Marquis of Argyle furnished a yet more flagrant instance, in which we hardly know, whether the servile complaisance of the parliament that condemned him; the perfidy of Monk, who produced against him letters, written in the security of private correspondence; or the injustice of the king, who permitted the execution of an illegal and iniquitous sentence; deserves the most pointed reprobation. Two successive acts of indemnity, which precluded all inquiry into the former part of Argyle's conduct, left them nothing, on which to found a criminal charge, but his compliance with the usurpation,—a crime common to him with nine-tenths of the whole kingdom. But it seems that a victim, whether one could be legally had or not, was thought requisite; and this being once determined, the predominant faction had only to consult their envy, jealousy, and hatred, to decide on the person, who was to bear away the sins of the Scottish nation. But there were some previous circumstances, which gave to the conduct of Charles, on that occasion, a shade of deeper atrocity. It is sufficiently clear, from the statement of Clarendon,† partial and uncandid as it is, that the king either was, or thought himself greatly indebted to Argyle, for services rendered him, when he was in Scotland; and upon them, the Marquis himself appears to have depended not a little, and to have placed considerable confidence in the king's regard. Nor can we think, that the prudence and judgement of that veteran statesman deserves to be called in question, however mistaken the event shewed him to have been, when we know that Charles had given him, under his hand and seal, the strongest possible assurances of his confidence and esteem. They are contained

* Durley's expression, when conversing with Sir John Reresby, *Memoirs*, p. 70.

† *Continuation of the Life of Lord Clarendon.*

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in a letter, or declaration, dated St. Johnstown, September 24, 1650. It states, that having taken into consideration the faithful endeavours of the Marquis of Argyle, for restoring him to his just rights, he is desirous to let the world see, by some particular marks of his favour, the trust and confidence, which he reposes in him; and particularly he promises, that he will make him Duke of Argyle, &c.; and he farther promises to hearken to his counsels; and that, whenever it shall please God to restore him to his just rights in England, he will see him paid the forty thousand pounds sterling due to him;—all which he promises to make good upon the *word of a king*.* It was, doubtless, a presumption, founded upon these expressions, that led Argyle to labour so hard after a personal interview. He wrote repeatedly by his wife and son, entreating permission to come up and wait upon his majesty; and Charles, at length, gave an answer, which appeared to encourage him to do so, but did not bind the writer to any thing. "I have forgot the exact words," says Burnet, "but there was an equivocating in them, that did not become a prince." Such as they were, however, they appear to have given the cautious old nobleman a sufficient assurance; for he came up immediately, and so secretly, that he was within Whitehall, before his enemies knew aught of his journey. He despatched his son to the king, to request admittance to his presence, but instead of that, he was sent to the Tower, and thence back, by sea, to Scotland, and what afterwards became of the marquis is known to all men.†

It is a remarkable fact, that whilst England was subject to an usurped authority, the laws had been administered by men of strict integrity; and amidst the utmost virulence of faction, the decrees of the judges had been upright and impartial.‡ The politic usurper appears to have understood, that an equitable adjustment of differences between man and man, is the interest of even the most arbitrary government; and to have made the law the great rule of conduct and behaviour for every one but himself. But the reign of Charles II., the age, as it has been called, of good laws, was signalized by an administration of them more corrupt and infamous than ever disgraced the courts of English judicature. The first few years ought, doubtless, to be excepted, when, under the auspices of Clarendon, the courts in Westminster Hall were filled with grave and learned judges; but in drawing a contrast between the times of order and constituted authorities, and those of an illegal government, he has indulged his fancy, and thrown unmerited reflections upon the preceding administration of justice:—"no one com-

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* Harris's *Life of Charles II.* † *Clarendon.* ‡ *Hume.*

plained without remedy, and *every man dwelt again under the shadow of his own vine*, without injustice and oppression.* If this be true, it must be allowed, that England was indulged with but a very short repose from violence and illegality. The following picture, though drawn by a parliamentary orator, is corroborated by too many recorded verdicts, to be looked upon as highly coloured or overcharged. "Our judges," said Mr. Booth, afterwards Lord Delamere, when speaking on a motion for their impeachment, "have been very corrupt and lordly: taking bribes, and threatening juries and evidence; perverting the law to the highest degree, turning it upside down, that arbitrary power may come in upon their shoulders. The cry of their unjust dealings is great, for every man has felt their hand."†—"Sad creatures," to use the homely phrase of Burnet, were put into the most important posts; and they were, doubtless, selected by the court as proper instruments to execute the worst purposes of the administration. Holding their places too, *durante bene placito*, no wonder they did what they thought would please,‡ and that the law became, as it always will in bad and corrupt times, the chosen engine of a tyrannical and vindictive court. Even those who defended them, had nothing to say on the score of their personal merits; for Mr. Finch, when speaking against the impeachment of Scroggs, was compelled to allow, that he was not fit for his place, nor ever had been, and that he had committed crimes deserving of great punishment.§ And North, the pugnacious defender of every thing and every body that concerned or supported the court, is here obliged to give ground.

"He was a man that lay too open; his course of life was scandalous, and his discourses violent and intemperate. His talent was wit, and he was master of sagacity and boldness enough; for the setting off of which his person was large, and his visage broad. He had a fluent expression, and many good turns of thought and language. But he could not avoid extremities; if he did ill, it was extremely so, and if well, in extreme also. In the plot, (the Popish plot,) he was violent to insanity, and then receiving intelligence of a truer interest at Court, he was converted, and became all at once no less violent the other way; which made the plot-drivers and witnesses hate him. And Oates and Bedloe did him the honour to prefer articles to the king in council against him, charging various immoralities; and there was an hearing, but, they failing of proof, he was justified. The occasion of

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* *Continuation of the Life of Lord Clarendon.*

† *Lord Delamere's Works.*

‡ Speech of Colonel Titus. Harris's *Life of Charles II.*

§ Ibid.

his conversion, as I was told by the person, (Lord Chief Justice North,) that administered the means to him, was this. The lord chief justice came once from Windsor with a lord of the privy council in his coach; and among other discourses, Scroggs asked that lord, *if the Lord* Shaftesbury, who was then lord president of the council, *had really that interest with the king he seemed to have? No,* replied that lord, *no more than your footman has with you.* This sunk into the man, and quite altered the ferment, so as, from that time, he was a new man."*

Withins, whom North has occasion to mention, as the first person questioned in parliament for the crime of *abhorring*, (as it was popularly called,) appears to have possessed no other qualification for his office than extreme servility.—"He was one of moderate capacity in the law, but a voluptuary; and such are commonly very timid, and, in great difficulties, abject; otherwise, he was a very gentile person, what was called a very honest fellow, and no debtor to the bottle."†

Of Jones and Weston, against whom a motion for impeachment was also made in the House of Commons, though Scroggs was the only one of the three against whom articles were actually prepared, North has given a more favourable, but extremely partial account. The first was "a very reverend and learned judge, a gentleman, and impartial; but being of Welsh extraction, was apt to warm, and, when much offended, often shewed his heats in a rubor of his countenance, set off by his grey hairs, but appeared in no other disorder; for he refrained himself in due bounds and temper, and seldom or never broke the laws of his gravity."‡ Mr. Baron Weston was a learned man, but being insupportably tortured with the gout, became of so touchy a temper, that any opposition to his opinion would "inflame him so as to make him appear as if he were mad; but when treated *reasonably*, no man ever was more a gentleman, &c. than he was."§ His strict regard for justice, North has illustrated by an expression singularly applied. We have heard a woman described to be as chaste, but never before of a judge, who was "as just as the driven snow." However, with all this, he was a high prerogative man, which our author affirmed an honest learned lawyer must necessarily be.

Pemberton and Saunders, if eminent for their abilities, were, at least, equally notorious for their vices: their portraits, favourably drawn, may be seen at full length in the *Life of Lord Guilford*, out of which, that of the latter has been extracted into

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* *Examen*, p. 568.
† Ibid, p. 549.
‡ *Examen*, p. 563.
§ Ibid, p. 566.

one of our earlier numbers.* "He was a fetid mass," says North, "that offended his neighbours at the bar in the sharpest degree, and this decay came upon him by continual sottishness, for to say nothing of brandy, he was seldom without a pot of ale at his nose, or near him. That exercise was all he used; the rest of his life was sitting at the desk, or piping at home; and that home was a tailor's house in Butcher Row, called his lodging, and the man's wife was his nurse, or worse, &c."† "When the court fell into a steady course of using the law against all kinds of offenders, this man was taken into the king's business," in the course of which, it appears, he was deeply involved in the affair of the *quo warranto* against the City of London, and had the drawing up of all the indictments and informations that were prosecuted in the last year of Charles's reign. Yet he too "was as honest as the driven snow was white." The king, it seems, had observed him to be of a disposition free, loyal, friendly, and without greediness or guile, and thought of him to be the chief justice at that critical time. "So great a weight was then at stake, as could not be trusted to men of doubtful principles, or such as any thing might tempt to desert them." He certainly justified the king's discernment, for he stuck immoveably fast to the court, and with his last breath gave judgement in its favour against the City of London, in the iniquitous affair of the charter.

The rise of Pemberton had in it something very remarkable. In his youth he had mixed much with lewd and dissolute company, and quickly squandered all he was possessed of. He then ran so deep in debt, that he was thrown into gaol, where he lay many years, during which he pursued his studies so indefatigably, as to become one of the ablest men of his profession.‡ Though a high prerogative man, it would seem, that he was not sufficiently violent or unscrupulous to satisfy the court, for he was removed from the Common Pleas to make way for Jones, the fiery Welshman above commemorated. "It was thought," says Burnet, "that his stating the matter with so little eagerness against Lord Russell, was that which cost him his place." The character of North, though less open to exception than that of any other of the judges employed by Charles, is not one for which we can entertain the least portion of respect. It is only certain kinds of trees that can flourish in certain soils; and under the shadow of an oppressive and illegal court, he attained to the highest promotion. "He had parts turned to craft, and was thought to mean ill,

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* Vol. ii. p. 252.

† North's *Life of Lord Guilford.*

‡ *Burnet.*

even when he did well." This is Burnet's character of the man, in which there possibly may be a good deal of prejudice; but no more need be said to show that he was suited to the times, and the times to him, than that he lived in friendship with Lauderdale, and was actively employed in the business of the sheriffs, and of the charter of the city of London. His conduct, too, in the case of Stephen Colledge, the protestant joiner, whom he took out of "the magic circle of the sheriff's protection,"* and tried and condemned at Oxford, was such, that if he had lived to see an impeaching parliament, he might have felt the ill effects of it.

Having thus slightly touched upon the characters of so many of the judges, it would be an unpardonable omission to pass over, without particular mention, the chief light and ornament of the English bar, in the reign of Charles. "Sir George Jefferies," said Mr. Booth, in the speech cited above, "I must say, behaved himself more like a jack-pudding, than with that gravity that becomes a judge. He was mighty witty upon the prisoners at the bar: he was very full of his jokes upon people that came to give evidence; not suffering them to declare what they had to say in their own way and method; but would interrupt them, because they behaved themselves with more gravity than he: and, in truth, the people were strangely perplexed, when they were to give in their evidence; but I do not insist upon this, nor upon the late hours he kept up and down our city: It's said, he was every night drinking till two o'clock, or beyond that time; and that he went to his chamber drunk: but this I have only from common fame, for I was not in his company. I bless God, I am not a man of his principles or behaviour. But in the mornings he appeared with the symptoms of a man that over night had taken a large cup. But that which I have to say is the complaint of every man, especially of them who have any law-suits."† In all this, there is no exaggeration;—the portrait of Jefferies, as drawn by North himself, in his life of Lord Guilford,‡ is equally odious and disgusting. Indeed, of all the writers who have attempted a delineation of his character, not one appears to have entirely failed; just as there are some faces, the lines of which are so harsh and uncouth, as to make it next to impossible for a painter not to succeed in catching the resemblance. Such were the men whom Charles selected to be, not the administrators of justice, but the convenient tools of his own arbitrary

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* *Sir Walter Scott.* Notes on *Absalom and Achitophel. Dryden*, vol. ix. † *Lord Delamere's Works.*

‡ *P.* 567. Also *Ret. Rev.* vol. ii. p. 251.

government; and according as in this capacity they were useful and compliant, so were they esteemed and promoted. Even Jefferies himself, as appears from the work before us, lost his favour, not for the wantonness of his behaviour, and his custom of menacing and intimidating others, but for confessing, by his conduct on one occasion, that he himself was not absolutely proof against intimidation. He had been reprimanded, along with Sir Francis Withins, for the crime of *abhorring*, and the house of commons demanded, as the condition of their suffering the prosecution to drop, that he should surrender his place of Recorder. *

"The great difficulty, that lay upon the spirits of Sir George Jefferies, was to come off well with the king; lest this compounding with the commons should confound him at court. Therefore he begged of his majesty, that he would give him leave to surrender his place; which the king was loth to do, because he was of such an overruling genius, and stern behaviour towards men whom he pretended to awe, as enabled him to be very influential among the citizens, and, in other respects, could not be so well employed. He beseeched, entreated, and importuned the king so very much, that, at last, the king granted his request; so, having his majesty's leave to resign, he took his chiding, and was, as he thought, *rectus in curia*. But the ever facetious king was pleased to laugh, and say, that Sir George Jefferies *was not parliament proof;* and however he found interest in corners about the court, the king never had a real value for him after."

The characters of these men, not one of whom but was unfitted either by the infirmities of nature, or want of principle, or profligacy of manners, for the high station which he disgraced, furnish satisfactory evidence how much "inclined to justice" was the prince, by whom they were promoted or displaced at pleasure. Added to their violent demeanour, and the illegality of their proceedings, the irregularity and intemperance of their private life degraded a character, which should always be venerable in the eyes of the public. The licentiousness and buffoonery which overspread the court, circulated throughout the nation, and displayed itself not only in the ordinary resorts of men, but in places most sacred to gravity or decorum. The Lord Chief Justice North, whose private life was untainted by the vices in which men of all ages, ranks, and situations, freely indulged, was seriously recommended by his brother-in-law to keep a mistress, lest his temperance should be looked upon with an evil eye, and visited as an offence by the court.† After all this, we certainly were not prepared to expect a conclusion like that, to which the author

* *Examen*, p. 550. † *Ret. Rev.* vol. ii. p. 249.

of the *Examen* invites his readers:—"I think I may, without injury to any age affirm, that, in no time since William the Conqueror, have the laws been executed, in all the courts of royal jurisdiction, with more justice, decorum, and impartiality, than in the reign of King Charles II.!" *

But it is not for want of instances of injustice in the king's own personal conduct, that we have dwelt so long on the characters of those whom he raised to the bench, and to whose administration the old Scottish saying, "show me the man, and I will show you the law," might have been very generally and justly applied. In the strange practices carried on by the court, in the summer of 1651, to find matter against Lord Shaftesbury, the king was personally implicated, and believed to be chief director. † He complained, indeed, to Lord Halifax and Burnet with great scorn of the imputation that was cast upon him: he said, "he did not wonder that the Earl of Shaftesbury, who was so guilty of these practices, should attempt to fasten them on others." But nothing more need be said on the subject, than that the men whom the court employed on this occasion, such as Dugdale, Tuberville, and others, were the witnesses in the Popish plot, whom the king had, all along, justly believed to be perjured, and on whose evidence so many innocent Catholics had been put to death. This piece of Charles's policy is rather imprudently avowed by King David, in the conclusion of *Absalom and Achitophel:*

> "By their own arts 'tis righteously decreed,
> Those dire artificers of death shall bleed.
> Against themselves their witnesses will swear." ‡

The proceeding, so ingeniously disguised in the above lines, was, as Burnet has bluntly observed, downright murder; for there is a wide difference between the criminality of those, who, partaking of an universal panic, were unable to exercise their judgement, and swallowed the most egregious fictions,—and that of those, who, knowing the witnesses to be false, deliberately employed them to swear away the lives of their political enemies. When Charles took their evidence himself, as he frequently did, and appears to have been fond of doing, he seems to have made a parade of sincerity and fair-dealing. He told those whom he examined on the affair of the Rye-house plot, that he would not have a *growing* evidence, and charged

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* *Examen*, p. 74. † *Burnet.*

‡ See Notes on *Absalom and Achitophel*, in Scott's *Dryden*, vol. ix. p. 311.

them to tell out at once all they knew. He put no leading questions, as was the common practice; and only asked them, if Oates was in their secret. They answered, that they all looked upon him as such a rogue, that they would not trust him. Upon this, he observed, that he "found Lord Howard was not among them, and he believed that was upon the same account." Yet he knew well enough that he was, for that nobleman was all the time in correspondence with the court. In these examinations, he was far from putting on the blustering demeanour which characterized his legal satellites. The same ease and amenity, which his bearing on all occasions discovered, forsook him not even then. He used to jest and laugh, and was familiar even when severe: he told Lord Essex, on his examination before the council, that he was sorry to see him there; and added, "you see, my lord, what becomes of your Wapping friends."* But such pleasantry is more offensive than even the brutality of a Jefferies.

It is not our intention to go into any details respecting the legal murders, exorbitant fines, and long train of enormities, which combine and furnish out one of the blackest pages of our history: these are wrongs too deeply imprinted, for us to fear they should ever be erased from the memory of Englishmen. But the following facts deserve particular mention, as evincing how capable Charles was of the most flagrant injustice, in cases of a private nature, when he had not even the poor excuse of political expediency to plead. The revenue belonging to the order of the garter was received by the Chancellor, who paid the officers, &c. and the surplus was usually granted by the king to some person for life; out of which he was to defray the charges and fees of admission, when foreign princes and noblemen were elected into the order. This had been given by Charles to Ward, bishop of Salisbury, by a deed, which had the king's hand and seal, but which required to be sealed with that of the order also, in order to become firm and irrevocable. The bishop had probably looked upon this as supererogatory, for he neglected to have it done, but afterwards smarted sufficiently for trusting too much to the royal signature. In the last year of the reign of Charles II. and the first of the precipitate decay of the bishop of Salisbury's intellectuals, some sagacious courtier found out a flaw in this grant; whereupon the bishop was sent for up to London, and obliged to refund the utmost penny, which, in so many years, amounted to a considerable sum; all which his majesty took, without any scruple or remorse.†

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* *Examen*, p. 385. † *Life of Bishop Ward*, p. 92.

There is a story in Burnet, of a transaction in which the king was concerned, that is so gross and iniquitous as almost to stagger belief; but Charles gave, in the course of his life, too many proofs how little honour, conscience, and justice weighed with him against pecuniary considerations, to justify us in calling in question the veracity of the historian. A gentleman of a noble family had the misfortune, in a sudden quarrel that arose in a public place, to kill another of the company in the affray. As no marks of any previous malice appeared, the crime did not extend beyond manslaughter; yet he was prevailed upon to confess to an indictment for murder; a pardon being promised him on condition that he did so, and he being threatened with the utmost rigour of the law in case he stood upon his defence. "After the sentence had passed, it appeared with what design he had been practised upon. It was a rich family, and not well affected to the court; so he was told that he must pay well for his pardon; and it cost him 16,000*l.* of which the king had one-half, the other half being divided between two ladies that were great in favour."

So mercenary was the temper of Charles, or so great his necessities, that he would at any time have sacrificed any minister—abandoned any project—committed any injustice—nay, have even pawned his royal word* for the performance of what he never intended to execute, if he could but procure money, or extort supplies from the commons. The only piece of treason found in Coleman's letters—and yet it was no treason either—was the passage where the king's inconstancy, and his disposition to be brought to any thing for money, were severely reflected upon. Lord Essex told Burnet, he knew the king often took money into his privy purse to defraud his exchequer; for he considered that what was carried thither was not so much his own as the other. And he added, that Sir W. Coventry had once said to him, that, on one occasion, when a plantation cause was heard at the council board, he was concerned to see the king espouse the worst side; and that he went and told him secretly, that it was a vile cause which he was supporting; the king answered, "he had got good money for his support." As early as the year 1662, in a conversation with Lord Clarendon, Charles gave an indication of that laxity of principle, which led him eventually to become a pensioner to the French king. Fouquet, the French minister, was desirous to be on terms of strict friendship with Lord Clarendon, and with a view to rivet the alliance, he sent him the offer of 10,000*l.* with an assurance, that the same present should be renewed annually. It happened that the king and the duke

* *Hume.*

visited him in the afternoon of the day on which this offer had been made, and to them he repeated, in great indignation, what had passed in the morning. At this, the king and his brother broke into a laugh: they said, "the French did all their business that way;" and the king added, "he was a fool," implying that the Chancellor should have taken the money. Whereupon Clarendon besought him, "not to appear to his servants so unconcerned in matters of that nature;" and desired him to reflect, what must be the consequence of his receiving the money, and what must be the appearance it would have in the eyes of the French king? At which Charles smiled, but made no other reply, than "that few men were so scrupulous;" at the same time commanding him, "to return a civil answer to M. Fouquet's letter, and to cherish that correspondence, which might be useful, and could produce no inconveniency."* None of the Stuarts appear to have had any delicacy on the subject of taking money from foreign princes, or to have set any store upon the virtue of incorruptibility in their servants. James I. was once told by a gentleman, that several noblemen of his court and council received pensions from Spain; and that he could make it out. The king answered him, "that he knew it very well," and made a jest of it; adding, "he wished the King of Spain would give them ten times as much; because this unprofitable expense would render him less able to make war against himself."† How different from the supine and dishonourable temper of the Stuarts, were the spirit and conduct of Elizabeth! When Nicholas Clifford, and Anthony Shirley, to whom Henry IV. had given the order of St. Michael, for services done him in the war, had returned home, the queen sent them to prison, and commanded them to send back the order. She said, that, as a virtuous woman ought to look on none but her husband, so a subject ought not to cast his eyes on any other sovereign than him God hath set over him. "I will not," said she, "have my sheep marked with a strange brand; nor suffer them to follow the pipe of a strange shepherd."‡ What would this princess have said, could she have foreseen that her sceptre would one day pass into the hands of a monarch mean enough to bargain for a pension with a King of France, and to authorize his minister to negociate it for him to the most advantage! After this, we need not be surprised to find him utterly insensible to national glory, or even promoting the interests of France, at the expense of his own subjects. "He has now," says Louis XIV. in a letter to his ambassador

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* *Burnet. Continuation of the Life of Lord Clarendon.*
† *Wiquefort.* Harris's *Life of Charles II.* ‡ *Ibid.*

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at London, (D'Estrades,) August 5, 1661, "a fleet of 160 sail, for which he is obliged to his misfortunes; by the care of the Protector, whilst in authority, to increase the naval force beyond what any King of England ever could do."* And yet, with a fleet thus powerful, had it not been for what he termed, "the stiffness and obstinacy of his people and parliament," he would have given up the honour of the flag to that monarch—a point yielded to Elizabeth by Henry IV. and asserted with an high hand even under James. He had also, as has been observed, a strong mechanical genius, and particularly understood ship-building, as well as all that related to the management of a fleet. And what use did he make of his knowledge and abilities? Rouvigny told Burnet, that Charles desired the French ministers to send him all the methods they took to improve their naval force; and these he studied with great zeal and diligence. He shewed them what errors they committed, and how they ought to be corrected, as if he had been a viceroy to France, rather than a king of England. They that judged the most favourably of this, thought it was done out of revenge to the Dutch; but others put a worse construction on it.†

But it was not only in pecuniary transactions that Charles discovered a total want of honour and principle—he was, in truth, what the Protector called him, in one of his state declarations, "a nullifidian in all the points of civil honesty;" and he seems not merely to have thought that there was no such thing in the world, but that it was not worth while to affect even the appearance of it. He certainly was not fond of playing the hypocrite, but walked bare-faced through life, and only on great and rare occasions condescended to wear a masque. He had a very ill opinion both of men and women, and did not think there was either sincerity in the one, or chastity in the other, out of principle; but that they originated merely in the humour or vanity of the persons who pretended to them;—a belief, it may be observed, which either springs from a depraved heart, or will inevitably render so that in which it is implanted. When money bills were passing through the two houses, Lauderdale advised the king, in order to prevent all trouble from the lords, to go and be present at their debates. Charles himself, who was often weary of time, and hardly knew how to get through the day, liked going to the house, as a pleasant diversion. At first, he sat decently on the throne, but soon left it, and stood by the fire, which drew a crowd about the place, and put an end to the order and regularity which the lords had been accustomed to observe in

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* *D'Estrades's Letters*, &c. Ibid. † *Burnet.*

taking their seats. His presence, at first, was a great restraint on the freedom of debate; but afterwards many of the lords spoke with more than their usual boldness; because one heard it, they said, to whom they had no other access but in that place. But his going thither had a much worse effect than either breaking up the decorum of the house, or restraining the freedom of debate; for he became a common solicitor, not only in public affairs, but even in private and judicial matters. He would, in a very little time, have gone round the house, and spoke to every man that he thought worth speaking to. And he was apt to do that upon the solicitation of any of the ladies in favour. He knew well on whom he could prevail: so being once in a matter of justice desired to speak to the Earl of Essex and the Lord Hollis, he said, they were "stiff and sullen men." But when he was next desired to solicit two others, he undertook to do it, and said, "they are men of no conscience, so I will take the government of their conscience into my own hands." * The minister who maintained his influence with the king longest, and, during the greatest part of his reign, contrived to keep an entire ascendant over him, was Lauderdale, though a bigotted presbyterian, and of a character and deportment diametrically opposite to that of Charles. But he made himself so useful, extended the royal prerogative in Scotland so far, and shewed such a disposition to render it absolutely uncontroulable, that he kept his place, in defiance of repeated addresses of the house of commons against him, and reiterated complaints from Hamilton and other Scottish peers. Charles loaded the latter with caresses, and continued Lauderdale in his authority.† However, about the year 1669, when he found that his favourite minister's memory began to fail him, he resolved to let him fall gently, and to put the affairs of Scotland into the hands of the Duke of Monmouth. Duke Hamilton and others were encouraged to come up and prefer charges against him, which were so clearly made out, that Charles had nothing to say in defence of his administration. Yet when May, the master of the privy purse, asked him, in his familiar way, what he thought now of *his Lauderdale?* he replied, as May himself told Burnet, "that they had objected many damned things that he had done against *them*, but there was nothing objected that was against *his* service."‡ A sentiment, as Mr. Hume justly observes, most unworthy of a sovereign!

But so far was Charles from holding correct opinions on the subject of government, that he does not appear to have

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* *Burnet.* † *Hume.* ‡ *Burnet.*

possessed any fixed political principles at all; but to have been guided all his life, either by what he selfishly considered his own interest, or by certain floating prejudices accidentally contracted, or resulting from an imperfect education. With none of his father's obstinacy, or the self-conceited pedantry of his grandfather, he was imbued with all their arbitrary notions and love of absolute power; but fortunately he loved his ease yet better, and could never be brought to persevere in any scheme for rendering his prerogative uncontroulable. It was not, however, for want of evil counsellors—"those vermin wriggling in a (sovereign's) ear"—to remind him of the far happier condition of the continental despots. They used to inculcate, that it was an easy thing to shake off the restraints of law, if he would but set about it—and they would instance Denmark, where the crown had formerly been elective and subject to a senate, and yet was changed in one day, without any visible force, into an hereditary and absolute government.* He liked the project well enough; and, probably, it often formed the vision of his waking dreams, when some refusal of the commons to grant supplies, or some infernal Brook-house committee, prying into his accounts, had sent him in an ill-humour to his daily lounge in the park. But though his apprehension was quick, and his judgement sound, his views never extended to remote consequences, or embraced any grand scheme of political operations. "As he scarce ever thought twice on any one subject, every appearance of advantage was apt to seduce him; and when he found his way obstructed by unlooked for difficulties, he readily turned aside into the first path, where he expected more to gratify the natural indolence of his disposition."† This is what North has called "taking a short turn on his toe"—and it was a turn that often baffled and put his ministers to fault, when, in full career, in pursuit of arbitrary power. It was thus that the dangerous schemes of the cabal were broken up, and that Shaftesbury—their grand architect, who valued himself on performing this evolution at the properest occasion, and in the cleverest manner,‡ was obliged, in order to anticipate his majesty, to face about, without even attempting to save appearances. When the precipice, on the brink of which their violent counsels had placed him, was full before his eyes, he started back; and Shaftesbury well knew, that from the same facility of temper which had led him to retract the "declaration of indulgence," to which he had emphatically assured parliament, he "was resolved to stick," he would not scruple to abandon his ministers to their

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* *Burnet.* † *Hume.* ‡ *Burnet.*

vengeance also. It suited better with his versatile and pliant genius, to which he himself was inclined to trust, to go on balancing party against party, and getting money from the commons, by pledging himself to support alliances which he had firmly resolved to break. And for some time he had such success in this royal method of swindling, that money bills passed easily in the lower house, and, by a strange reverse, were opposed in the lords, who complained, that the bills came so thick, there was no *end* of their giving. But occasionally his resentments—or the specious reasoning of his advisers stimulated him to play a deeper game, and to try an experiment for enlarging his authority. Such was the desperate one made by the cabal, when having broken the triple league—the only glorious or honest measure of foreign policy he was ever led to entertain, he fortified himself by an alliance with France, and began to act in all things like a monarch who was never more to be subject to the control of a national assembly.* But the ministers—who commenced with two such unusual stains to the honour of the crown, as the attack upon the Smyrna fleet in time of peace, and stopping the bank; though they succeeded admirably in the honours they proposed to themselves, failed in elevating their master to the rank of a despotic prince. And thus instead of making so great a king as they pretended, by the declaration of war against Holland —than which no clap of thunder on a fair frosty day could have more astonished the world, and the French alliance, they had the honour of making only four great subjects.† When Sir W. Temple, in his usual frank and honest manner, took occasion to reflect upon their counsels and conduct—observing " how ill his majesty had been advised, to break measures and treaties so solemnly taken and agreed upon—how ill he had been served, and how ill succeeded :—the king said, 'twas true he had succeeded ill, but if he had been well served, he might have made a good business enough of it; and so went on a good deal to justify what was passed." In the course of the conversation, Sir William told him, " that he never knew but one foreigner that understood England well, and that was Gourville, (whom he knew the king esteemed the soundest head of any Frenchman he had ever seen)—that when he was at Brussels in the first Dutch war, and heard the parliament grew weary of it, he said, the king had nothing to do but to make peace—that he had been long enough in England—seen enough of our court, and people, and parliament, to conclude, " Qu'un Roy d' Angleterre qui veut être l'homme de son peuple,

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* *Hume.* † Sir W. Temple. *Memoirs* 1672—1679.

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est le plus grand Roy du monde; mais s'il veut être quelque chose davantage, par Dieu il n'est plus rien." The king shewed symptoms of impatience at first, but listened attentively, and at length said—" he had reason in all—and so had Gourville;" and affecting an emotion, which he did not feel, the royal dissembler, laying his hand upon Temple's, added, " Et je veux être l'homme de mon peuple!"* But though he could so well put on an air of sincerity, and was beyond doubt the most dexterous dissembler that ever wore a crown, he could not escape the suspicions of his people, or prevent their drawing inferences from facts only too glaring and palpable. It was observed, that he never had any favourite—that his ministers never really governed him—scarce even his mistresses;—the conclusion required no depth of sagacity—he must be himself the chief spring of all public counsels, and the root of all the iniquitous measures of his government. And, in truth, as some persons are thought to possess an inherent propensity to appropriating whatever is not their own, so Charles appears to have had a constant lurking predisposition to arbitrary measures. But he himself could have assigned a much better reason for his love of power. He told Burnet, that he thought " government was a much safer and easier thing where the authority was believed to be infallible, and the faith and submission of the people were implicit." Besides, there was such an inviting simplicity in a despotical form! It was so much easier and pleasanter to levy money for his pleasures, like his brother Louis, by the royal prerogative, than to have all the trouble—a thing he hated worse than aught in the world besides, which the strict limitations of the English constitution imposed upon him—of humouring a set of discontented men, and resorting to unkingly contrivances to procure it. His observations on the French government had been such, that he thought " a king who might be checked, or have his ministers called to account by a parliament, was but a king in name."† Opinions of this sort seldom failed to meet with the ready assent of the court flatterers—" those bell-wethers of royalty" as some uncivil writer terms them, who were always reflecting upon the insolence of the house of commons. He once said to Lord Essex, as that nobleman told Burnet, " that he did not wish to be like a grand sultan, with some mutes about him, and bags of bowstrings to strangle men. But he did not think he was a king, as long as a company of fellows were looking into all his actions, and examining his ministers, as well as his accounts."

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* Sir W. Temple. *Memoirs* 1672—1679. † *Burnet.*

ART. II.—*Poems, &c. by* John Donne, *late Dean of St. Paul's, with Elegies on the Author's Death. To which is added, Divers Copies under his own hand, never before printed. In the Savoy. Printed by* T. N. *for* Henry Herringman, *at the sign of the Anchor, in the Lower Walk of the New Exchange,* 1669.

Theobald, in his egregious preface to Shakspeare, calls Donne's Poems "nothing but a continued heap of riddles."—We shall presently show that he knew as little about Donne as he himself has shewn that he knew about Shakspeare. If *he* could have written such "riddles," or even expounded them, Pope might have put him into the *Dunciad* in vain.

Donne was contemporary with Shakspeare, and was not unworthy to be so. He may fairly be placed, in point of talent, at the head of the minor poets of that day. Imbued, to saturation, with all the learning of his age—with a most active and piercing intellect—an imagination, if not grasping and comprehensive, most subtle and far-darting—a fancy rich, vivid, picturesque, and, at the same time, highly *fantastical*,—if we may so apply the term—a mode of expression singularly terse, simple, and condensed—an exquisite ear for the melody of versification—and a wit, admirable as well for its caustic severity as its playful quickness; all he wanted to make him an accomplished poet of the second order was, sensibility and taste: and both of these he possessed in a certain degree; but neither in a sufficient degree to keep them from yielding to the circumstances in which he was placed. His sensibility was by nature strong, but sluggish and deep-seated. It required to be roused and awakened by the imagination, before it would act; and this process seldom failed to communicate to the action which it created, an appearance of affectation (for it was nothing more than the appearance), which is more destructive to the effect of sentimental poetry than any thing else. We do not mind the images and illustrations of a sentiment being recondite and far-fetched; and, indeed, this has frequently a good effect; but if the sentiment itself has any appearance of being so, we doubt the truth of it immediately; and if we doubt its truth, we are disposed to give it any reception rather than a sympathetic one. The scholastic habits of Donne's intellect also, without weakening his sensibility, contributed greatly to deform and denaturalize its outward manifestations. It was not the fashion of his time for a scholar and a poet to express himself as other people would; for if he had done so, what ad-

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vantage would he or the world have derived from his poetry or his scholarship? Accordingly, however intense a feeling might be, or however noble a thought, it was to be heightened and illustrated, in the expression of it, by clustering about it a host of images and associations (congruous or not, as it might happen), which memory or imagination, assisted by the most quick-eyed wit, or the most subtle ingenuity, could in any way contrive to link to it: thus pressing the original thought or sentiment to death, and hiding even the form of it, beneath a profusion of superfluous dress. This was the crying fault of all the minor poets of the Elizabethan age; and of Donne more than of any other: though *his* thoughts and feelings would, generally speaking, bear this treatment better than those of any of his rivals in the same class. These persons never acted avowedly, (though they sometimes did unconsciously) on the principle that an idea or a sentiment may be poetical *per se;* for they had no notion whatever of the fact. They considered that *man* was the creator of poetry, not Nature; and that any thing might be made poetical, by connecting it, in a certain manner, with something else. A thought or a feeling was, to them, not a thing *to express,* but a theme to write *variations* upon—a nucleus, about which other thoughts and feelings were to be made to crystallize. A star was not bright to *their* eyes till it had been set in a constellation; a rose was not sweet till it had been gathered into a bouquet, and its hue and odour contrasted and blended with a thousand others. In fact, they had little simplicity of feeling, and still less of taste. They did not know the real and intrinsic value of any object, whether moral or physical; but only in what manner it might be connected with any other object, so as to be made subservient to their particular views at the moment. They saw at once how far it was available *to them,* but nothing whatever of the impression it was calculated to make for itself.

We are speaking, now, of a particular class or school of poets of that day; for they differed as much from all others, and were as much allied by a general resemblance of style among themselves, as the Della Cruscan school in our own day. Indeed, in some particulars, there is no slight resemblance between the two styles; inasmuch, as both are purely artificial, and are dependent for their effect on a particular *manner* of treating their subject: at least, their intended effect is dependent on this—for the school to which Donne belongs often delights us in the highest degree, not in consequence of this manner, but in spite of it. There is also this other grand difference in favour of the latter,—that, whereas the Della Cruscans tried to make things poetical by means of *words* alone, *they* did it by means of thoughts and

images;—the one considered poetry to consist in a certain mode of expression; the other, in a certain mode of seeing, thinking, and feeling. This is nearly all the difference between them; but this is a vast difference indeed: for the one supposes the necessity of, and in fact uses, a vast fund of thoughts and images; while the other can execute all its purposes nearly as well without any of these. In short, the one kind of writing requires very considerable talent to produce it, and its results are very often highly poetical; whereas the other requires no talent at all, and can in no case produce poetry, but very frequently covers and conceals it where it is.

But it is not at present our intention to go into a general discussion of that particular school of poetry to which Donne belongs; but merely to bring to light some of the exquisite beauties which have hitherto lain concealed from the present age, among the learned as well as unlearned lumber which he has so unaccountably mixed up with them. We say unaccountably—for it is impossible to give a reasonable account of any poetical theory, the perpetual results of which are the most pure and perfect beauties of every kind—of thought, of sentiment, of imagery, of expression, and of versification—lying in immediate contact with the basest deformities, equally of every kind; each given forth alternately in almost equal proportions, and in the most unconscious manner on the part of the writer as to either being entitled to the preference; and indeed without one's being able to discover that he saw any difference between them, even in kind.

Before doing this, however, it may be well to let the reader know what was thought of Donne in his own day, lest he should suppose that we are introducing him to a person little known at that time, or lightly valued.

If a prophet has little honour in his own time and country, the same can seldom be said of a poet; though *he*, too, is in some sort a prophet. The day in which Donne lived was the most poetical the world ever knew, and yet there can be little doubt, from the evidence of the fugitive literature of the time, that Donne was, upon the whole, more highly esteemed than any other of his contemporaries. We do not, however, mean to attribute all his fame to his published poetry. He was undoubtedly a very extraordinary person in many other respects. He possessed vast knowledge and erudition, and was highly distinguished for the eloquence of his public preaching. But the greater part of the admiration bestowed on him, was avowedly directed to the poetical writings which we are presently to examine.—We shall give a few evidences of the estimation in which Donne was held during his life; taking

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them, however, (in order to avoid the charge of partiality or flattery) from what was not written till after his death.

> " I cannot blame those men that knew thee well,
> Yet dare not help the world to ring thy knell
> In tuneful elegies. There's no language known
> Fit for thy mention, but 'twas first thy own.
> The epitaphs thou writ'st have so bereft
> Our tongue of wit, there is no fancy left
> Enough to weep thee; what henceforth we see
> Of art or Nature, must result from thee."

This is said of him by Hyde.

> " Dull age! (exclaims Izaak Walton) couldst thou
> Part with *miraculous Donne*, and make no vow
> For thee and thine successively to pay
> A sad remembrance to his dying day?"

The following, from an elegy by Thomas Cary, we give because it is finely thought, and nobly expressed:

> " Can we not force from widow'd poetry,
> Now thou art dead, great Donne, one elegy
> To crown thy hearse?———
>
> " Oh, pardon me, that break with untun'd verse,
> The reverend silence that attends thy hearse,
> Whose awful, solemn murmurs, were to thee
> (More than these faint lines) a loud elegy,
> That did proclaim, in a dumb eloquence," &c.

He finishes his elegy in these words:

> " Here lies a king, that rul'd, as he thought fit,
> The universal monarchy of wit;
> Here lie two Flamens, and both these the best,
> Apollo's first, at last the true God's priest."

This last line alludes to his having devoted all the latter part of his life to religious studies and pursuits. What follows may perhaps, in some degree, account for his popularity. Most of his readers admired him, not *in spite of* his impenetrable obscurity, but *because* of it:

> " ——— Thy careless hours brought forth
> Fancies beyond our studies."———

"So learned was thy chance, thy haste had wit,
And matter from thy pen flowed rashly fit;
What was thy recreation, turns our brain;
Our rack and paleness is thy weakest straine;
And when we most come near thee, 'tis our bliss
To imitate thee where thou dost amiss."

This is true enough, though the writer did not think so.—Endymion Porter says of Donne—

"Poets, be silent—let your numbers sleep—
For he is gone that did all Fancy keep.
Time hath no soul but his exalted verse."

Another writer says:

"'Tis held that comets princes' deaths foretell;
Why should not his have needed one as well,
Who was the prince of wits, 'mongst whom he reign'd
High as a prince, and as great state maintain'd?"

"But what do I? A diminution 'tis
To speak of him in verse so short of his,
Whereof he was the master. All indeed,
Compared with him, piped on an oaten reed."

It is remarkable that the writer, of whom this could be said by persons of repute, (whether truly or not is no matter) in an age which produced Shakspeare and the elder dramatists—besides Spenser, Sydney, Herbert, Raleigh, and a host of minor names—should so long have remained unknown in an after age, one of the distinguishing boasts of which is, that it has revived a knowledge of, and a love for its great predecessor, at the same time that it has almost rivalled it.

In pieces that can be read with unmingled pleasure, and admired as perfect wholes, the poetry of Donne is almost entirely deficient. This may serve, in some degree, to account for the total neglect which has so long attended him. Almost every beauty we meet with, goes hand in hand with some striking deformity, of one kind or another; and the effect of this is, at first, so completely *irritating* to the imagination, as well as to the taste, that, after we have experienced it a few times, we hastily determine to be without the one, rather than purchase it at the price of the other. But the reader who is disposed, by these remarks, and the extracts that will accompany them, to a perusal of the whole of this poet's works, may be assured that this unpleasant effect will very soon wear off, and he will

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soon find great amusement and great exercise for his *thinking* faculties, (if nothing else) even in the objectionable parts of Donne; for he is always, when indulging in his very worst vein, filled to overflowing with thoughts, and materials for engendering thought.

The following short pieces are beautiful exceptions to the remark made just above, as to the mixed character of this poet's writings. The first is a farewell from a lover to his mistress, on leaving her for a time. For clearness and smoothness of construction, and a passionate sweetness and softness in the music of the versification, it might have been written in the present day, and may satisfy the ear of the most fastidious of modern readers; and for thought, sentiment, and imagery, it might *not* have been written in the present day;—for, much as we hold in honour our living poets, we doubt if any one among them is capable of it. In fact, it is one of those pieces which immediately strike us as being purely and exclusively attributable to the writer of them—which satisfy us, that, *but for him,* we never could have become possessed of them—which bear a mark that we cannot very well expound, even to ourselves, but which we know no one could have placed on them but him: and this, by-the-bye, is one of the most unequivocal criterions of a true poet. Perhaps the piece itself will explain better what we mean, than any thing we could say of it.

"As virtuous men pass mildly away,
And whisper to their souls to go;
Whilst some of their sad friends do say,
The breath goes now—and some say, no;

So let us melt, and make no noise,
No tear-floods, nor sigh-tempests move;
'Twere profanation of our joyes
To tell the laity our love.

Moving of th' earth brings harms and fears,
Men reckon what it did, and meant;
But trepidation of the spheres,
Though greater far, is innocent.

Dull, sublunary lovers' love
(Whose soul is sense) cannot admit
Absence, because it doth remove
Those things which alimented it.

But we're by love so much refin'd,
That ourselves know not what it is; *

* i. e.—Absence.

Inter-assured of the mind,
Careless eyes, lips, and hands to miss.

Our two souls, therefore (which are one)
Though I must go, indure not yet
A breach, but an expansion,
Like gold to airy thinness beat.

If they be two, they are two so
As stiff twin compasses are two;
Thy soul, the fix'd foot, makes no show
To move, but doth, if th' other do.

And tho' it in the centre sit,
Yet when the other far doth roam,
It leans, and hearkens after it,
And grows erect as that comes home.

Such wilt thou be to me, who must
Like th' other foot, obliquely run;
Thy firmness makes my circles just,
And makes me end where I begun."

The simile of the compasses, notwithstanding its quaintness, is more perfect in its kind, and more beautiful, than any thing we are acquainted with. Perhaps the above is the only poem we could extract, that is not disfigured by *any* of the characteristic faults of Donne. Several of them have, however, very few. The following is one of these. It has an air of serious gaiety about it, as if it had been composed in the very bosom of bliss. The versification, too, is perfect. It is called, "*The Good-Morrow.*"

" I wonder, by my troth, what thou and I
Did till we lov'd. Were we not wean'd till then?
But suck'd in country pleasures childishly?
Or snorted we in the seven sleepers' den?
'Twas so.—But* this, all pleasures fancies be.
If ever beauty I did see,
Which I desir'd and got, 'twas but a dream of thee.

And now, good-morrow to our waking souls,
Which watch not one another out of fear;
For Love, all love of other sights controls,
And makes one little room, an every-where.

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* i. e. *Except* this.

Let sea-discoverers to new worlds have gone,
Let maps to others, worlds on worlds have shown,
Let *us* possess one world—each *hath* one, and *is* one.

My face in thine eye, thine in mine appears,
And true plain hearts do in the faces rest;
Where can we find two fitter hemispheres,
Without sharp North, without declining West?
Whatever dies was not mix'd equally;
If our two loves be one, both thou and I
Love just alike in all, and such loves never die."

The following, though not entirely without the faults of his style, is exceedingly graceful and elegant:

"*The Dream.*

" Dear love, for nothing less than thee
Would I have broke this happy dream;
It was a theme
For reason, much too strong for phantasy;
Therefore thou wak'dst me wisely; yet
My dream thou brok'st not, but continued it.
Thou art so true, that thoughts of thee suffice
To make dreams truths, and fables histories.

* * * *

As lightning, or a taper's light,
Thine eyes, and not thy noise, wak'd me;
Yet I thought thee
(For thou lov'st truth) an angel, at first sight;
But when I saw thou saw'st my heart,
And knew'st my thoughts, beyond an angel's art,
When thou knew'st what I dreamt, when thou knew'st when
Excess of joy would wake me, and came then,
I must confess it could not chuse but be
Profane to think thee any thing but thee."

What follows is extremely solemn and fine, and scarcely at all disfigured by the author's characteristic faults:

"*The Apparition.*

" When by thy scorn, O murderess, I am dead,
And that thou thinkest thee free
From all solicitation from me,
Then shall my ghost come to thy bed,
And thee (fain'd vestal) in worse arms shall see.

Then thy sick taper will begin to wink,
And he, whose thou art then, being tired before,
Will, if thou stir, or pinch to wake him, think
Thou call'st for more,
And in false sleep from thee shrink;
And then, poor aspen wretch, neglected thou,
Bathed in a cold quicksilver sweat, wilt lie,
A verier ghost than I.
What I will say, I will not tell thee now,
Lest that preserve thee. And since my love is spent,
I had rather thou should'st painfully repent,
Than by my threatenings rest still innocent."

The next specimens that we shall give of this singular writer will be taken from among those of his poems which unite, in a nearly equal proportion, his characteristic faults and beauties; and which may be considered as scarcely less worthy of attention than the foregoing, partly on account of that very union of opposite qualities, but chiefly on account of their remarkable fullness of thought and imagery; in which, indeed, his very worst pieces abound to overflowing.

Notwithstanding the extravagance, as well as the ingenuity, which characterise the two following pieces, there is an air of sincerity about them, which renders their general effect impressive, and even solemn; to say nothing of their individual beauties, both of thought and expression.

"*The Anniversary.*

"All kings, and all their favourites;
All glory of honours, beauties, wits;
The sun itself, which makes times, as these pass,
Is elder by a year now than it was
When thou and I first one another saw.
All other things to their destruction draw:
Only our love hath no decay;
This, no to-morrow hath, nor yesterday;
But truly keeps his first, last, everlasting day.

Two graves must hide thine and my corse;
If one might, death were no divorce.
Alas! as well as other princes, we
(Who prince enough in one another be)
Must leave at last in death these eyes and ears,
Oft fed with true oaths, and with sweet salt tears.

But souls where nothing dwells but love,
(All other thoughts being inmates) then shall prove,
When bodies *to* their graves, souls *from* their graves remove.

And then we shall be thoro'ly blest;
But now, no more than all the rest.
Here upon earth we are kings, and none but we
Can be such kings, nor of such subjects be.
Who is so safe as we?—where none can do
Treason to us, except one of us two.
True and false fears let us refrain;
Let us love nobly, and live, and add again
Years and years unto years, till we attain
Unto threescore: this is the second of our reign."

"*Love's Growth.*

"I scarce believe my love to be so pure
As I had thought it was,
Because it doth endure
Vicissitude and season, as the grass.
Methinks I lied all winter when I swore
My love was infinite, if Spring can make it more.

But if this med'cine, Love, which cures all sorrow
With more, not only be no quintessence,
But mixt of all stuffs,—vexing soul or sense,
And of the Sun his active vigour borrow,—
Love's not so fine and abstract as they use
To say, which have no mistress but their muse;
But as all else being elemented too,
Love sometimes would contemplate, sometimes do.

And yet no greater, but more eminent,
Love by the spring is grown;
As in the firmament
Stars by the sun are not enlarg'd, but shown.
Gentle love-deeds, as blossoms on a bough,
From Love's awaken'd root do bud out now.
If, as in water stirr'd more circles be
Produc'd by one, Love such additions take,
Those, like so many spheres, but one heaven make,
For they are all concentrique unto thee.
And though each spring do add to love new heat,
(As princes do in times of action get

New taxes, and remit them not in peace)
No winter shall abate this spring's encrease."

The reader will not fail to observe the occasional obscurities which arise out of the extreme condensation of expression in the foregoing pieces, and in most of those which follow. These passages may always be unravelled by a little attention, and they seldom fail to repay the trouble bestowed upon them. But they must be regarded as unequivocal faults nevertheless.

The following is, doubtless, "high-fantastical," in the last degree; but it is fine notwithstanding, and an evidence of something more than mere ingenuity.

"Let me pour forth
My tears before thy face, whilst I stay here;
For thy face coins them, and thy stamp they bear;
And by this mintage they are something worth;
For thus they be
Pregnant of thee,
Fruits of much grief they are, emblems of more:
When a tear falls, then thou fall'st which it bore:
So thou and I are nothing then, when on a diverse shore.

On a round ball
A workman (that hath copies by) can lay
An Europe, Afrique, and an Asia,
And quickly make that, which was nothing, all:
So doth each tear,
Which thee doth wear,
A globe, yea world, by that impression grow;
Till *thy* tears, mixt with mine, do overflow
This world, by waters sent from thee—my heaven dissolved so.

O, more than moon,
Draw not up seas to drown me in thy sphere!
Weep me not dead in thine arms, but forbear
To teach the sea what it may do too soon.
Let not the wind
Example find
To do me more harm than it purposeth;
Since thou and I sigh one-another's breath,
Whoe'er sighs most is cruellest, and hastes the other's death."

The feelings which dictated such poetry as this, (for it *is* poetry, and nothing but real feelings *could* dictate it,) must have pierced deeper than the surface of both the heart and the

imagination. In fact, they wanted nothing but to have been excited under more favourable circumstances, to have made them well-springs of the richest poetry uttering itself in the rarest words.

For clearness of expression, melody of versification, and a certain wayward simplicity of thought peculiarly appropriate to such compositions as these, the most successful of our modern lyrists might envy the following trifle:

"*The Message.*

"Send home my long stray'd eyes to me,
Which (oh) too long have dwelt on thee:
Yet since there they have learn'd such ill—
Such forced fashions,
And false passions,
That they be
Made by me
Fit for no good sight—keep them still!—

Send home my harmless heart again,
Which no unworthy thought could stain:
But if it be taught by thine
To make jestings
Of protestings,
And break both
Word and oath,—
Keep it,—for then 'tis none of mine!—

Yet send me back both heart and eyes,
That I may know and see thy lies,
And may laugh and joy when thou
Art in anguish,
And dost languish
For some one
That will none,
Or prove as false as thou art now."

Perhaps the two short pieces which follow, include all the characteristics of Donne's style—beauties as well as faults.

"*A Lecture.*

"Stand still, and I will read to thee
A lecture, Love, in Love's philosophy.
These three hours that we have spent
Walking here, two shadows went
Along with us, which we ourselves produced.

But, now the sun is just above our head,
We do those shadows tread;
And to brave clearness all things are reduc'd.
So, whilst our infant loves did grow,
Disguises did, and shadows, flow
From us, and from our cares: now 'tis not so.

That love hath not attain'd the highest degree
Which is still diligent lest others see.
Except our loves at this noon stay,
We shall new shadows make the other way.
As the first were made to blind
Others, these, which come behind,
Still work upon ourselves, and blind our eyes.
If our loves faint, and westwardly decline,
To me thou, falsly, thine,
And I to thee mine actions shall disguise.
The morning shadows wear away,
But these grow larger all the day:
But oh, love's day is short, if love decay.
Love is a growing, or full constant light;
And his short minute, after noon, is night."

"*The Expiration.*

"So, so,—break off this last lamenting kiss,
Which sucks two souls, and vapours both away;
Turn thou, ghost, that way, and let me turn this,
And let ourselves benight our happiest day.
We ask none leave to love; nor will we owe
Any so cheap a death as saying, go!—

Go! and if that word have not quite killed thee,
Ease me with death, by bidding me go too.
Or, if it have, let my word work on me,
And a just office on a murderer do:
Except it be too late to kill me so—
Being double dead,—going, and bidding go!"

The following piece, entitled "The Funeral," is fantastical and far-fetched to be sure; but it is very fine nevertheless. The comparison of the nerves and the braid of hair, and anticipating similar effects from each, could never have entered the thoughts of any one but Donne; still less could any one have made it *tell* as he has done. The piece is

altogether an admirable and most interesting example of his style.

" Whoever comes to shroud me, do not harm,
Nor question much,
That subtle wreath of hair which crowns my arm;
The mystery, the sign you must not touch,
For 'tis my outward soul;
Viceroy to that which, unto heaven being gone,
Will leave this to controul
And keep these limbs, her provinces, from dissolution.

For, if the sinewy thread my brain lets fall
Through every part,
Can tie those parts, and make me one, of all,—
Those hairs, which upward grow, and strength and art
Have from a better brain,
Can better do it; except she meant that I
By this should know my pain;
As prisoners then are manacled when they're condemn'd to die.

Whate'er she meant by it, bury it with me;
For since I am
Love's martyr, it might breed idolatry
If into others' hands these reliques came.
As 'twas humility
To afford to it all that a soul can do,
So 'tis some bravery,
That, since you would have none of me, I bury some of you."

As a specimen of Donne's infinite fullness of meaning, take a little poem, called "The Will;" almost every line of which would furnish matter for a whole treatise in modern times.

" Before I sigh my last gasp, let me breathe,
Great Love, some legacies: here I bequeath
Mine eyes to Argus, if mine eyes can see;
If they be blind, then Love, I give them thee;
My tongue to Fame; to ambassadors mine ears;
To women, or the sea, my tears;
Thou, Love, hast taught me heretofore,
By making me serve her who had twenty more,
That I should give to none but such as had too much before.

My constancy I to the planets give;
My truth to them who at the court do live;

Mine ingenuity and openness
To Jesuits; to Buffoons my pensiveness;
My silence to any who abroad have been;
My money to a Capuchin.
Thou, Love, taught'st me, by appointing me
To love there, where no love receiv'd can be,
Only to give to such as have an incapacity.

My faith I give to Roman Catholics;
All my good works unto the Schismatics
Of Amsterdam; my best civility
And courtship to an university;
My modesty I give to soldiers bare;
My patience let gamesters share:
Thou, Love, taught'st me, by making me
Love her that holds my love disparity,
Only to give to those that count my gifts indignity.

I give my reputation to those
Which were my friends; mine industry to foes;
To schoolmen I bequeath my doubtfulness;
My sickness to physicians, or excess;
To NATURE *all that I in rhyme have writ!*
And to my company my wit:
Thou, Love, by making me adore
Her who begot this love in me before,
Taught'st me to make as tho' I gave, when I do but restore.

To him for whom the passing bell next tolls
I give my physic books; my written rolls
Of moral counsels I to Bedlam give;
My brazen medals, unto them which live
In want of bread; to them which pass among
All foreigners, my English tongue:
Thou, Love, by making me love one
Who thinks her friendship a fit portion
For younger lovers, dost my gifts thus disproportion.

Therefore I'll give no more, but I'll undo
The world by dying, because love dies too.
Then all your beauties will be no more worth
Than gold in mines, where none doth draw it forth.
And all your graces no more use shall have
Than a sun-dial in a grave.

Thou, Love, taught'st me, by making me
Love her who doth neglect both me and thee,
To invent and practice this one way to annihilate all three."

The following (particularly the first stanza) seems to us to express even more than it is intended to express; which is very rarely the case with the productions of this writer. The love expressed by it is a love for the passion excited, rather than the object exciting it; it is a love that lives by "*chewing the cud* of sweet and bitter fancy," rather than by hungering after fresh food—that broods, like the stock dove, over its own voice, and listens for no other—that is all sufficient to itself, and (like virtue) its own reward.

"I never stooped so low as they
Which on an eye, cheek, lip, can prey;
Seldom to them which soar no higher
Than virtue, or the mind to admire;
For sense and understanding may
Know what gives fuel to their fire:
My love, though silly, is more brave;
For may I miss, whene'er I crave,
If I know yet what I would have.

If that be simply perfectest
Who can by no way be exprest
But negatives, my love is so.
To all, which all love, I say no.
If any, who deciphers best
What we know not, (ourselves) can know,
Let him teach me that nothing. This
As yet my ease and comfort is,—
Though I speed not, I cannot miss."

What follows is in a different style, and it offers a singular specimen of the perverse ingenuity with which Donne sometimes bandies a thought about (like a shuttle-cock) from one hand to the other, only to let it fall to the ground at last.

"*The Prohibition.*

Take heed of loving me:
At least remember I forbade it thee.
Not that I shall repair my unthrifty waste
Of breath and blood upon thy sighs and tears,

By being to thee then what thou wast to me;
But so great joy at once our life outwears.
Then, lest thy love by my death frustrate be,
If thou love me, take heed of loving me.

Take heed of hating me,
Or too much triumph in the victory.
Not that I shall be mine own officer,
And hate again with hate retaliate;
But thou wilt lose the style of conqueror,
If I, thy conquest, perish by thy hate.
Then, lest my being nothing lessen thee,
If thou hate me, take heed of hating me.

Yet, love and hate me too;
So these extremes shall ne'er their office do:
Love me, that I may die the gentler way;
Hate me, because thy love's too great for me:
Or let these two, themselves, not me, decay:
So shall I live thy stage, not triumph be.
Then, lest thy love hate, and me thou undo,
Oh let me live, yet love and hate me too."

The following, in common with many other whole pieces and detached thoughts of this writer, has been imitated by later love-poets in proportion as it has not been read.

"*Song.*

Go and catch a falling star,

* * * * *

Tell me where all past years are,
Or who cleft the devil's foot.
Teach me to hear mermaids singing,
Or to keep off envy's stinging,
And find
What wind
Serves to advance an honest mind.

If thou be'st born to strange sights,
Things invisible to see,
Ride ten thousand days and nights,
Till age snow white hairs on thee;
Thou, when thou return'st, wilt tell me
All strange wonders that befell thee,

And swear,
No where
Lives a woman true and fair.

If thou find'st one, let me know;
Such a pilgrimage were sweet:
Yet do not—I would not go,
Though at next door we might meet:
Though she were true when you met her,
And last till you write your letter,
Yet she
Will be
False, ere I come, to two or three."

The following is to the same purpose, but more imbued with the writer's subtlety of thought and far-fetched ingenuity of illustration.

"*Woman's Constancy.*

Now thou hast loved me one whole day,
To-morrow, when thou leav'st, what wilt thou say?
Wilt thou then antedate some new-made vow?
Or say that now
We are not just those persons which we were?
Or, that oaths made in reverential fear
Of Love, and his wrath, any may forswear?
(For, as true deaths true marriages untie,
So lovers' contracts, images of those,
Bind but till sleep, death's image, them unloose.)
Or, your own end to justify
For having purposed change and falsehood, you
Can have no way but falsehood to be true?
Vain lunatic! against these scapes I could
Dispute, and conquer if I would;
Which I abstain to do,
For by to-morrow I may think so too."

The whole of the foregoing extracts are taken from the first department of Donne's poetry—the Love-verses. The only others that we shall choose from these, will be a few specimens of the truth and beauty that are frequently to be met with in Donne, in the shape of detached thoughts, images, &c. Nothing was ever more exquisitely felt or expressed, than this opening stanza of a little poem, entitled "The Blossom."

" Little thinkest thou, poor flower,—
Whom I have watched six or seven days,
And seen thy birth, and seen what every hour
Gave to thy growth, thee to this height to raise,
And now dost laugh and triumph on this bough,—
Little thinkest thou
That it will freeze anon, and that I shall
To-morrow find thee fallen, or not at all."

The admirer of Wordsworth's style of language and versification will see, at once, that it is, at its best, nothing more than a *return* to this.

How beautiful is the following bit of description!

" When I behold a stream, which from the spring
Doth with doubtful melodious murmuring,
Or in a speechless slumber calmly ride
Her wedded channel's bosom, and there chide,
And bend her brows, and swell, if any bough
Do but stoop down to kiss her utmost brow," &c.

The following is exquisite in its way. It is part of an epithalamion.

" ——— and night is come; and yet we see
Formalities retarding thee.
What mean these ladies, which (as though
They were to take a clock to pieces) go
So nicely about the bride?
A bride, before a good-night could be said,
Should vanish from her cloathes into her bed,
As souls from bodies steal, and are not spy'd."

The simile of the clock is an example (not an offensive one) of Donne's peculiar mode of illustration. He scarcely writes a stanza without some ingenious simile of this kind.

The two first lines of the following are very solemn and far-thoughted. There is nothing of the kind in poetry superior to them. I add the lines which succeed them, merely to shew the manner in which the thought is applied.

" *I long to talk with some old lover's ghost,*
Who died before the God of Love was born:
I cannot think that he, who then lov'd most,
Sunk so low, as to love one which did scorn.
But since this god produced a destiny,
And that vice-nature, Custom, lets it be,
I must love her that loves not me."

XUM

Of Donne's other poems, the Funeral Elegies, Epistles, Satires, and what he calls his "Divine Poems," particularly the last named, we have little to say in the way of general praise, and but few extracts to offer. We shall, however, notice and illustrate each class briefly, in order that the reader may have a fair impression of the whole body of this writer's poetical works.

The Epistles of Donne we like less than any of his other poems, always excepting the religious ones. Not that they are without his usual proportion of subtle thinking, felicitous illustration, and skilful versification; but they are disfigured by more than his usual obscurity—by a harshness of style, that is to be found in few of his other poems, except the satires—by an extravagance of hyperbole in the way of compliment, that often amounts to the ridiculous—and by an evident want of sincerity, that is worse than all. To whomever they are addressed, all are couched in the same style of expression, and reach the same pitch of praise. Every one of his correspondents is, without exception, "wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best." It is as if his letters had been composed at leisure, and kept *ready cut and dried* till wanted.

Though it will not exactly bear quotation, perhaps the most poetical, as well as the most characteristic, of the Epistles is the imaginary one (the only one of that description) from Sappho to Philænis.

The following is finely thought and happily expressed. It is part of an Epistle to Sir Henry Wotton.

> "Be, then, thine own home, and in thyself dwell;
> Inn anywhere; continuance maketh hell.
> And, seeing the snail, which everywhere doth roam,
> Carrying his own house still, is still at home,—
> Follow (for he is easy pac'd) this mail;
> Be thine own palace, or the world's thy jail.
> And in the world's sea do rest, like cork,—sleep
> Upon the water's face, nor in the deep
> Sink like a lead without a line; but as
> Fishes glide, leaving no print where they pass,
> Nor making sound; so closely thy course go;
> Let men dispute whether thou breathe, or no."

We can afford no other extract from the Epistles, although many most curious ones might be found; but pass on to the Funeral Elegies. All Donne's poems, even his best, with one or two exceptions, are laboured in the highest degree; and the Funeral Elegies are still more so than any of the others. They have all the faults of his style, and this one above all.

Still they abound in passages of great force, depth, and beauty; but none of them will bear extracting entire—at least, none which are properly included in this class. But there is one poem printed among these, which we shall extract the greater portion of, and which the reader will find to be written in a somewhat different style from that of almost all the others that we have quoted. There is a solemn and sincere earnestness about it, which will cause it to be read with great interest, even by those who may not be capable of appreciating, in detail, the rich and pompous flow of the verse, and the fine harmony of its music; the elegant simplicity of the language; and the extreme beauty of some of the thoughts and images.

The poem seems to have been addressed to his mistress, on the occasion of his taking leave of her, after her having offered to attend him on his journey in the disguise of a page. It is headed strangely enough.

"*Elegy on his Mistress.*

By our first strange and fatal interview—
By all desires which thereof did ensue—
By our long starving hopes—by that remorse
Which my words masculine persuasive force
Begot in thee—and by the memory
Of hurts, which spies and rivals threatened me,—
I calmly beg.—But by thy father's wrath—
By all pains which want and divorcement hath—
I conjure thee; and all the oaths which I
And thou have sworn to seal joint constancy,
Here I unswear, and overswear them thus:
Thou shalt not love by ways so dangerous.
Temper, O fair love! love's impetuous rage;
Be my true mistress still—not my feign'd page.
I'll go, and by thy kind leave, leave behind
Thee—only worthy to nurse in my mind
Thirst to come back. O, if thou die before
My soul from other lands to thee shall soar,
Thy else almighty beauty cannot move
Rage from the seas, nor thy love teach them love,
Nor tame wild Boreas' harshness: Thou hast read
How roughly he in pieces shivered
Fair Orithea, whom he swore he loved.
Fall ill or good, 'tis madness to have prov'd
Dangers unurged. Feed on this flattery,—
That absent lovers one in th' other be.

Dissemble nothing—not a boy—nor change
Thy body's habit, nor mind's;—be not strange
To thyself only: All will spy in thy face
A blushing, womanly, discovering grace.

* * * * *

He then tells her what ills may befall her in the different countries through which she would have to follow him; and concludes:

——— "O, stay here—for, for thee
England is only a worthy gallery
To walk in expectation, till from thence
Our greatest king call thee to his presence.
When I am gone, dream me some happiness;
Nor let thy looks our long hid love confess;
Nor praise, nor dispraise me—nor bless, nor curse
Openly love's force; nor, in bed, fright thy nurse
With midnight startings,—crying out, 'Oh! oh!
Nurse! O, my love is slain! *I saw him go*
O'er the white Alps alone! I saw him, I,
Assail'd, fight, taken, stabb'd, bleed, fall, and die.'
Augur me better chance; except dread Jove
Think it enough for me t' have *had* thy love."

It only remains to speak of Donne's Satires; for his Divine Poems must be left to speak for themselves. General readers are probably acquainted with Donne chiefly as a writer of satires; and, in this character, they know him only through the medium of Pope; which is equivalent to knowing Homer only through the same medium. The brilliant and refined modern attempted to give his readers an idea of Donne, by changing his roughness into smoothness, and polishing down his force into point. In fact, he altered Donne into Pope—which was a mere impertinence. Each is admirable in his way—quite enough so to make it impossible to change either, with advantage, into a likeness of any other.

Donne's Satires are as rough and rugged as the unhewn stones that have just been blasted from their native quarry; and they must have come upon the readers at whom they were levelled, with the force and effect of the same stones flung from the hand of a giant. The following detached character is the only specimen we have left ourselves room to give of them. It strikes us as being nearly the perfection of this kind of writing. He says that, for once in his life, going to court,

———"Towards me did run
A thing more strange than on Nile's slime the sun

E'er bred, or all which into Noah's ark came;
A thing which would have posed Adam to name.
Stranger than seven antiquaries' studies--
Than Afric monsters—Guianaes rarities—
Stranger than strangers. One who for a Dane
In the Danes' massacre had sure been slain,
If he had lived then; and without help dies
When next the 'prentices 'gainst strangers rise.
One whom the watch at noon scarce lets go by;
One to whom th' examining justice sure would cry,
'Sir, by your priesthood, tell me what you are?'
His clothes were strange, tho' coarse—and black, tho' bare;
Sleeveless his jerkin was, and it had been
Velvet, but 'twas now (so much ground was seen)
Become tuff-taffety; and our children shall
See it plain rash a while, then not at all.
The thing hath travell'd, and saith, speaks all tongues;
And only knoweth what to all states belongs.
Made of the accents and best phrase of these,
He speaks one language. If strange meats displease,
Art can deceive, or hunger force my taste;
But pedants' motley tongue, soldiers' bombast,
Mountebanks' drug-tongue, nor the terms of law,
Are strong enough preparatives to draw
Me to bear this. Yet I must be content
With his tongue, in *his* tongue called compliment.

* * * * *

He names me, and comes to me. I whisper, God!
How have I sinn'd, that thy wrath's furious rod,
(This fellow) chuseth me? He saith, 'Sir,
I love your judgement—whom do you prefer
For the best linguist?' And I sillily
Said, that I thought, *Calepine's Dictionary.*
'Nay, but of men, most sweet sir?'—Beza then,
Some Jesuits, and two reverend men
Of our two academies, I named. Here
He stopt me, and said—'Nay, your apostles *were*
Pretty good linguists, and so Panurge was,
Yet a poor gentleman. All these may pass
By travel.' Then, as if he would have sold
His tongue, he prais'd it, and such wonders told,
That I was fain to say—'If you had lived, sir,
Time enough to have been interpreter
To Babel's bricklayers, sure the tower had stood.'
He adds, 'If of court-life you knew the good,

You would leave loneness.' I said, 'Not alone
My loneness is, but Spartans' fashion.
To teach by painting drunkards doth not last
Now; Aretine's pictures have made few chaste;
No more can princes' courts (tho' there be few
Better pictures of vice) teach me virtue.'
He, like a high-stretch'd lutestring, squeak'd, 'O, sir,
'Tis sweet to talk of kings!'—'At Westminster,
(Said I) the man that keeps the Abbey-tombs,
And, for his price, doth, with whoever comes,
Of all our Harrys and our Edwards talk,
From king to king, and all their kin can walk.
Your ears shall hear nought but kings—your eyes meet
Kings only—the way to it is *King* street?'
He smack'd, and cry'd—'He's base, mechanic, coarse,
So are all your Englishmen in their discourse.
Are not your Frenchmen neat? Mine?—as you see,
I have but one, sir—look, he follows me.
Certes, they're neatly cloath'd. I of this mind am,
Your only wearing is your grogoram.'
'Not so, sir. I have more.' Under this pitch
He would not fly. I chaf'd him. But as itch
Scratch'd into smart—and as blunt iron ground
Into an edge hurts worse—so I (fool!) found
Crossing hurt me. To fit my sullenness
He to another key his style doth dress,
And asks, What news? I tell him of new plays;
He takes my hands, and as a still which stays
A semibreve 'twixt each drop, he (niggardly,
As loth to enrich me so) tells many a lie—
More than ten Holinsheds, or Halls, or Stowes—
Of trivial household trash he knows. He knows
When the queen frown'd or smil'd, and he knows what
A subtle statesman may gather from that.
He knows who loves whom; and who by poison
Hastes to an office's reversion.
He knows who hath sold his land, and now doth beg
A licence, old iron, boots, shoes, and egg-
Shells to transport. Shortly boys shall not play
At spancounter or blow-point, but shall pay
Toll to some courtier. And (wiser than all us)
He knows what lady is not painted."

* * * * *

We had intended to close this paper with a few examples of the most glaring faults of Donne's style; but the reader

will probably think that we have made better use of our space. We have endeavoured to describe those faults, and the causes of them; and not a few of them—or of those parts which should perhaps be regarded as *characteristics*, rather than absolute faults—will be found among the extracts now given. Those who wish for more may find them in almost every page of the writer's works. They may find the most far-fetched and fantastical allusions and illustrations brought to bear upon the thought or feeling in question, sometimes by the most quick-eyed and subtle ingenuity, but oftener in a manner altogether forced and arbitrary; turns of thought that are utterly at variance with the sentiment and with each other; philosophical and scholastic differences and distinctions, that no sentiment could have suggested, and that nothing but *searching for* could have found; and, above all, paradoxical plays of words, antitheses of thought and expression, and purposed involutions of phrase, that nothing but the most painful attention can untwist. All this they may find, and more. But, in the midst of all, they not only may, but must find an unceasing activity and an overflowing fullness of mind, which seem never to fail or flag, and which would more than half redeem the worst faults (of mere style) that could be allied to them.

ART. III.—*New England's Prospect. A true, lively, and experimental description of that part of America, commonly called New England: discovering the state of that Country, both as it stands to our new-come English Planters, and to the old native Inhabitants. Laying down that which may both enrich the knowledge of the mind-travelling Reader, or benefit the future Voyager. By* William Wood. *Printed at London, by* Thomas Cotes, *for* John Bellamie, *and are to be sold at his shop, at the Three Golden Lions in Cornhill, near the Royal Exchange. sm.* 4*to.* 1634.

We have never looked upon the humorous picture of the dispersal of the ambitious builders of Babel, which is intended to ornament the title page of Verstegan's "*Restitution of decayed intelligence,*" without musing upon the advantages and necessity of migration. The manifest cheerfulness of those lightly-equipped early colonists suggests so agreeable an issue to the embarrassments which before perplexed them, that the troubles usually attendant upon similar expeditions do not obtrude themselves on the imagination. Great as their confusion was, in consequence of the sudden multiplying of unknown tongues, the remedy was simple to those before whom the earth lay unoccupied. Many stories of antiquity may be remembered,

equally full of interesting associations, incident to the removal of their "stuff and their little ones" by the patriarchs of the world.

In modern history the subject has been too often mixed up with military conquests; and bears too little the character of pastoral migration, to partake of the comparative innocence and ease of similar expeditions in earlier days. The occupied condition of the world has long rendered it difficult to put an end to "strife," by having recourse to Abraham's appeal:—

"Is not the whole land before thee? separate thyself, I pray thee, from me: if thou wilt take the left hand, then I will go to the right: or if thou depart to the right hand, then I will go to the left."*

There has been, however, enough of enterprise performed in modern times to furnish important details, which ought to be collected for the guidance of individuals and of governments from error, in their future and better regulated attempts to fulfil the divine injunction to man, "to be fruitful and to multiply, and replenish the earth and subdue it." Vast regions remain to be peopled, which will be best accomplished by a consideration of the dangerous mistakes which heretofore have been committed; and although few parts of the world are now to be found *without* inhabitants, still are the scattered possessors of many countries† ready to receive more civilized visitors with cordiality and welcome. It is the interest of the Indian to admit his more cultivated brother to his cabin, when-

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* Genesis, 13 ch. 9 verse.

† We were struck with Lord Byron's remarks upon this subject, in a letter recently published; from which it appears, that the importance of an accession of industry and skill, is duly appreciated by the less civilized nations of Europe itself. We know how wisely our own ancestors acted, in receiving kindly the refugees of Brabant, and the Hugonots of France, in the 16th and 17th centuries. Upon which occasions, self-interest, without doubt, concurred with humane feelings. Lord Byron's words are; "The resources even for an emigrant population in the Greek Islands alone, are rarely to be paralleled; and the cheapness of every kind of not only necessaries, but luxuries, (that is to say, luxuries of nature, fruit, wine, oil, &c.,) in a state of peace, are far beyond those of the Cape and Van Diemen's Land, and the other places of refuge which the English population are searching for over the waters."—Genoa, May 12, 1823. We cannot add another better illustration of our text than the very remarkable invitation given by the Prince of Persia to Europeans to settle near Tabriz, published in the newspapers as this sheet is passing through the press. With reference, however, to British colonization, although Persia and the Greek islands undoubtedly abound in physical resources, it deserves grave consideration whether the people of Great Britain, as a mass, and particularly the women, will not find British colonies more suited to their habits.

ever the latter brings with him the sound principles of justice, which are the true and permanent marks of pre-eminence in civil society. The unceasing departure also every year, of thousands of families from the *res angusta domi,* renders the subject one of national concern. Nothing in the power of government can dam the stream, and doubts may reasonably be entertained, whether it should be suffered to find its own way forth, as it now does; or whether it ought not to be so directed, as to fertilize the regions in which we are chiefly interested; and be so conducted thither, that it may be exposed the least that is possible to injury and waste. To *aid* the emigrant to settle where his establishment will equally benefit himself and his ancient home, cannot be an instance of that sort of meddling in political arrangements which sound opinions condemn.

The character of emigration has, indeed, essentially changed with other things in modern times. Masses of *all ranks* do not quit their homes now, in the manner which was not unusual with some of the nations of antiquity. The golden dreams also which, in the 16th century, carried men of the highest consideration across the Atlantic, have passed away; and religious persecution no longer drives whole congregations into the wilderness for an asylum. Nothing, therefore, remains directly to induce the rich to encourage emigration, but the wish to be relieved from a disproportionate population, or the desire to give a British character to ceded colonies, which, like the Cape of Good Hope, may protect the remote parts of the empire; or, like Canada, may by some persons be thought useful only to curb a rival. These motives do not, however, appear to be sufficiently strong, to overrule the objections which are felt against the emigration of great masses of the people. Rents at home are increased by competitors, and the competition arising from the number of tenants will continue long after many of the ordinary comforts of life have fallen away from the rack-rent occupier of the soil;—taking a series of years together, little rent is lost, until after very great suffering on the part of the tenantry. It may happen, as in Ireland, that the only inconvenience which the rich can suffer, from the privations of a population disproportioned to the accessible means of subsistence, is the risk of personal violence to themselves. But if it happen, as the fact is there, that personally the great land owners may be out of contact with the people, there is less danger apprehended from their violence, than there is advantage derived from the high rents which they will continue to pay.

Undoubtedly, therefore, it is to benefit the people chiefly, that emigration should be encouraged. Wages would be raised to them and rent lowered, in consequence of the removal of a

considerable number of the poor; but it is not the immediate interest of the land owners, that they should quit their crowded homes. Principles of philanthropy then must be appealed to, when the rich are personally asked to aid such enterprises;—and when the government is called upon to act in them, the right of the people to be well governed, and consequently to have all means of benefiting them resorted to, should alone be relied upon.

In order, also, to render a great change in the poor laws *possible*, some arrangement advantageous to the people, as that of fitting out large bodies of emigrants would be, seems unavoidable. The very foundation of the argument against those laws, as at present administered, demands this. If the administration of them, *by the rich*, have multiplied labourers beyond the means of their being duly remunerated in the market for labour —if they have made the poor numerous in an undue proportion to the wants of well regulated society, it is impossible justly to deny relief, until the due proportion is again attained; and the most obviously prudent way to that happier state of things, is to alter the distribution of wealth, by placing competence within the reach of industrious men; and nothing will do this but enabling some of the poor to emigrate, or, which is less likely to be agreed to, distributing amongst them a certain property at home.

The difficulty of conducting emigration on a large scale with success, is, undoubtedly, a reason why a minister should pause before he sanctions such a project—and to lessen the difficulty, by pointing out the causes which have led former expeditions to a good or bad issue, will be useful. The *Retrospective Review* professes to contemplate what has been done in times past, only in order to improve the present, and what is to come. With the hope, therefore, of aiding future enterprises, by a consideration of the causes of former successes and failures, it will be the object of this and a few succeeding articles, to review what has been accomplished in North America, by some of the numerous colonists from England, within the last three hundred years.

Many interesting circumstances also, with regard to the Aborigines of the new world, will be noticed. Few adventurers have listened to Lord Bacon's precepts in behalf of that injured race, although his sentiments are merely those of ordinary justice:

"I like a plantation," says Lord Bacon, "in a pure soil; that is, where people are not displanted to the end to plant in others; if you plant where savages are, *do not only entertain them with trifles and gingles; but use them justly and graciously*, with sufficient guard nevertheless; and do not win their favour by helping them to invade their enemies, but for their defence it is not amiss; and send oft, of them

over to the country that plants, *that they may see a better condition than their own*, and commend it when they return."

With regard to the Indians of North America, it will be an important object with us to consider the evidence, which the early history of colonization presents, of the capacity and rights of the people, amongst whom our forefathers sought distinction, or riches, or (what they found without requiting) a refuge from oppression.

A better introduction to the general subject cannot, perhaps, be selected, than the following passages from the Essay of Lord Bacon, just referred to, on colonization: it is to be regretted, that his precepts have entered less into the practice of succeeding statesmen, than his contemplations into the views of projectors.

"Plantations," says Bacon, "are amongst ancient, primitive, and heroical works. When the world was young, it begat more children; but now it is old, it begets fewer; for I may justly account new plantations to be the children of former kingdoms . . . . . It is a shameful and unblessed thing, to take the scum of people, and *wicked condemned men, to be those with whom you plant* . . . . . They ought to be gardeners, ploughmen, labourers, smiths, carpenters, joiners, fishermen, fowlers, with some few apothecaries, surgeons, cooks, and bakers. . . . After looking about what kind of victual the country yields of itself to hand, consider what esculent things there are which grow speedily and within the year; as parsnips, carrots, turnips, onions, radishes, artichokes of Jerusalem, maiz, and the like. For wheat, barley, and oats, they ask too much labour: but with peas and beans you may begin; both because they ask less labour, and because they serve for meat, as well as for bread. And of rice likewise cometh a great increase, and it is a kind of meat. Above all, there ought to be brought store of biscuit, oatmeal, flour, meal, and the like, in the beginning, till bread may be had.

"For beasts or birds, take chiefly such as are least subject to diseases, and multiply fastest: as swine, goats, cocks, hens, turkeys, geese, house-doves, and the like. The victual in plantations ought to be expended almost as in a besieged town; that is with certain allowance. If there be iron ore,* and streams whereupon to set the mills, iron is a brave commodity where wood aboundeth. Making of bay-salt, if the climate be proper for it, should be put in experience. Grow-

* It well illustrates how little practical politicians are guided by the "wisdom of the wise;" to observe, that till within a few years of the revolutionary war of 1776, the settlers of North America *were forbidden to make iron.* Happily, new principles are beginning to prevail; and iron furnaces are amongst the important, growing works in our remaining colonies.

ing silk likewise, if any be, is a likely commodity. Pitch and tar, where store of firs and pines are, will not fail. So drugs and sweet woods, where they are, cannot but yield great profit. Soap-ashes, likewise, and other things that may be thought of. But moil not too much under ground; for the hope of mines is very uncertain, and useth to make the planters lazy in other things. For government, let it be in the hands of one assisted with some counsel: and let them have commission to exercise martial laws with some limitation. And above all, let men make that profit of being in the wilderness, as they have God always, and his service, before their eyes. Let not the government of the plantation depend upon too many counsellors and undertakers, in the country that planteth but upon a temperate number; and let those be rather noblemen and gentlemen, than merchants; for the latter look ever to the present gain. Let there be freedoms from custom, till the plantation be of strength: and not only freedom from custom, *but freedom to carry* their commodities where they may make their best of them*, except there be some special cause of caution. Cram not in people, by sending too fast, company after company; but rather hearken how they waste and *send supplies proportionably;* but so as the number may live well in the plantation, and not by surcharge be in penury. It hath been a great endangering to the health of some plantation, that they have built along the sea and rivers, in marish and unwholesome grounds. Therefore, though you begin there, to avoid carriage, and other like discommodities, yet build still rather upwards from the streams, than along. It concerneth likewise the health of the plantation, that they may have good store of salt† with them, that they may use it in their victuals when it shall be necessary. . . . . It is the sinfullest thing in the world, to forsake or destitute a plantation once in forwardness: for, besides the dishonour, it is the guiltiness of blood of many commiserable persons."—*Bacon's Essays,* Civil and Moral, xxxiii.

Such was in part the theory of him whose opinion on any subject requires no praise of ours; and who, with a host of illustrious men of his time, laid the foundation of an empire in the west, which modern statesmen have been too weak to sustain.

We proceed to an example of the details which grew out of those enterprises. It is remarkable, that a spirit of poetry and scholarship, and gallantry, accompanied the adventurers of those days even to the humblest efforts of their pens upon

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* It is needless to suggest how little this advice is regarded by European governments; and how grievous have been the injuries inflicted upon all parties by the disregard of it.

† Upon these rules it may generally be remarked, that the cautions which they give, as to the preparation of stores *from the mother country* entirely, are no longer needed upon our wild lands in North America. Judicious arrangements may previously be made on the spot for most of the things that colonists want.

their return. Scarcely a black letter quarto is to be met with without an introduction of sonnets from the traveller's friends and his collegiate companions; and in a future review we hope to gratify our readers by shewing farther, that they went forth upon their enterprises encouraged by the anxieties of the fair of the highest rank, for their success.

One of the most correct accounts of the New Settlements is called by the author, William Wood,—

"New England's Prospect. A true, lively, and *experimental* description of that part of America, commonly called New England; discovering the state of that country, both as it stands to our new-come English planters and to the old native inhabitants; laying down that which may both enrich the knowledge of the mind-travelling reader, or benefit the future voyager."

Wood is infected with the credulity of his age upon matters of which he could not be an eye-witness: as in his serious repetition of "*the report*, that if the party lives that is bitten by a rattlesnake, the snake will die; and if the party die, the snake will live."—p. 45. But his testimony is manifestly unimpeachable, whenever he enjoyed the advantage of a personal experience of the correctness of what he states.

Of his work, he says, that he undertook it

"The rather, because there had theretofore some relations past the press, which were very imperfect; as also because there were many scandalous and false reports past upon the country even from the sulphurous breath of every base ballad-monger."—"Wherefore," saith he, "to perfect the one and take off the other, I have laid down the nature of the country, without any partial respect unto it, as being my dwelling place where I have lived these four years, and intend, God willing, shortly to return again; but my conscience is to me a thousand witnesses, that what I speak is the very truth, and this will inform thee, reader, almost as fully concerning it, as if thou wentest over to see it."

This is one of the earliest accounts of New England, and in perfect copies it is enriched with a curious map of the country. It is the more interesting, as from the date of it we may conjecture, that by such descriptions of America as this, Cromwell and Hampden, and other despairing patriots, were induced to seek that peace across the Atlantic, which they were deprived of at home. The volume was printed in 1634; and they were stopped by the royal proclamation at Portsmouth in 1637.

The book is divided into thirty-two chapters, of which the

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titles are printed in the note below;* it is of some authority with the historians of New England; and it is altogether a curious volume.

We proceed to lay before our readers select passages from the work itself, interspersing them with a few remarks with reference to modern enterprises.

The second chapter treats "Of the seasons of the year, winter and summer, together with the heat, cold, snow, rain, and the effects of it;" and to Mr. Wood's remarks it may be added, in favour of the country he recommends, that in proportion as it is cultivated the climate improves.—

"For that part of the country wherein most of the English have their habitations: it is for certain the best ground and sweetest climate in all those parts, bearing the name of New England, agreeing well with the temper of our English bodies, being high land, and sharp air, and though most of our English towns border upon the sea-coast, yet are they not often troubled with mists, or unwholesome fogs, or cold weather from the sea, which lies east and south from the land. And whereas in England most of the cold winds and weathers come from the sea, and those situations are counted most unwholesome

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that are near the sea-coast, in that country it is not so, but otherwise; for in the extremity of winter, the north-east and south wind coming from the sea, produceth warm weather, only the north-west wind coming over the land, is the cause of extreme cold weather, being always accompanied with deep snows and bitter frost, so that in two or three days the rivers are passable for horse and man. But as it is an axiom in nature, *Nullum violentum est perpetuum*, no extremes last long, so this cold wind blows seldom above three days together, after which the weather is more tolerable, the air being nothing so sharp, but peradventure in four or five days after this cold messenger will blow a fresh, commanding every man to his house, forbidding any to out-face him without prejudice to their noses; but it may be objected, that it is too cold a country for our Englishmen, who have been accustomed to a warmer climate, to which it may be answered *(Igne levatur hyems)* there is wood good store, and better cheap to build warm houses, and make fires, which makes the winter less tedious: and moreover, the extremity of this cold weather lasteth but for two months or ten weeks, beginning in December, and breaking up the tenth day of February; which hath been a passage very remarkable, that for ten or a dozen years the weather hath held himself to this day, unlocking his icy bays and rivers, which are never frozen again, except there be some small frost until the middle of March. It is observed by the Indians, that every tenth year there is little or no winter, which hath been twice observed of the English; the year of the new Plymouth

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mens' arrival was no winter in comparison; and in the tenth year after, likewise, when the great company settled themselves in Massachuset's Bay, was a very mild season, little frost, and less snow, but clear serene weather, few north-west winds, which was a great mercy to the English coming over so rawly and uncomfortably provided, wanting all utensils and provisions which belonged to the well being of planters, and whereas many died at the beginning of the plantations, it was not because the country was unhealthful, but because their bodies were corrupted with sea-diet, which was naught, their beef and pork being tainted, their butter and cheese corrupted, their fish rotten, and voyage long, by reason of cross winds, so that winter approaching before they could get warm houses, and the searching sharpness of that purer climate creeping in at the crannies of their crazed bodies, caused death and sickness; but their harms having taught future voyagers more wisdom, in shipping *good provision for sea, and finding warm house at landing*, find health in both."—p. 5.

" To relate how some English bodies have borne out cold, will (it may be) startle belief of some, it being so strange—yet not so strange as true. A certain man being something distracted, broke away from his keeper, and running into the woods, could not be found with much seeking after; but four days being expired, he returned, to appearance as well in body, as at his egress, and in mind much better; for a mad man to hit home through the unbeaten woods was strange, but to live without meat or drink in the deep of winter, stranger, and yet return home bettered, was most strange."

" The hard winters are commonly the forerunners of pleasant spring-times, and fertile summers being judged likewise to make much for the health of our English bodies: *it is found to be more healthful for such as shall adventure thither, to come towards winter, than the hot summer:* the climate in winter is commonly cold and dry, the snow lies long, which is thought to be no small nourishing to the ground. For the Indians burning it to suppress the underwood, which else would grow all over the country, the snow falling not long after keeps the ground warm, and with this melting conveys the ashes into the pores of the earth, which doth fatten it. It hath been observed, that English wheat and rye proves better, which is winter sown, and is kept warm by the snow, than that which is sown in the spring. The summers be hotter than in England because of their more southern latitude, yet are they tolerable; being often cooled with fresh blowing winds, it seldom being so hot as men are driven from their labours, especially such whose employments are within doors, or under the cool shade: *servants have hitherto been privileged to rest from their labours in extreme hot weather, from ten of the clock till two,* which they regain by their early rising in the morning, and double diligence in cool weather. The summers are commonly hot and dry, there being seldom any rains; I have known it six or seven weeks before one shower hath moistened the ploughman's labour, yet the harvest hath been very good, the Indian corn requiring more heat than wet, for the English corn, it is refreshed with the nightly dews, till it grow up to shade his roots with his own substance from the parching sun."—p. 7.

The concluding passage of the chapter on the "suitableness of the *climate* to English bodies, for health and sickness," presents a pleasing character of the author; and contains, in a few words, its substantial recommendation, which the experience of two centuries has not proved to be deceitful.

"The last argument to confirm the healthfulness of the country, shall be from mine own experience, who although in England I was brought up tenderly under the careful hatching of my dearest friends, yet scarce could I be acquainted with health, having been let blood six times for the pleurisy before I went; likewise being assailed with other weakening diseases. But being planted in that new soil and healthful air, which was more correspondent to my nature (I speak it with praise to the merciful God), though my occasions have been to pass through heat and cold, wet and dry, by sea and land, in winter and summer, day by day, for four years together, yet scarce did I know what belonged to a day's sickness."—p. 10.

Treating of the agriculture of the country, he says:

"There is such plenty of grass and feeding, that there is no want of winter-fodder till December, at which time men begin to house their milch cattle and calves: Some, notwithstanding the cold of the winter, have their young cattle without doors, giving them meat at morning and evening. For the more upland grounds, there be different kinds, in some places clay, some gravel, some a red sand; all which are covered with a black mould, in some places above a foot deep, in other places not so deep."

"For the natural soil, I prefer it before the county of Surrey, or Middlesex, which, if they were not enriched with continual manurings, would be less fertile than the meanest ground in New England; wherefore it is neither impossible, nor much improbable, that upon improvements the soil may be as good in time as in England. And whereas some gather the ground to be nought, and soon out of heart, because Plymouth men remove from their old habitations,—I answer, they do no more remove from their habitation than the citizen which hath one house in the city, and another in the country, for his pleasure, health, and profit. For although they have taken new plots of ground, and built houses upon them, yet do they retain their old houses still, and repair to them every Sabbath day; neither do they esteem their old lots worse than when they first took them: what if they do not plant on them every year? I hope it is no ill husbandry to rest the land, nor is always that the worst that is sometimes fallow. If any man doubt of the goodness of the ground, let him comfort himself with the cheapness of it; such bad land in England, I am sure will bring in store of good money. This ground is in some places of a soft mould, and easy to plough; in other places, so tough and hard that I have seen ten oxen toiled, their iron chain broken, and their shares and coulters strained; but after the first breaking up, it is so easy that two oxen and a horse may plough it: there hath as good English corn

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grown there as could be desired; especially rye, and oats, and barley: there hath been no great trial as yet of wheat and beans; only this much I affirm, that these two grains grow well in gardens—therefore it is not improbable, but when they can gather seed of that which is sown in the country, it may grow as well as any other; but commonly the seed that cometh out of England is heated at sea, and therefore cannot thrive at land."—p. 13.

After describing, at some length, the natural evils of the country, such as noxious animals and reptiles, the chapter upon this head concludes with a passage, which is particularly useful for the consideration of those who, at any time, devote themselves to the subject of colonization.

"Thus have you heard (says our author) of the worst of the country: but some, peradventure, may say no, and reply, that they have heard that the people have been often driven to great wants and extremities. To which I answer: it is true that some have lived for a certain time with a little bread, others without any; yet all this argues nothing against the country in itself, but condemns the folly and improvidence of such as would venture into so rude and unmanaged a country, without so much provisions as should have comfortably maintained them in health and strength, till, by their labours, they had brought the land to yield his fruit. I have myself heard some say, *that they heard it was a rich land, a brave country, but when they came there, they could see nothing but a few canvas booths and old houses,*—supposing at the first to have found walled towns, fortifications, and corn fields, as if towns could have built themselves, or corn fields have grown of themselves, without the husbandry of man. These men, missing of their expectations, returned home and railed against the country. Others may object that of late time there hath been great want;—I deny it not; but look to the original, and tell me from whence it came. The root of their want sprung up in England, for many hundreds hearing of the plenty of the country, were so much their own foes and country's hindrance, as to come without provision, which made things both dear and scant: wherefore let none blame the country so much, as condemn the indiscreetness of such as will needs run themselves upon hardship. And I dare further assure any that will carry provision enough for a year and a half, shall not need to fear want, if he either be industrious himself, or have industrious agents to manage his estate and affairs. And whereas many do disparage the land, saying, a man cannot live without labour: in that they more disparage and discredit themselves, in giving the world occasion to take notice of their dronish disposition, that would live of the sweat of another man's brow: surely they were much deceived, or else ill informed, that ventured thither in hope to live in plenty and idleness, both at a time; and it is as much pity as he that can work and will not, should eat, as it is pity that he that would work and cannot, should fast. I condemn not such, therefore, as are now there, and are not able to work; but I advise, for the future, those men that are of weak

constitutions to keep at home, if their estates cannot maintain servants. For all New England must be workers in some kind. And whereas it hath been formerly reported, that boys of ten or twelve years of age might do much more than get their living: that cannot be, for he must have more than a boy's head, and no less than a man's strength, that intends to live comfortably; and he that hath understanding and industry, with a stock of an hundred pounds, shall live better there, than he shall do here, off twenty pounds per annum. But many, I know, will say, If it be thus, how comes it to pass, then, that they are so poor? To which I answer, that they are poor but in comparison;—compare them with the rich merchants or great landed men in England, and then, I know, they will seem poor. There is no probability they should be exceeding rich, because none of such great estate went over yet; besides, a man of estate must first scatter before he gather; he must lay out monies for transporting of servants, and cattle, and goods —for houses, and fences, and gardens, &c. This may make his purse seem light, and to the eye of others seem a leaking in his estate, whereas disbursements are for his future enrichments; for he being once well seated and quietly settled, his increase comes in double; and howsoever they are accounted poor, they are well contented, and look not so much at abundance, as a competence. So little is the poverty of the country, that I am persuaded if many in England which are constrained to beg their bread were there, they would live better than many do here that have money to buy it. Furthermore, when corn is scarce, yet may they have either fish or flesh for their labour; and surely that place is not miserably poor to them that are there, where four eggs may be had for a penny, and a quart of new milk at the same rate: where butter is sixpence a pound, and Cheshire cheese at fivepence, sure Middlesex affords London no better pennyworths. What though there be no such plenty as to cry these things in the streets, yet every day affords these pennyworths to those that need them, in most places—I dare not say in all. Can they be very poor, where for four thousand soules, there are fifteen hundred head of cattle, besides four thousand goats, and swine innumerable. In an ill sheep year, I have known mutton as dear in Old England, and dearer than goat's flesh is in New England, which is altogether as good, if fancy be set aside."—pp. 47, 48, 49.

We shall conclude our notice of this work, with presenting to our readers, for the sake of the remarks which follow it, the greater part of the chapter of advice—"What provision is to be made for a journey at sea, and what to carry for use at land."

"Many, peradventure, at the looking over of these relations, may have inclinations or resolution for the voyage, to whom I wish all prosperity in their undertakings; although I will use no forcive arguments to persuade any, but leave them to the relation: yet, by way of advice, I would commend to them a few lines from the pen of experience. And because the way to New England is over sea, it will not be amiss to give you directions what is most necessary to be carried.

Many, I suppose, know as well, or better than myself; yet all do not: to those my directions tend, although every man have ship-provisions allowed him for his five pound, which is salt beef, pork, salt fish, butter, cheese, pease, pottage, water-gruel, and such kind of victuals, with good biscuits, and six-shilling beer: yet will it be necessary to carry some comfortable refreshing of fresh victuals,—as, first, for such as have ability, some conserves, and good claret wine, to burn at sea; or you may have it by some of your vintners or wine-coopers burned here, and put up into vessels, which will keep much better than other burnt wine, is a very comfortable thing for the stomach, or such as are sea-sick: sallad oil likewise; prunes are good to be stewed; sugar for many things, white biscuits, and eggs and bacon, rice, poultry, and some wether sheep to kill aboard the ship, and fine flour-baked meats will keep about a week or nine days at sea; juice of lemons, well put up, is good either to prevent or cure the scurvy. Here it must not be forgotten to carry small skillets, or pipkins, and small frying-pans, to dress their victuals in at sea. For bedding, so it be easy, and cleanly, and warm, it is no matter how old or coarse it be, for the use of the sea; and so likewise for apparel, the oldest clothes be the fittest, with a long coarse coat, to keep better things from the pitched ropes and planks. *Whosoever shall put to sea in a stout and well-conditioned ship, having an honest master, and loving seamen, shall not need to fear, but he shall find as good content at sea as at land.*

"For the health of passengers, it hath been observed, that of six hundred souls, not above three or four have died at sea. It is probable, in such a company, more might have died either by sickness or casualties, if they had staid at home. For women, I see not but that they do as well as men, and young children as well as either, having their healths as well at sea as at land. Many likewise which have come with such foul bodies to sea, as did make their days uncomfortable at land, have been so purged and clarified at sea, that they have been more healthful for after-times; their weak appetites being turned to good stomachs, not only desiring, but likewise digesting such victuals as the sea affords. Secondly, for directions for the country: it is not to be feared but that men of good estates may do well there, always provided, that they go well accommodated with servants, in which I would not wish them to take over many; ten or twelve lusty servants being able to manage an estate of two or three thousand pounds. It is not the multiplicity of many bad servants (which presently eat a man out of house and harbour, as lamentable experience hath made manifest), but the industry of the faithful and diligent labourer, that enricheth the careful master; so that he that hath many dronish servants shall soon be poor, and he that hath an industrious family, shall as soon be rich.

"Now for the encouragement of his men, he must not do as many have done, (more through ignorance than desire), carry many mouths and no meat; but rather much meat for a few mouths. Want of due maintenance produceth nothing but a grumbling spirit, with a sluggish idleness; whereas those servants which be well provided for, go through their employments with speed and cheerfulness. For meal, it will be

requisite to carry a hogshead and a half, for every one that is a labourer, to keep him till he may receive the fruit of his own labours, which will be a year and a half after his arrival, if he land in May or June. He must likewise carry malt, beer, butter, cheese, some pease, good wines, vinegar, strong waters, &c. Whosoever transports more of these than he himself useth, his over-plus being sold, will yield as much profit as any other staple commodity. Every man likewise must carry over good store of apparel; for if he come to buy it there, he shall find it dearer than in England. Woollen cloth is a very good commodity, and linen better, as Holland, lockram, flaxen, hempen, calico, stuffs, linsey-wolsies, and blue calico, green baize for housewives' aprons, hats, boots, shoes, good Irish stockings, which if they be good are much more serviceable than knit ones; all kind of grocery wares, as sugar, prunes, raisins, currants, honey, nutmegs, cloves, &c.; soap, candles, and lamps, &c.; all manner of household stuff is very good trade there, as pewter and brass, but great iron pots be preferred before brass for the use of that country; warming-pans and stewing-pans be of necessary use and good traffic there; all manner of iron wares, as all manner of nails for houses, and all manner of spikes for building of boats, ships, and fishing-stages; all manner of tools for workmen; hoes for planters, broad and narrow for setting and wadding; with axes, both broad and pitching axes; all manner of augers, piercing bits, whip saws, two-handed saws, froes, both for the riving of pales and lathes, rings for beetles' heads, and iron wedges, though all these be made in the country, (there being divers blacksmiths), yet being a heavy commodity, and taking but a little stowage, it is cheaper to carry such commodities out of England. Glass ought not to be forgotten of any that desire to benefit themselves or the country; if it be well loaded, and carefully packed up, I know no commodity better for portage or sale. Here, likewise, must not be forgotten all utensils for the sea, as barbels, splitting-knives, leads, and cod-hooks and lines, mackarel-hooks and lines, shark-hooks, seans, or bass nets, large and strong herring-nets, &c. Such as would eat fowl, must not forget their six-foot guns, their good powder and shot of all sorts; a great round shot called Bastable-shot, is the best, being made of a blacker lead than ordinary shot. Furthermore, good pooldavies, to make sails for boats, roads and anchors for boats and pinnaces, be good; sea coal, iron, lead, and mill-stones, flints, ordnances, and whatsoever a man can conceive is good for the country, that will lie as ballast, he cannot be a loser by it. And lest I should forget a thing of so great importance, no man must neglect to provide for himself, or those belonging to him, his ammunition for the defence of himself and the country. For there is no man there that bears a head, but that bears military arms; even boys of fourteen years of age are practised with men in military discipline, every three weeks. Whosoever shall carry over drums and English colours, pattesons, halberds, pikes, muskets, bandeleras with swords, shall not needs to fear good gain for them, such things being wanting in the country: likewise, whatsoever shall be needful for fortification of holds and castles, whereby the common enemy may be kept out in future times, is much desired. They as yet have had no

great cause to fear; but because security hath been the overthrow of many a new plantation, it is their care, according to their abilities, to secure themselves by fortifications as well as they can. Thus, having shown what commodities are most useful, it will not be amiss to show you what men be most fit for these plantations.

"First—*Men of good working, and contriving heads; a well-experienced commonwealth's-man, for the good of the body politic, in matters of advice and counsel;* a well-skilled and industrious husbandman, for tillage and improvement of grounds; an ingenious carpenter, a cunning joiner, a handsome cooper, such a one as can make strong ware for the use of the country, and a good brickmaker, a tiler, and a smith; a leather-dresser, a gardener, and a tailor; one that hath good skill in the trade of fishing, is of special use; and so is a good fowler. If there be any that hath skill in any of these trades, if he can transport himself, he needs not fear but he may improve his time and endeavours to his own benefit and comfort; if any cannot transport himself, he may provide himself of an honest master, and so may do as well. There is as much freedom and liberty for servants as in England, and more too; a wronged servant shall have right *volens nolens* from his injurious master, and a wronged master shall have right of his injurious servant, as well as here: wherefore let no servant be discouraged from the voyage, that intends it. And now, whereas it is generally reported, that servants and poor men grow rich, and the masters and gentry grow poor: I must needs confess that the diligent hand makes rich, and that labouring men having good store of employment, and as good pay, live well and contentedly; but I cannot perceive that those that set them a-work are any way impoverished by them: Peradventure, they have less money by reason of them, but never the less riches; a man's work well done being more beneficial than his money, or other dead commodities, which otherwise would lie by him to no purpose. Many men be so improvident as to set men about building of castles in the air, or other unnecessary employments, he may grow poor; but such as employ labourers about planting of corn, building of houses, fencing in of ground, fishing, and divers other necessary occasions, shall receive as much or more by poor men's labours, than those that live in England do from the industry of such as they hire: wherefore I do suppose this to be but the surmisings of some that are ignorant of the state of the country, or else misinformed by some ill-willers to the plantations. Many objections, I know, are daily invented to hinder the proceedings of these new plantations, which may damp the unsettled spirits of such as are not greatly affected with those undertakings.

"Some there are who count, with Claudian, that it is an incomparable happiness to have their birth, life, and burying in the same place—these are never likely to remove further than the shell of their own country. But because there are some noble spirits that devote their estates and their persons to the common good of their king and country, I have therefore for their direction and delight made this relation. For as the end of my travel was observation, so I desire the end of my observation may tend to the information of others. As I

have observed what I have seen, and written what I have observed, so do I desire to publish what I have written, desiring it may be beneficial to posterity;—and if any man desire to fill himself at that fountain from whence this tasting cup was taken, his own experience shall tell him as much as I have here related."

The "note of preparation," so remarkable in the abundance of provisions which Wood recommends, shows that our forefathers were *accustomed* to enjoy comforts, in a degree somewhat surprising to modern readers. The picture either designates a class of emigrants, very different, indeed, from that which now is well satisfied with the ordinary "ship's allowance;" or, if the bulk of the adventurers were from the poorest classes, their habits of living must have been widely different from that of the same rank in life in the 19th century.

Our author's interesting discussions upon the character of the native inhabitants of the country, must be reserved for a future occasion. It is a subject to which justice can only be done by undivided attention. It is full of difficulty; and from the gross barbarity with which they have been treated by white men, demanding the most serious regard. We promise that it shall not be neglected; and we are glad to be able to announce, that the views of the government of our own country, as well as that of the United States of America, are greatly changed towards the unhappy tribes whom they have supplanted.

ART. IV.—*Lettres de Ninon de l' Enclos au Marquis de Sévigné, avec sa Vie, &c. 2 tom. in 18mo. Amsterdam,* 1757.

Mémoires sur la Vie de Mademoiselle de l' Enclos. Par Mr. B****. 12*mo. Amsterdam,* 1758.

We are by no means inclined to verify the prediction of Voltaire in our own persons, who has prophesied, in the bitterness of his heart, against certain forgers then, as now, in the practice of uttering false letters under celebrated names, that the works, whose titles are prefixed to this article, would one day be taken down from the shelves of dusty libraries, and proclaimed by some ignorant scribbler as precious monuments of history. From his personal acquaintance with the reputed authoress of the letters to the Marquis de Sévigné, Voltaire had undoubtedly better means of judging of their originality than we can pretend to possess. As he has decided against them, and has also thrown a doubt upon the Memoirs of the

life of their pretended writer, we shall proceed with requisite caution to the performance of our task. This is fortunately rendered less difficult by the information we are able to gather from other sources of unquestioned authenticity, and especially from Voltaire himself, who has left us many anecdotes on the subject of the works before us, which check and correct the errors of their anonymous authors.

So much for the books themselves. As for the singular person whose life and character are pourtrayed in these Memoirs, we have something farther to add, before we proceed in our undertaking. If it be asked why we have selected her as the subject of our criticism, we reply, that we have done so on the usual grounds which determine our choice of subjects; which are, that we believe them to be either instructive or amusing, or both. In the present instance, as in all, it remains with the reader to decide how far our judgement is correct. For many reasons, we are induced to believe that the books before us are neither devoid of interest nor altogether uninstructive. However trite the comparison, it is one too true to be omitted, that the life of Ninon de l'Enclos bears a great resemblance to the histories we read of the most celebrated of those women, in ancient times, who occupied a middle station between the honourable condition of marriage and the infamous state of prostitution—a class of females whose Greek name has been of late familiarised to our ears by the English translator of *Aristophanes*. Ninon was of the order of the French *hetæræ;* and as by her beauty and her talents, she attained the first rank in her class, her name has come down to posterity with those of Aspasia and Leontina, while the less distinguished favourites of less celebrated voluptuaries, have shared the common oblivion which hides from remembrance every kind of mediocrity, whether of vice or virtue. A class of this kind, a *status* of this singular nature existing amongst accomplished women, can never be uninteresting or uninstructive; and as a distinguished specimen of such a class, Ninon de l'Enclos will peculiarly strike the attention of all, who, whether for knowledge or amusement, are observers of human nature under all its shapes and circumstances. We shall not inflict upon the reader an historical digression on the state of female manners in ancient Athens, or at Paris in the last two centuries. We are only anxious that he should not discard them from his memory when he peruses the life of Ninon. At the first view, and to a narrow intellect, a woman of such a character would seem hopelessly lost to all virtue, abandoned by every feeling of shame, and irreclaimable to any sense of social or private duty; but only at the first view, and to the most circumscribed of narrow minds. We cannot inculcate too frequently, or with too great

a diligence in the mind of an Englishwoman, the opinion that every other virtue is bound up in that of chastity. Our manners, our laws, our national religion, and national sentiments and feelings—all our most serious opinions, as well as our dearest and most rooted prejudices, forbid the dissevering in the minds of women, of any class, the ideas of virtue and female honour. To raise a doubt on this head, or to disturb, on a point so vital, the settled notions of English society, is equally inconsistent with common prudence and common honesty; and, as tending to such an end, we are apt to consider all discussion on the subject as at least officiously incurring danger, without a chance of producing good. But however strongly we insist on this opinion for such purposes, there are others in which it is not useless to relax that severity for a moment, and to view the question not through the medium of English sentiment, but with the eye of philosophical impartiality. That the French are a nation of jack-puddings, because they excel in dancing every other people in Europe—or of half-starved slaves, because their wealthiest epicures indulge in the hinder quarters of well-fed frogs—every man one degree removed from the lowest vulgar, has long since ceased to believe. Prejudices of a higher cast, and affecting more important interests, are less easily eradicated, even from instructed minds. We have accordingly not quite got rid of the notion, that because a degree of laxity offensive to our insular habits and opinions, prevails amongst Frenchwomen—although even that is grossly and foolishly exaggerated—no virtue of any degree or quality can be found in the females on the other side of the channel. This is not strictly true. In certain conditions of society, one failing is not wholly incompatible with a general practice of virtue—a remark to be met with, we should think, in every homily since homilies were written. We are surprised it has never occurred to any moralist of the common order, who deal chiefly with such general reflections, to apply this particular maxim to this particular case. We read that Aspasia had some great and many amiable qualities; so too had Ninon de l'Enclos; and it is worthy consideration, how far we judge candidly or wisely in condemning such characters in the gross, and treating their virtues as St. Austin was wont to deal with those of his heathen adversaries—as no better than *splendid vices*. The truth is, that in spite of this failing, the women of the continent—for they are all included in a general suspicion of frailty—have many more virtues than we are accustomed or willing to believe. Of this, the history of Ninon is sufficient evidence.

Anne de l'Enclos was born at Paris, in 1615. What her father was, or of what family, is a matter of little moment. Of

all persons in the world, their original rank and station is of least consequence to those who have reached celebrity by the route pursued byNinon de l'Enclos. The author of her Memoirs, however, is indignant at the humbleness of the situation assigned by some to her father If we may trust his evidence, M. de l'Enclos was a gentleman *(gentilhomme)* of Tourraine, and connected through his wife with the family of the Abra de Raconis, a race of no mean repute in the Orleanois. It is nevertheless strongly asserted, and amongst others by Voltaire, that Ninon had no claim to a parentage of such distinction. The rank of her mother, according to this statement, was too obscure to deserve attention, and her father's profession was of no higher dignity than that of a teacher of the lute. This account is not the less likely, from the remarkable proficiency acquired by Ninon, at an early age, in the use of that instrument. The subject of these memoirs was luckily an only daughter; and her parents were therefore enabled, in whatever station, to give her a decent education. Their cares were, in this respect, well seconded by the docility and aptness of their pupil. We shall not dive into the dispute which has occupied some learned pens, as to the truth of their assertion, who tell us, that she had read both Montaigne and Charron at the early age of ten. Examples of such precocious talent are neither singular nor important. It is more certain, that in the course of her education she acquired a competent knowledge of Spanish and Italian, both of which languages she is said to have spoken fluently. Her mother and father died within a year of each other, and left her, at the critical age of sixteen, without any near family-relation or natural protector. By this event, she found herself sole mistress of an income amounting to eight or ten thousand livres, a considerable sum at that time, and which is singly sufficient to account for her subsequent mode of living. When we are likewise told, that she was more than commonly beautiful, accomplished, in the bloom of youth, and equally courted and admired by the gayest and best informed society, we find but little to wonder at in the course she afterwards adopted. Still less shall we be surprised, if we admit the statement of Voltaire, that the first favours of this accomplished creature were obtained by the Cardinal de Richelieu. This story, though differently told by the author of the Memoirs, is undoubtedly true. It is corroborated by Cardinal de Retz, and is at bottom admitted by the writer of her life, who does not question the attempt of the all-powerful minister, but denies its success, and attributes its failure to the virtue of Ninon. Besides, he adds, amongst all her failings and her follies, it is universally allowed, that she never made a traffic of her favours—and excepting, perhaps, this single instance,

his remark is true—but bestowed them on those objects only who had gained her transient affection.

At no period, and amongst no description of English women, could we find a parallel example to that of Ninon de l'Enclos. It would be impossible to defend, and difficult to extenuate, her maxims and the conduct they induced her to pursue, in any state of English society. We know not whether we are moved by a mistaken leniency, but we can scarcely find it in us to extend the same rigid measure to the *illustrious* Ninon, which we should unhesitatingly apply to our less tempted and better guarded countrywomen. There is much to be urged in palliation, if nothing in defence, of the victim of the Cardinal de Richelieu. That minister had just succeeded in consolidating the usurpations of the prerogative on the rights of the noblesse and the people, which had been silently advancing during the preceding reigns, and was followed by the long period of unexampled misgovernment, which oppressed and impoverished and degraded every rank and every order of men in the French empire, and ceased only with the Revolution. It is somewhat pleasant, in the midst of a review of the Memoirs of Mademoiselle de l'Enclos, to find ourselves thus suddenly immersed in a deep political disquisition. But this is not the only instance in which the inseparable connexion of public maxims of government with private morals, make it necessary to refer to state-affairs for an explanation of those of individuals. By the change we allude to, a change so well described and so feelingly lamented by Montesquieu, the whole body of the French nobility and the middle class of citizens were reduced to a servile attendance on the court, as the only means of advancement and reward. Every species of industry and merit in these classes was sedulously discouraged; and the motive of honourable competition for honourable things being withdrawn, no pursuit or occupation was left them, but the frivolous duties or the degrading pleasures of the palace. Next to the king, the women naturally became the first objects of their effeminate devotion; and it is difficult to say, which were soonest corrupted by courtiers consummate in the arts of adulation and unwearied in their exercise. The sovereign rapidly degenerated into an accomplished despot, and the women into intriguers and coquettes. Every thing known in England by the name of morals, as applied to the conduct of the state, or the manners and deportment of the sex, underwent a fatal degradation. We shall here, however, leave the king, and proceed with the women only—and we trust our readers are now satisfied of the use of our dissertation on the decline and fall of the ancient state of things in France. Whatever, then, may be alleged by serious

and professed moralists on this occasion, we are content to appeal to the manners and customs of the court of Louis the Thirteenth, or rather of the Cardinal de Richelieu, in extenuation of the conduct of Ninon. We are persuaded our appeal will be admitted, and shall urge our suit no farther.

To return to Mademoiselle de l'Enclos, we are now told, that having thus entered on her career, and disposed of her property in prudent and safe securities, she purchased a town-house in the Rue des Tournelles au Marais, at that time the centre of fashionable company, and another for her summer residence at Picpusse, in the environs of the capital. Shortly after this establishment, we read of the only sentimental attachment in which Ninon seems to have indulged throughout her long career of pleasure and dissipation. It is scarce worth while to mention, that the object of her early regard was Gaspar, Comte de Coligny, afterwards Duc de Chatillon, who fell in the affair of Charenton, in 1649. It is not improbable, that her experience of the suffering attending the decay of such attachments—a suffering scarce adverted to by those who only contemplate the intercourse of the sexes, through the medium of poetry and sentiment—had considerable influence in determining her future conduct. She seems, at an early period, to have adopted the determination she adhered to during the rest of her life, of retaining so much only of the female character as was forced on her by nature and the insuperable laws of society. She would say to her friends: "I soon saw, that women were put off with the most frivolous and unreal privileges, while every solid advantage was retained by the stronger sex—from that moment I determined on abandoning my own, and assuming that of the men." Acting on this principle, her society was chiefly composed of persons of her adopted sex; of whom the most celebrated of their time made her house a constant place of meeting. It is useless to make a catalogue of these *celebrated* persons. As their chief claim to distinction was founded on their talents for society and their agreeable manners, their names are now almost as obscure as they were once notorious. Every reader, however, is acquainted with those of the Comte de Grammont, St. Evremont, Chapelle, Moliere, Fontenelle, and many others of the *Oiseaux des Tournelles*—an appellation then much coveted by the beaux and wits of Paris, and which distinguished the chosen visitors of Ninon, from the less favoured idlers of the metropolis.

"Je ne suis plus Oiseau des champs,
Mais de ces Oiseaux des Tournelles
Qui parlent d'amour en tout temps,

Et qui plaignent les Tourterelles
De ne se baiser qu'au printems."

Such is the first stanza of a song of triumph, composed on his admission into this illustrious corps, by the Comte de Charleval; of whom Scarron, speaking of the delicacy of his taste and the refinement of his wit, asserted—"Que les muses ne le nourissoient que de blanc manger et d'eau de poulet." With this description of the Count's genius, the stanza we have quoted, and which unfortunately is all that remains of M. de Charleval, sufficiently accords. It is just what we should look for from a petit-maître, extenuated by the anti-phlogistic regimen of "blanc-manger and chicken-broth."

Among the members of Ninon's coterie, there were many whose lives abound with anecdotes which our limits compel us, somewhat reluctantly, to omit. We will not tell the story of the last of the thousand loves of the once famous Desyveteaux—but we cannot withhold an anecdote of a certain Monsieur d'Elbénc, to which we find nothing equal in the annals of the Salpetrière. The great object of enthusiasm with Monsieur d'Elbénc was epic poetry—and like most persons in similar conditions, Monsieur d'Elbénc was up to his ears in debt. We are gravely told of his calling one morning on Ménage, to request a special favour—which was, that he would write an epic poem. If he had asked him to pay his debts, we should scarcely have been so much surprised.

Numerous as were her acquaintance, a *catalogue raisonnée* of Ninon's lovers would scarcely be less extensive. For this and other reasons, we decline the task of presenting our readers with an accurate and complete account. Some of them, however, must be mentioned, and we may as well commence with Monsieur le Marquis de Villarceaux. According to the fashion of the day, M. de Villarceaux, who seems to have monopolized the favours of our heroine more undividedly, and for a greater period of time than any other of her aspirants, forsook his wife for a mistress. During the troubles of the Fronde, Ninon resided at his country-house for three successive years—a remarkable instance of constancy in so frail a lady. Of the indignation which this conduct excited in Madame de Villarceaux, a ludicrous instance is recorded. Intending one day, with the incautious partiality of a mother, to exhibit her son's attainments before a large company, she desired his tutor, who was an Italian, to examine him on some subject touching his studies. The pedagogue unhappily stumbled on the following ill-timed query—*Quem habuit successorem Belus, rex Assyriorum?* To which the boy replied, with more accuracy than usually attends such exhibitions, and with an

Italian tone of pronunciation, which heightened the resemblance of the sounds—*Ninum*. The enraged mother imagining, by a natural error, that the King of the Assyrians, and the successor of Belus, was no other than *Ninon* de l'Enclos, and persuaded that the question was intended to produce the answer, lavished her objurgations on the unlucky tutor, for teaching her son to laugh at the faults of his father.

That Ninon could inspire her admirers with the excess both of passion and esteem, is sufficiently evident from the following anecdotes. In the midst of a new attachment between Ninon, on the one part, and the Marquis de Châtres, on the other, the latter was ordered to his regiment by a command as peremptory as it was sudden. In spite of the known character of his mistress, this vain or foolish lover employed every species of entreaty to secure her fidelity in his absence. Amongst many expedients directed to this point, his clear-sighted passion suggested the fortunate idea of a *bond of constancy* fairly written, subscribed and sealed by the hand of his frail mistress. Whether this bond was sufficient to quiet his suspicions we are not informed. But we are told, as we should naturally expect, that Ninon was not long restrained by this legal document, from forming a fresh connexion.—*Ah! le bon billet qu'a la Châtres—Only think of la Châtres' bond*—said the conscience-stricken delinquent, at a moment when the reflection came too late.

M. de Gourville, an intimate friend of Ninon's, adhered, in the wars of the Fronde, to the party of the Prince of Condé. Compelled to quit Paris, to avoid being hanged in person, as he was in effigy in 1661, he divided the care of a large sum of ready money, between Ninon de l'Enclos and the Grand Pénitencier of Nôtre Dame. The money was deposited in two caskets. On his return from exile, he applied to the priest for his property, and was not a little surprised, that instead of preserving it for the owner, the depositary had distributed it amongst the poor for the good of the owner's soul. Gourville, disgusted at this flagrant hypocrisy in one whose profession required the most scrupulous honesty and good faith, applied to Mademoiselle de l'Enclos with an apprehensive heart, little doubting that the contents of her casket had been employed, during his absence, in similar works of charity. His fears were by no means lessened, when she intreated his forgiveness for a great misfortune occasioned by his banishment. He was, however, somewhat relieved, when she continued, by observing, that during that period she had lost her taste for those very familiar attentions with which he had formerly honoured her; and as for the twenty thousand crowns he had entrusted to her keeping, he had better withdraw them from her hands, as she

should wish to see him, for the future, on no other footing than that of a friendly intimacy. Surprised at the contrast between her conduct and that of her reverend co-depositary, Gourville related the story of the latter without concealing his surprise at the different mode of action pursued by the clergyman and the professed woman of gallantry. Her reply is less delicate than witty; but the whole business has given her the name of *la belle gardeuse de cassette*. Voltaire, whose vigilant antipathy no anecdote of this nature could escape, has made it, with some variation, the subject of a comedy, well known to every admirer of the French drama, under the name of *La Dépositaire*.

In spite of her systematic fickleness in "affairs of the heart," Ninon is said to have been instigated, either by love or vanity, to a sacrifice almost unparalleled in the annals of female coquetry. The Comte de Fiesque, one of the most accomplished nobles of the French court, had, it seems, grown tired of an attachment of some standing between Ninon and himself, before the passion of the former had subsided. A letter, containing an account of the change of his sentiments, was presented to his mistress, while employed at her toilette in adjusting her hair, which was remarkable for its beauty and luxuriance. Afflicted by the unwelcome intelligence, she cut off half her tresses, and sent them as her answer to the Count. He was struck by this unequivocal proof of the sincerity of her passion, and restored his allegiance to a mistress so devoted and so faithful, who thenceforward retained it till she herself grew weary of his attentions.

Of the Marquis de Sévigné, son of the celebrated authoress of those charming letters, which every body has read, and the person to whom the putative Epistles of Ninon are addressed, we feel no great inclination to speak at length. The story of his double intrigue with Mademoiselle de l'Enclos and La Chammelé, or Champ-mêle, at that time an actress of great repute, is neither honourable to himself, nor would it be amusing to the reader. Amongst the letters of his mother, there are several relating to this affair.

We have a saying of Ninon's, that had she been consulted at the creation of our race, she would have advised the deity to have transferred the wrinkles of the forehead to the heel. In her own case, this would have been no advantage; for her wrinkles seem never to have diminished her power of pleasing. A singular and ludicrous adventure, and the last of this nature on the list, occurred to her at a period so late in life, that we are almost tempted to believe the story which was current amongst her less durable and attractive contemporaries, that in her youth a *Noctambule*, or a little black man had appeared to her, from whom she received a promise of perpetual beauty.

XUM

The hero of the story was, as usual, a priest; according to the Memoirs, the Abbé de Gédouin—according to Voltaire, his own relation, the Abbé de Châteauneuf. This reverend and venerable person, himself advanced in years somewhat beyond the period which nature has assigned to clerical or lay gallantry, was introduced to, and, according to custom, became enamoured of Ninon in her sixty-ninth or seventy-ninth year. There is a variation on this point, between the Memoirs and M. de Voltaire, which we shall not attempt to reconcile, since ten years more or less, at such an age and in such a business, are really of no moment whatever. After the usual preliminaries, the lover hesitatingly requested a reward for his devout attachment, and was greatly astonished—not at a refusal, for Ninon never refused—but at a postponement of the favour for the mortal period of three days. A delay of this kind—a delay so nicely calculated, and adjusted with arithmetic accuracy—a delay of three days—and three is a mysterious number—must involve some curious meaning. In this the meaning was most singular. The sun had scarcely completed his third diurnal revolution, when the mystery was explained, and the happy lover discovered the momentous reason, which had doomed him to the rack of amorous expectation for so strange a period. A slight movement of vanity had suggested to Ninon's imagination, that a *bonne fortune* at the age of seventy or eighty—according to the *chronological* system we are inclined to adopt—would be contemplated by mankind as an occurrence of more than common interest. It was not till the third day, from the Abbé's avowal of his love, that her fourteenth lustrum was completed—and thus does this strange adventure add another instance to the triumphs of female vanity over female passion.

This was certainly *not* the Abbé, although, amongst her numerous acquaintance of that kind, it would be difficult to say who *was*, who undertook the desperate task of converting Mademoiselle de l'Enclos to a sense of piety and virtue. On the occurrence of some difficulty with regard to a point of doctrine, which the lady was not so willing to admit as her instructor was eager to enforce, he concluded an eloquent exhortation, by intreating her, if she could not believe it, at least *to make an offering of her unbelief*, till heaven should graciously enable her to subject her reason to its mysteries. It is some consolation to know, that our errors themselves may be turned to so good an account.

Of two of Ninon's children there are anecdotes which are worth preserving. The Chevalier de la Boissiére, the eldest, according to the Memoirs, was born at so critical a period, that the right and honour of paternity were disputed by the Comte d'Estrées and the Abbé d'Effiat, who finally decided the ques-

tion by lot. The die fell to the fortunate Count, who afterwards becoming Maréchal de France and Vice-Amiral, was enabled to provide for his son in the navy, in which he obtained promotion, and lived and died in tranquil and undisturbed obscurity. This anecdote is strangely illustrative of the nature of the old government of France, and of French society at that day—when dignitaries of the church were not ashamed of these scandalous occurrences, and men in public situations employed their patronage in establishing their bastard children.

The adventure of the second son, the Chevalier de Villiers, whose father is described in the Memoirs as M. de Gersai, although Villarceaux is honoured by Voltaire with the parentage of both, is one of the most tragical on record. He had been educated by his father in total ignorance of his birth, and was introduced, at the age of nineteen, to his mother's company as a perfect stranger. Ninon was then more than sixty. But so attractive, even at this period, was her unhappy beauty, that she inspired her son with the same passion which had captivated his father, and seemed, indeed, a natural consequence of her acquaintance to every thing in the shape of man. She discovered the fatal impression too late; and one day, when endeavouring to divert him from his miserable hopes, she was compelled to avoid his importunities by declaring herself to be his mother. The effect of so shocking a discovery may be easily anticipated. The unfortunate young man retired in an agony of horror, and put an end to his polluted existence with his own hand. This story has been told in Gil Blas, under the feigned names of Inisilla de Cantarilla and Don Valerio de Luna. The concluding sentence is remarkable. "Don Valerio," says Le Sage, "se punit comme un autre Œdipe, avec cette différence, que le Thébain s'aveugla de regret d'avoir consommé le crime, et qu'au contraire le Castillan se perça de douleur de ne pouvoir le commettre."

This extraordinary woman, whose life has occupied us so long that we are unable to say any thing of her putative Epistles, which, with the exception of a few letters preserved in the works of Saint Evremont, are all that remain under her name, closed a protracted existence of pleasure and dissipation, at the age of ninety. She died, as she had lived, perfectly regardless of the common opinions of mankind, entirely devoid of the fears or expectations of religion, and seemingly awake to nothing but the inconvenience of sickness and old age. The following verses, which she composed a few hours before her death, are not without a certain pathos and tenderness of sentiment, which we should not have expected from her at any time, and are expressive of a firm resignation, or, perhaps, a philosophic indifference, not less remarkable.

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"Qu'un vain espoir ne vienne point s'offrir,
Qui puisse ébranler mon courage;
Je suis en âge de mourir,
Que ferois-je ici d'avantage?"

Voltaire, then young, was introduced to her a few months before her death, by the Abbé de Châteauneuf, his relation, and the last of her long catalogue of lovers. She left him in her will a legacy of a thousand francs for the purpose of buying books, as a testimony of her esteem for talents, which she had penetration enough to discover would one day do honour to his country.

Ninon was never in any way connected with the court. She had been intimate with the famous Madame de Maintenon, when the latter was only known as Mad. Scarron, and Ninon's rival in the affection of M. de Villarceaux. There was too great a difference, however, in the temper and constitution of these celebrated women to admit of any sincere and lengthened intimacy. Madame de M. was one of that class whom Ninon so happily distinguished as the *Jansénistes de l'amour*—a phrase for which we find no equivalent in English, unless the *puritans of love* will convey a similar notion. The great difference between them is, that Ninon made use of that passion for the purpose of pleasure only, while her more exalted rival made it subservient to her ambitious projects, and did not hesitate with that view to cloak her licentious habits beneath the mantle of religion, and add hypocrisy to frailty. Of the two, we see no difficulty in giving the preference to Ninon.

We prefer a woman who, at least, turns her vices to the account of pleasure, and sometimes of public good, to one who aggravates them by unnecessary crimes, and seeks the exorbitant wages of her prostitution in the robbery and oppression of the people. We had rather see the patrimonial income of a Ninon de l'Enclos agreeably spent in the society of men of wit and letters, than the revenues of a Marchioness de Maintenon expended on the useless decoration of her own person, or hoarded for the purpose of elevating into rank and notice an insignificant family, who had no other claim to such distinction than they derived from the easy honesty of a female relation, and the dissolute extravagance of a vain and licentious sovereign.

It may, we repeat it, it may be alleged in palliation of the less extensively demoralizing habits of Ninon de l'Enclos, that her house was not even a copy of the court of Versailles. Compared with the latter, it was almost moral. While Ninon was receiving the attentions of the most distinguished literati of her time in her house in the Rue des Tournelles, the mistress

of the sovereign was swallowing, at Versailles, the adulation of degraded courtiers of every rank and profession. There were met together the vain and the ambitious, the designing and the foolish, the humblest and the proudest of those who, whether proud or humble, or ambitious, or vain, or crafty, were alike the devoted servants of the monarch or the monarch's mistress —princes, cardinals, and bishops—dukes and every kind of noble—excisemen and priests, and keepers of the royal conscience and royal necessary—all ministers each in their degree, from the secretaries of state to the lowest underlings of office—clerks of the ordnance, victualling, stamps, customs, colonies, and post-office—farmers and receivers-general—judges and cooks, confessors and every other caterer to the irregularities of the royal appetite—in short, the whole *corps de ballet* of the ancient *strumpetocracy*, including all the sons of St. Louis, and the whole legitimate and illegitimate spawn of the Bourbon blood. Such was the order of things which is often alleged in defence of the mistress of a king, and we see no adequate reason why it may not be made to yield one excuse in extenuation of the frailties and the follies of a private woman.

ART. V. — *The Voyages and Adventures of Ferdinand Mendez Pinto, a Portugal: during his Travels, for the space of one and twenty years, in the kingdoms of Ethiopia, China, Tartaria, Cauchin-china, Calaminham, Siam, Pegu, Japan, and a great part of the East-Indies. With a relation and description of most of the places thereof; their religion, laws, riches, customs, and government in the time of peace and war. Where he five times suffered shipwrack, was sixteen times sold, and thirteen times made a slave. Written originally by himself in the Portugal tongue, and dedicated to the Majesty of Philip, King of Spain. Done into English by* H. C. Gent. *Printed by* J. Macock, *and are to be sold by* Henry Herringman, *at the sign of the Blew Anchor, in the lower-walk of the New Exchange.* 1663.

Such is the elaborate title page of this wonderful traveller, which is ushered to the English world by a dedication to the great and unfortunate Earl of Strafford, asserting, that "the work is so full of variety and strange occurrences, that the like will hardly be met with elsewhere," &c. This is followed by "an apologetical defence of Ferdinand Mendez Pinto, his History," which consists of references to every Portuguese book which was at that time extant, and many Latin ones,

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confirmatory of those circumstances mentioned by our traveller, which were likely to excite amazement or doubt in his readers.

Yet with all the pains thus taken, poor Ferdinand comes down to us, through the long vista of three hundred years, with a label round his neck as the "Prince of Liars," fastened there for ever by the hand of the inimitable Cervantes—himself, not only Prince, but Emperor, of the whole walk of Fiction; no part or portion of which he chose to part with for the embellishment of a work professing to be true.

With regard to this sweeping condemnation we are yet not entirely inclined to coincide, and can scarcely help concluding it as too severe, and savouring full as much of the prejudice entertained by the Spanish author against the Portuguese author, as of the lover of truth in opposition to the lying legendary. One thing is at least certain, which is, that Ferdinand Mendez Pinto never misleads his readers, except to contribute to their amusement, in presenting to their eyes splendid pageants, magnificent processions, and brilliant spectacles, or to excite their commiseration by such repeated sorrows and hardships, such flagellations and imprisonments, as we stay-at-home people find it difficult to believe any one man had sufficient vitality to live through. With respect to any regular description of places, as their properties, their geographical situation, form of government, produce, merchandise, acquirements in literature, or knowledge of agriculture, he neither troubles himself nor his reader, but carries throughout the air of that character we firmly believe to be his, that of an unlearned runagate, who sought his bread as thousands do, by wandering abroad rather than working at home; having naturally much curiosity, and consequently observation, which, when aided by a retentive memory, personal courage, and total indifference to the ties of country and kindred, fit a man well for the many wanderings and hardships here described. Throughout his long narrative, saving that he is a good catholic, and occasionally remembers the rites of his church, we never find him refer to any book, or any vestige of knowledge that could be gained previous to his leaving Europe, of which he evidently knows very little. His mind was a perfect blank, on which his succeeding adventures were engraved, and his observations registered, with a minuteness of detail which must startle the incredulous, who will be apt to believe, that a wretch in the nakedness and hunger, captivity and banishment, under which he suffered, is little likely to recollect the speeches of others, or the thoughts of his own sad heart; or take much cognizance even of the revolution of empires, and the destruction of kings. Such persons should however remember, that those periods in our own lives, connected with

pain and danger, make strong impressions, and even after the lapse of many years spent in the busy scenes of life, we can, with great distinctness, trace the approaches of a fever, or the painful consequences of a fall. The minutest incident connected with a fire, a highway robbery, an amputation, the loss of a beloved child, or the fear of losing one, obtain a place in the mind, of such permanent and abiding character, with all the accompaniments of what "he said," and "she thought," and "I apprehended," that we ought not hastily to conclude, in the case of Ferdinand, imagination has eked out the deficiencies of memory, or invention supplied the stores of interest. Although the power of endurance sometimes appears superhuman, yet we know that man is strong to suffer, and that in the very prime of life, with a body neither debilitated by early indulgence, nor injured by mental application, it is possible to endure long and successive hardships of the most appalling kind.

With regard to several circumstances, posterity (though late) will do that justice to his reputation denied by his own times, a comfort which has frequently followed the traveller, when he could, unhappily, take no comfort in it—when the sneer of doubt, the assertion of calumny, and the cruelty of contempt, had spent their shaft, and laid that enterprising spirit low, which had withstood all other evils. Ferdinand tells us, "of beautiful gardens, in which the moon sheds such a kindly influence, that the roses bloom every month, instead of every summer." Now this was laughed at by the wits of his day; but *we* see these very roses adorn our northern gardens, renewed if not strictly from month to month, yet many times in the year. He describes "a wonderful *beast* with two legs, and in some respects resembling a bird," which we recognise as the Cassiowary. His account of the Pagoda of Trinkalamar, before whose chariot wheels so many wretches sacrifice themselves, though utterly incredible in *his* day, is so far from being new to us, that it is, unhappily, as well verified as a transaction in Paris or Edinburgh, and has ceased (monstrous as it appears) to excite astonishment. It is remarkable, that he never once mentions the burnings of the Malabar women with the bodies of their husbands, of which, we apprehend, he must have heard, though he might not witness, and we are thence induced to conclude, that there is some truth in an assertion he repeatedly makes, that he has "kept back the relation of diverse wonderous things, which would have been to the contentment of some, by reason that others would have scoffed."

His accounts of the conduct, violence, misfortunes, and bloodshed, attending the various eastern sovereigns, whose courts he happened to visit, and in whose battles he was from necessity engaged, appear to us faithful in their general his-

tory, since they partake precisely the characteristics of all despotic governments; and in the most terrific pictures they exhibit of ferocity and endurance, do not exceed the well authenticated accounts of similar personages performing on similar theatres at the present day. Ferdinand gives us not one tyrant so dreadful as Ali Pacha, nor one overthrow more complete than his—the prodigality with which human life is sacrificed, the remorseless cruelty with which the offending victim is pursued, and the sweeping injustice with which whole families are destroyed for the crime of one delinquent, are not detailed by him in any manner different from those who have come after him, when treating on such awful, hateful, yet deeply interesting subjects. In *his* pages, as in those of others from that period to the present, an eastern sovereign ever appears in the light of a mighty volcano, from whose mouth destruction issues with the rapidity of lightning. Majestic and resplendent, when beheld as an object of distant admiration, but sure and remorseless in its direction, and desolating in its course; sometimes smiting the wicked in its wrath, but more frequently destroying the virtuous in its caprice, and every where shedding a baleful influence on the progress of freedom, and the rights of humanity.

Many are the awful changes and retributions, the unmerited misfortunes, and horrible revenges, related by Ferdinand, as taking place during a period of about twenty-five years in the great theatre of Asia, and which might well "furnish matter for the tragic muse" to us, especially as they are frequently given with many affecting particulars, and the speeches of the principal parties, in the grand and figurative language of the east, which being diametrically opposed to that of the narrator, and apparently far above his powers of composition, impress us with an almost irresistible reliance on their truth.

It is but justice to declare, that of all the books of travels it has been our delight first, and, subsequently, our duty to peruse, (and they have been numerous, large, and frequently heavy enough,) we never yet met with one gaping gazer at sights, who could describe a holy procession, the reception of an embassador, or any of the pageantries of an eastern court, with half the ability of Mendez Pinto. Every mottoed lantern, silken banner, and gilded device, is registered by him with the minuteness of a "keeper of the brawls," and the regular succession of aged nobles, fair damsels, armed warriors, beautiful boys, bearers of censers, and of standards; strewers of flowers, beaters of cymbals, &c., in all their varieties of crimson, scarlet, green, and yellow, with golden coronets, braided tresses, and flowery wreaths, are arranged in their places with the utmost precision.

We recommend him to Farley and Dibdin as an invaluable coadjutor, and consider him capable of touching a new spring of gaiety even in the miraculous Grimaldi, as he particularly admires the "pretty fantasy of a certain dance, wherein fair young maidens danced with ould men:" in fact, we have not only materials for thus newly ornamenting our dramatic exhibitions; but the dramas themselves delineated with an accuracy, which decidedly proves them worthy of adoption for those occasions which call for the splendour and novelty of eastern pomp, or magical surprise. Nor can we doubt, that several of our extracts will strike our readers, as containing not only the germ, but the incidents necessary for composing dramatic representations, which may combine powerful pathos, the most exquisite scenery, together with strict poetic justice. This is more especially found in the history of the Portuguese favourite, which occurs towards the end of the work; which we shall now proceed to examine, and from which we shall extract all that verifies our assertions, and is really worthy of perusal, leaving our readers the power of judging for themselves the probability of our traveller's honesty, and the extent of his invention; and saving them from the dryness of his details, and the recapitulation of hardships generally monotonous, and frequently as incredible as they are dull.

Ferdinand Mendez Pinto begins his history by lamenting the malice of fortune, and declaring, that the history of his travels, and his sorrows, are all he has to leave his children;—he says, that in the space of twenty-one years, "he was thirteen times a captive, and seventeen times sold as a slave;" he speaks of his parents as poor people, and that he was too much "cockered up by his mother," whom he left at eleven or twelve years, to enter the service of a lady. Under the advice of his uncle he left his native land in 1537, in a ship commanded by Don Pedro de Silva, son of Admiral Don Vasco de Gama, for the Indies. They touch at various parts, and encounter some disagreeable circumstances, and at length arrive at Mecqua, where they meet with some trifling bad offices from a renegado Christian, who, "by reason of his marriage with a Mahometan woman, had abjured his religion:" and we have here, a most notable example of the spirit of the times and the church to which our traveller belongs, and which may serve as a proof, that although evidently a man of mild temper and conciliating manners, he yet was a good catholic, and a firm believer in the infallibility of all the inquisitorial edicts of his mother church.

"Our captains much amazed hereat, gently persuaded him to acquit this abominable belief, and become a Christian again; whereunto

the wicked caitiff made answer with a brutish obstinacy, that at no hand he would yield to forsake his law, shewing himself so hardened in the resolution to continue therein, as if he had been born in it, and never had profest any other. By these speeches of his, the captains, perceiving there was no hope of recalling him from his damnable error, caused him to be bound hand and foot, and so, with a great stone tied about his neck, to be cast alive into the sea, sending him to participate with the torments of this Mahomet, and to be his companion in the other world, as he had been his confident in this. This infidel being executed in this sort, we put the other prisoners into one of our foists, and then sunk their vessel, with all the goods that were in her, which consisted most in packs of stained cloths, whereof we had no use, and a few pieces of chamlet that the soldiers got to make them apparel."

So much for summary injustice and murder. They then continue their journey by land, to the "mother of Prester John," re-embarking at the port of Arquice, and traverse a considerable portion of Ethiopia, where they see the son of the governor of that kingdom, of whose good actions a very pleasant account is given. Soon after their embarkation they encounter three Turkish vessels, by whom they are taken prisoners, made slaves, hurried back to the coast, and treated with outrageous cruelty, and at length thrust into a dungeon, where all their food was a few peas soaked in water. In this dreadful state some of his companions died, but himself and nine others were drawn out for sale; but during the time of their exposure a quarrel arose respecting the disposal of their property, in which many excellent things were said on both sides, but not tending to the relief of the prisoners. Ferdinand was purchased by a Greek renegado, who, for the space of three whole months, tortured him incessantly, and then sold him again (lest he should die upon his hands) to a Jew. In the mean time money had been gathered in the town, from pity, for his ransom, which, though trifling, the new master accepted, and forwarded him to Goa, where he was received into the service of the King of Portugal. He was soon sent out with the fleet assigned by the governor to succour one of the native princes, at war with another, or rather so to act, (agreeably to the policy of Europe in the east,) as that some portion of the power and riches of the belligerent powers might fall to the lot of the insidious mediator.

Ferdinand now begins to see the interior of a court, and to relate those particulars of state ceremony, of which he afterwards saw so much on a larger scale; for the present King of Batas, and the Queen of Oner, do not appear from the nature of their equipments to be of greater power and importance, than the petty sovereigns of Germany. The

queen shews much good sense in her management of the affair, but the king and his queen, and court, are the more interesting, especially, when after many misfortunes we find, that from the irruption of another and unexpected enemy, the tyrant of Achem, his happiness and his kingdom are alike endangered.

Ferdinand was sent from his general, Gonsalez, as a plenipotentiary to this sovereign, from whence we may infer, that he was a young fellow of quick parts, and had already made some progress in the language of the country, especially as he gives us various speeches of the King of Batas, whose critical situation renders him an earnest and humble suppliant to the Portugal (Portugueze) governor. The aid slowly granted to this injured prince proves insufficient; the kingdom is entered, various battles are fought bravely by the king and his people, (but in no one instance are the deeds of any person extolled as extraordinary), but, after various changes, the tyrant succeeds in gaining the capital, where a dreadful butchery ensues. The king dies in battle, and nearly all the Portugals engaged in his cause share his fate, Ferdinand himself being severely wounded. The queen, who was the innocent cause of the war (for the tyrant had commanded his brother king to divorce her, after a marriage of twenty-six years, and to marry his sister, in order that their empires might be consolidated), flies from one king to another, beseeching the compassion of each, in order to the revenging the death of her husband, but it was long before she found any inclined to pity her sorrows, or perceive the political necessity of reducing the ambition of the tyrant. At length, the King of Aaru pities her, and marries her; and, on the day of her nuptials, declares war against the tyrant of Achem, now termed the sultan; but this unfortunate prince is, after one successful encounter, slain in the second by a shot from the harquebuss of a Turk, and his body, after many ceremonies, was "publicly sawed into sundry pieces, was boiled in a cauldron full of oil and pitch," &c. The distract queen, with more cause, still seeks for vengeance, which the King of Aaru so far obtains, as through the means of his general to regain the kingdom of Aaru, and establish there the heir of the deceased monarch. But this king is murdered soon after his conquest, violence being ever in these eastern dominions the order of the day. During the period of these transactions, our traveller is engaged in many battles and some long journeys, in the course of his communications between the contending parties, and is frequently in great danger of his life, both from parties of the natives and the circumstances of the country. On coasting the Isle of Sumatra, says he, "we entered a little river, and saw athwart a wood

such a many adders and crawling creatures, no less prodigious for their length than for the strangeness of their forms, that I shall not marvel if they that read this history will not believe my report of them." "Those of this country assured us, that these creatures are so hardy, as there be some of them that will set upon an Almadia when there is not above four or five men in her, and overturn it with their tails, swallowing the men whole, without dismembering them."

"In this place also we saw a strange kind of creatures, which they call Caquesseitan: they are of the bigness of a great goose, very black and scaly on their backs, with a row of sharp pricks on their chins, as long as a writing pen; moreover, they have wings like unto those of bats, long necks, and a little bone growing on their heads resembling a cock's spur, with a very long tail spotted black and green, like unto the lizards of that country; these creatures hop and fly together, like grasshoppers; and in that manner they hunt apes, and such other beasts, whom they pursue even to the tops of the highest trees. Also we saw adders, that were copped on the crowns of their heads, as big as a man's thigh, and so venomous, as the negroes of the country informed us, that if any living thing came within the reach of their breath, it died presently, there being no remedy nor antidote against it. We likewise saw others that were not copped on their crowns, nor so venomous as the former, but far greater and longer, with an head as big as a calf's. We were told, that they hunt their prey in this manner: they get up into a tree, and winding their tails about some branch of it, let their bodies hang down to the foot of the tree, and then laying one of their ears close to the ground, they hearken whether they can hear any thing stir during the stillness of the night, so that if an ox, a boar, or any other beast, doth chance to pass by, they presently seize on it, and so carries it up into the tree, where he devours it. In like sort we descried a number of baboons, both grey and black, as big as a great mastiff, of whom the negroes of the country are more afraid, than of all the other beasts, because they will set upon them with that hardiness, as they have much ado to resist them."

We are compelled now to hasten over a considerable portion of the narrative, detailing various commercial voyages and battles in the junks and foists (vessels) in which they were made, from which it appears, that Ferdinand had indeed good reason for terming Fortune his bitter enemy; for no sooner has he from the kindness of some king, or the taking of some prize, obtained a few ducats, than the pirates or the Turks contrive to get hold of them, or the waters, equally merciless, swallow them up. He is, however, a true sailor, ever ready to set out again, and willing, as he says, "to get a better coat than that on his back," by any new adventure in the service of any new master (so he was a true Portugal) that should offer.

The greatest trouble of his troubled life now advances; on a voyage to China, he is cast away in the Gulf of Nanquin and suffers a "lamentable shipwreck," in which, out of five and twenty Portugals, there were but fourteen saved; and he adds, "this miserable disaster happened on a Monday, in 1542, the 5th of August, for which the Lord be praised everlastingly." Cast thus upon a country ever inhospitable to strangers, and doubtless, at that time, inimical to the Christian visitors in their neighbourhood, without food or clothing, expecting to be devoured by the tigers, their situation was indeed dreadful, and their numbers were soon reduced by the loss of four, who were drowned in the crossing of a little streight, as they endeavoured to pursue their journey northward, apprehending that was their way to Nanquin, where they hoped for succour. On every day's history of this disastrous period, our unhappy voyager now dwells, with that minute remembrance which cold and hunger, stripes and nakedness, have imprinted indelibly on his memory, accompanied with long and numerous speeches from those strangers who administered to the necessities, and compassionated the situation of the wretches before them.

From Ferdinand's account, there were in China, at that period, in most of the towns, "houses of the poor," where relief might be obtained for three days, but no longer, save for sick people or women with child; at one of these they were kindly assisted, and even forwarded thence to another, but when compelled to leave this, and thrown on the mercy of the less civilized inhabitants, their situation increased in misery. In one village they were pitilessly flogged, and driven forth without food—in the next, their wounds were dressed, food and raiment were given them, and the way pointed out; but on the very same night, when they were discovered in a wood where they had taken shelter, they were denounced as thieves, dragged to a loathsome prison, "and so fearfully whipped, that we were in perpetual pain for twenty-six days, having irons on our hands and feet, and great iron collars about our necks;" from this place they were sent to the parliament of Cheans, at Nanquin, because the jurisdiction of that court did not suffer them to condemn prisoners to death.

On their road they were again imprisoned for forty-two days, and treated with so much cruelty, that three of the party died, and the only wonder is that any survived; for at one place, after another severe flogging, they were all thrust naked into large cisterns, and for two days and nights they stood thus "plunged up to the waist in water, wherein was a multitude of horse leeches." After all these hardships, they were, on their arrival at the seat of jurisdiction, sentenced to be pub-

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licly whipped, and have their thumbs cut off; the former part of the sentence being carried into effect with such severity, that another of his companions died under it, and he justly observes, " that it was a miracle any one of them survived."

It appears, however, that this court was itself subject to a revision of its judgement, and at the instance of a certain fraternity " resembling the order of mercy in papist countries," these poor wretched men not only received relief in their " sure necessity;" but the magistrates, who had so overstepped their office, were called to account and reproved for their conduct, and the shipwrecked wanderers, after their recovery, were placed on a new footing in society, and furnished with a long letter, reversing the sentence, which is thus dated: " Written in the chamber of the zeal of God's honour, the ninth day of the seventh moon, and the three and twentieth year of the reign of the Lyon, crowned in the throne of the world."

Our traveller, recovered in some measure of his wounds, begins to look about him in the great city of Nanquin, but declares he will never relate one half of the riches and grandeur he there beheld, seeing he shall never be believed; he, however, says: " The Chineses assured us, that there are eight hundred thousand fires, fourscore thousand Mandarins' houses, threescore and two great market places, an hundred and thirty butchers' shambles, each containing fourscore shops—eight thousand streets, whereof six hundred that are fairer than the rest are compassed with ballustres of copper. There are two thousand and three hundred pagodas, exceeding rich and sumptuous, with very high steeples, wherein were between sixty and seventy such mighty huge bells, it was dreadful to hear them rung."—The ceremonies of religion frequently give much offence to the Catholic traveller, yet he greatly praises the government, the wisdom, and even the piety of the Chinese, observing, that " those gentiles do take abundant pains to damn their souls, by their devotion to vain idols, much more than do we by true worship to save ours."

It appears, that the Portugals were still considered as in a state of slavery, and although sometimes treated with respect as possessing some extraordinary talents, yet subject to much caprice and occasional cruelty, so that Jorge Mendez, who appears a fine spirited fellow, considered his life " as scarce worth playing for at primero;" but it appears, that much of the ill-usage they had suffered latterly arose from their having quarrelled with each other, which struck the barbarous Chineses as a great fault. As the hatred of the people and the strangers towards each other was excessive, it is not surprising, that on an attack of the King of Tartaria upon Nanquin they

were found willing to assist the enemy. The introduction they have to his camp describes him environed with splendour, and the mitaquer or officer, who conducted them, is a personage of no small importance, being attended by sixty halberdiers, and six pages richly apparelled, riding on white curtals. " He was received by four beautiful boys attired in long coats, garded with green and white; wearing about the small of their legs little hoops of gold in the form of shackles, with maces in their hands." By these boys the mitaquer and the strangers were conducted through many files of visitors, and spacious quadrangles, to a large space, " where we saw four ranks of statues of brass, in form of wild men, with clubs and crowns of the same metal, gilt: these idols, or giants, were each twenty-six spans high, and six broad on the shoulders, their countenances were hideous and deformed, and their hair curled like negroes." They saw also, " a plantation of orange trees, surrounded with a fence of flowers not known in Europe, in which was a tent perched upon twelve ballisters of camphor wood, wreathed about with silver, in the fashion of knotted card work. In the tent was a low throne, garnished with branch work of fine gold, and over it was a cloth of state, set thick with silver stars; also, the sun and moon, and certain clouds; some white, others like those before rain, all so enamelled, that it was impossible to see any thing more complete for beauty and proportion. On the throne lay a great statue of silver, and about the statue were four and thirty idols, ranged in files, placed upon their knees. For the guard of this tent were sixty halberdiers, clothed in gilt leather, with morians on their heads curiously engraved, all which were very agreeable and majestical objects."—" In the next room was the King of Tartaria, on one side of whom were kings, princes, lords, and captains, splendidly arrayed, to the number of fourteen; on the other side were thirty-two very fair women, who, playing upon divers instruments of music, made a wonderfully sweet concert."

" The king was set on his throne under a rich cloth of state, and had about him twelve young boys kneeling on their knees, with little maces of gold-like sceptres, which they carried on their shoulders; close behind was a young lady extremely beautiful, and wonderfully richly attired, with a ventiloe in her hand, wherewith she ever and anon fanned him. This same was the sister of the Mitaquer, our general, and infinitely beloved of the king, for whose sake therefore it was, that he was in such credit and reputation throughout the whole army: the king was much about forty years of age, full stature, somewhat lean, and of a good aspect; his beard was very short, his mustachios after the Turkish manner, his eyes like to the Chineses, and his countenance severe and majestical; as for his vesture, it was violet-colour, in

fashion like to a Turkish robe, embroidered with pearl; upon his feet he had green sandals wrought all over with gold-purl, and great pearls among it, and on his head a satin cap of the colour of his habit, with a rich band of diamonds and rubies intermingled together: before we past any farther, after we had gone ten or eleven steps in the room, we made our compliment by kissing of the ground three several times, and performing other ceremonies, which the Truch-men taught us: in the mean time, the king commanded the music to cease, and addressing himself to the Mitaquer; 'Ask these men of the other end of the world,' said he unto him, 'whether they have a king, what is the name of their country, and how far distant it is from the kingdom of China where now I am?' Thereupon one of ours, speaking for all the rest, answered; 'That our country was called Portugal, that the king thereof was exceeding rich and mighty, and that from thence to the city of Pequin was, at the least, three years voyage.' This answer much amazed the king, because he did not think the world had been so large, so that striking his thigh with a wand that he had in his hand, and lifting up his eyes to heaven, as though he would render thanks unto God, he said aloud, so as every one might hear him: 'O Creator of all things! are we able to comprehend the marvels of thy greatness, we that at the best are but poor worms of the earth? *Fuxiquidane, fuxiquidane*, let them approach, let them approach.' Thereupon beckoning to us with his hand, he caused us to come even to the first degree of the throne, where the fourteen kings sat, and demanded of him again, as a man astonished, *Pucau, pucau*, that is to say, How far, how far? whereunto he answered as before, 'That we should be at least three years in returning to our country.' Then he asked, 'Why we came not rather by land than by sea, where so many labours and dangers were to be undergone?' Thereunto he replied, 'That there was too great an extent of land through which we were not assured to pass, for that it was commanded by kings of several nations.' 'What came you to seek for then,' added the king, 'and wherefore do you expose yourselves to such dangers?' Then having rendered him a reason to this last demand, with all the submission that might be, he stayed a pretty while without speaking; and then shaking his head three or four times, he addressed himself to an old man that was not far from him, and said, 'Certainly we must needs conclude, that there is either much ambition or little justice in the country of these people, seeing they come so far to conquer other lands.' To this speech the old man, named Raja Benan, made no other answer, 'But that it must needs be so; for men,' said he, 'who have recourse unto their industry and invention to run over the sea for to get that which God hath not given them, are necessarily carried thereunto, either by extreme poverty, or by an excess of blindness and vanity, derived from much covetousness, which is the cause why they renounce God, and those that brought them into the world.' This reply of the old man was seconded by many jeering words of the other courtiers, who made great sport upon this occasion, that very much pleased the king; in the mean time the women fell to their music again, and so continued, till the king withdrew into another chamber in the company of

these fair musicians, and that young lady that fanned him, not so much as one of those great personages daring to enter besides: not long after one of those twelve boys that carried the sceptres before mentioned, came to the Mitaquer, and told him from his sister, that the king commanded him to depart away, which he held for a singular favour, by reason this message was delivered to him in the presence of those kings and lords that were in the room, so that he stirred not, but sent us word, that we should go unto our tent with this assurance, that he would take care the Son of the Sun should be mindful of us."

Although the king here appears a tolerably sensible man, his expedition does not denote much wisdom, and he lost so many soldiers from sickness and want, that he commanded his camp to be set on fire, and having embarked his infantry and ammunition, set out by land himself for his own country with three hundred thousand horse, and twenty thousand rhinocerots. "Now after they had taken an account of all the dead, they appeared to be four hundred and fifty thousand, the most of whom died by sickness, as also an hundred thousand horses, and threescore thousand rhinocerots,* which were eaten in the space of two months and a half, wherein they wanted victual; so that of eighteen hundred thousand men, wherewith the King of Tartaria came to besiege Pequin, he carried home seven hundred and fifty thousand less than he brought."

Notwithstanding these losses, we find the king no way diminishing his state, which with that of many other great sovereigns is described as, "the Calaminhan lord of the indomitable force of the elephant of the earth"—the "lord of the white elephant, &c." whose land "borders on that of a certain people called Muscovites, who are fair, as may be seen by some of them now in this country, and apparelled with breeches, cassocks, and hats, like to the Flemings in Europe."

The ambassador of the Emperor of Caran was, however, more splendid than any other, having for his guard

"Sixscore men armed with arrows and partisans, damasked with gold and silver, and attired in violet and green. After them marched on horseback twelve ushers carrying silver maces, before whom were led twelve horses, each covered with carnation cloths, bordered with gold and silver; followed by twelve huge tall men like giants, clothed in tigers' skins. Then appeared, twelve little pages mounted on milk white hacknes, with green velvet saddles trimmed with silver lace and

* By rhinocerots, we apprehend Mendez Pinto means buffaloes, provided for victualling this mighty army.

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fringe. They were all apparelled alike in crimson satin cassocks, lined with marterns, breeches and hats of the same, and had great chains of gold scarf-wise about them. These twelve boys were all of equal stature, so fair of face, so well favoured, and of so sweet proportion of body, I believe there never have been seen any more accomplished. For himself, he was seated in a chariot, with three wheels on each side, called a pirange, it was garnished with silver, and round it walked forty footmen in jerkins and breeches of green and red cloth, laced all over with carnation silk lace, having swords by their sides three fingers broad, with hilts and chaps of silver, and hunting horns hanging in silver chains (brandric wise) about them, and on their heads they wore caps full of feathers with spangles. Thus was the ambassador so sumptuous and stately, we might well conclude he belonged to a mighty prince."

The King of Tartaria engages the Portuguese in his service occasionally, and Jorge Mendez devotes himself entirely to him, though not "without many tears." In this new country immense idols and many particulars of worship engage their attention, and they experience great generosity, but on their departure are again plundered by a Chinese pirate, and at the town of Pungar they are accused of being spies, and sentenced by the King of the Lequios "to be quartered, as an example to all others to the end of the world."

From this horrible end they were saved by a Portuguese woman, who was married to a native, and by her extraordinary grief raised up a number of ladies in their behalf, who petitioned the queen-mother, who undertook their care, and finally carried it so effectually, that they were not only pardoned but sent honourably out of the country, laden with presents from the charitable; the petition to the princess who espoused their cause is long, and completely oriental; it commences thus:

"Sacred pearl! congealed in the profoundest depth of the waters; thou star! enamelled with rays of fire; thou tress of golden hair, intermixed with roses; whose feet are so replenished with greatness, that they rest upon the top of our hands, like unto rubies enchased in gold," &c.

After this, many long voyages and dangerous journeys occur, but they arrive safely at the bar of Martabano, and make part in an armament against the King of Mattaban, whose capital is taken and most horribly sacked; and not content with abundant pillage and massacre, on the following day the queen, with her two young children, and one hundred and forty ladies of her court, are all cruelly executed by being hung up by their

heels until they were choaked. This dreadful scene is described with painful minuteness, and commented upon with sensibility. We should be glad to disbelieve our historian in this place; but when we recollect how much of the horrible has been practised in our own times, both in France and Ireland, we are compelled to admit its possibility; for the demon—man

> "Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heaven,
> As would make angels weep."

But from this scene, we are led to witness the splendid pageantry arriving from victories so unmerited, and completed by tying a stone round the neck of the king, and casting him into the sea. These accounts of the rejoicings are again interrupted by a new siege, and a moving letter from a widowed queen, which failed to avert a fresh scene of sin and suffering, from which the very senses recoil. This is followed by a curious account of the worship of the country, and the manner of installing a new bishop, or high-priest, into his office; which was by apparently burying him with great pomp, then sending a beautiful child drest as an angel into the grave, who is supposed to breathe into him a new and purer soul, whereby he is fitted for the holy office, which he, arising, claims with great dignity. It appears from this work, that there are various institutions all over India, resembling the nunneries of Europe, into which rich women are given to retire, in which case their wealth is generally left to the pagodas; and it seems worthy of remark, that women are equal to the holding of considerable rank, and even political importance, as queens are frequently found acting as regents, and appear to exercise full powers of discretion, as other despotic sovereigns. We must, however, hasten through this voluminous work, and present a picture of the court of the Calaminham, on his return from these victories, and his reception of an ambassador, in whose train the Portugal wanderers were placed, as it contains a dramatic entertainment.

"We past along through the midst of a great garden, made with such art, and where appeared so many goodly things, so divers and so pleasing to the eye, as words are not able to express them: for here were many alleys environed with ballisters of silver, and many arbours of extraordinary scent, which we were told had so much sympathy with the moons of the year, that in all seasons whatsoever they bare flowers and fruits; withall there was such abundance and variety of roses and other flowers, as almost passeth belief. In the midst of this garden we saw a great many young women, very fair, and well clad, whereof some past away their time in dancing, and others in playing on sundry sorts of instruments much after our manner, which they performed with so much harmony, as we were not a little de-

lighted therewith: some also bestowed themselves in making of curious needle-works and gold-strings, some in other things, whilst their companions gathered fruit to eat; and all this was done so quietly, and with such order and good behaviour, as made us admire it. At our going out of this garden, where the Monvagarun would needs have the ambassador to stay awhile, that he might there observe something worthy to entertain his king with at his return to Pegu, we went into a very great antichamber, where many commanders and lords were sitting, as also some great princes, who received the ambassador with new ceremonies and compliments, and yet not one of them stirred from his place. Through this antichamber we came to a door, where there were six gentlemen ushers with silver maces, by which we entered into another room very richly furnished: in this was the Calaminham, seated on a most majestical throne, encompassed with three rows of ballisters of silver. At the foot of the degrees of his throne sat twelve women, that were exceeding beautiful and most richly apparelled, playing on divers sorts of instruments, whereunto they accorded their voices. On the top of the throne, and not far from his person, were twelve young damsels about nine or ten years old, all of them on their knees round about him, and carrying maces of gold in the fashion of sceptres; amongst them, there was also another that stood on her feet, and fanned him. Below, all along the whole length of the room, were a great many of old men, wearing mitres of gold on their heads, and long robes of satin and damask curiously embroidered, every one having silver maces on their shoulders, and ranked in order on either side against the walls: over all the rest of the room were sitting, upon rich Persian carpets, about two hundred young ladies, as we could guess, that were wonderful fair, and exceeding well-favoured."—p. 228.

"Then began the women to play on instruments of music, and six of them danced with little children for the space of three or four *credos*; after that, other six little girls danced with six of the oldest men that were in the room, which seemed to us a very pretty fantasticalness. This dance ended, there was a very fine comedy represented by twelve ladies, exceeding beautiful and gorgeously attired, wherein appeared on the stage a great sea-monster, holding in his mouth the daughter of a king, whom the fish swallowed up before them all, which the twelve ladies seeing, went in all haste weeping to an hermitage that was at the foot of a mountain, from whence they returned with an hermit, who made earnest supplications to Quiay Patureu, god of the sea, that he would bring this monster to the shore, so as they might come to bury the damsel according to her quality. The hermit was answered by Quiay Patureu, that the twelve ladies should change their lamentations and complaints into so many consorts of music, that were agreeable to his ears, and he would then command the sea to cast the fish upon the strand, to be done withal as they thought good; whereupon comes on the stage, six little boys with wings and crowns of gold upon their heads, in the same manner as we use to paint angels, and naked all over, who falling on their knees before the ladies, presented them with three harps and three viols, saying, that Quiay Patureu sent

them these instruments from the heaven of the moon, therewith to cast the monster of the sea into a sleep, that so they might have their desire on him; whereupon the twelve ladies took them out of the hands of the little boys, and began to play upon them, tuning them unto their voices with so lamentable and sad a tone, and such abundance of tears, that it drew some from the eyes of divers lords that were in the room. Having continued their music about half a quarter of an hour, they saw the monster coming out of the sea, and by little and little, as it were, astonished—making to the shore where these fair musicians were; all which was performed so properly, and to the life, that the assistants could hardly imagine it to be a fable, and a matter devised for pleasure, but a very truth, besides the scene was set forth with a world of state and riches. Then one of the twelve ladies, drawing out a poniard, all set with precious stones, which she wore by her side, ripped up the fish, and out of the belly of it drew the Infanta alive, which presently went and danced to the tune of their instruments, and so went and kissed the Calaminham's hand, who received her very graciously, and made her sit down by him. It was said that this young lady was his niece, the daughter of a brother of his; as for the other twelve, they were all the daughters of princes, and of the greatest lords of the country, whose fathers and brothers were there present. There were also three or four comedies more like this, acted by other young ladies of great quality, and set forth with so much pomp and magnificence, as more could not be desired."—p. 229.

On leaving the court of the Calaminham, they sail down the great river Ritsey, where the ambassador makes a trading voyage. In this voyage they see a great variety of natives, and among others, "the merchants mention certain tawny men who are great archers, having their feet like oxen, but their hands are like unto other men, except that they are exceeding hairy: they are very much addicted to cruelty, and have below, at the end of the backbone, a lump of flesh as big as one's two fists." They saw also men, "named Magares, who feed on wild beasts, which they eat raw, such as serpents and adders; they hunt these wild beasts, mounted on certain animals as big as horses, which have three horns in the middle of their foreheads, with thick short legs, and on the middle of their backs a row of prickles, all the rest of their body is like a great lizard, besides they have on their necks instead of hair, other prickles, far larger and bigger than those on their backs; and on the joints of their shoulders short wings, wherewith they fly, as it were, leaping the length of five or six and twenty paces at a grasp. These creatures are called Banazes."

Many other remarkable people were seen in this voyage, though none equally marvellous; after which, we find an account of the death of another potentate, the Roolim of Mounay, whose funeral pyre is honoured by such splendid exhibitions, and terrible sacrifices, that we cannot forbear to wish that

the prince of European magicians (hight Farley), would transport the whole scene to Covent-Garden, it being one of the very few on which his skill and his imagination have not (to our recollection) been exercised. We cannot give the detail of the procession, which occupies a whole chapter, but must not omit to say, that the body lay upon a throne of twelve steps covered with white velvet, on which were innumerable silver candlesticks, surrounded by thirty thousand priests. Five hundred naked boys, with cords round their arms, and knives in their hands, were succeeded by other boys clothed in white satin, with chains of gold and pearls. Twenty nobles of upwards of eighty years of age, followed in violet robes of damask, with silver censers. Twelve gentlemen ushers with gold maces, and twenty boys richly apparelled, sung dolefully; whilst six young gentlemen drank out of a golden cup a certain liquor, so venomous, that before they had finished the draught, they fell down dead, and were instantly burned on a fire of sandal wood and aloes, to the envy of all who beheld so fine a sacrifice, &c. &c.

Our limits warn us to conclude, and the death of some kings, the conquests of others, and the sins of all, must be left to the oblivion in which they have lain so long, leaving Ferdinand himself to relate two incidents, which we trust will justify our assertion, that his work furnishes much of tragic incident, related in a feeling and agreeable manner.

"At the time when we arrived there, there was in the King of Bungo's court a young man, called Axirandoo, nephew to the King of Arimaa, who in regard of the ill intreaty which he had received from the king, his uncle, had retired himself into this court, and continued there above a year, with an intent never to return into his country again: but his good fortune was such, as his uncle coming to die, and having no other to succeed him, he declared him for his heir. Whereupon the Fucarandonó, of whom I lately made mention, desiring to marry this prince to a daughter of his, intreated the king to mediate this marriage for him, which he easily condescended unto. For which effect the king one day invited the prince to go a hunting with him into a wood, which was some two leagues off, and where there was great store of game, which he much delighted in. When they were there in private together, he moved this marriage unto him, and certified how exceedingly it would content him that he would accept of it; which accordingly he did, wherewith the king seemed to be extremely satisfied; so that upon his return unto the town, he sent for the Fucarandono, and told him how he had prevailed for the marriage of his daughter with the King of Arimaa, and therefore willed him to go and acknowledge unto him with all thankfulness this grace and honour which he did him; for he assured him on the word of a king, that he himself had desired him for his son-in-law. Hereupon the Fucarandono cast himself presently at the king's feet, and in convenient terms

for so great an obligation, kissed them, with much sense of so extraordinary a favour as he had showed him. That done, he went home to his palace, where, with much joy and contentment, he gave an account of this affair to his wife, to his sons, and his kinsmen; who, showing themselves exceedingly satisfied therewith, congratulated one another for it, as they commonly use to do in such honourable matches as this. In the mean time, the mother of the bride, as she that had the best part in this joy, went unto a chamber where her daughter was sewing, with divers other young maids that served her; and taking her by the hand, led her into the room where her father, brethren, and kinsmen were, who rejoiced with her for so happy a fortune, and honoured her with the title of Highness, as being already queen of the kingdom of Arimaa; and so all that day was spent in feasts, banquets, visits of ladies, and presenting her with many rich gifts. But whereas the good or evil of such like affairs, consists more in that which followeth, than in the original thereof, upon the good and joyful beginning of this marriage such great disasters ensued, as they almost equalled them of the kingdom of Siam, whereof I have spoken heretofore: which I stick not to say, in regard I can affirm it with truth, as having seen these two successes with mine own eyes, and been present at them with danger enough of my person. All this day was spent in the visits of the principal persons of the kingdom; but in this public rejoicing, there was none save the bride alone that was discontented, in regard she was desperately in love with a young gentleman, the son of one Groge Arum, who was a baron amongst us, but very much different in extraction and quality from the Fucarandono, the father of the bride; who, as soon as it was night, compelled by the violence of the love which she bore to him, sent him word by her whom she had always secretly made use of in this affair, that she would have him come and steal her away out of her father's house before some other mischief arrived. Whereupon the young man, who was no more free from this passion than she, failed not to come to her to a place in which they used to meet together, where his mistress importuned him in such manner, as he was constrained to carry her away from her father's house, and put her into a monastery of religious women, whereof an aunt of her's was, as it were, the abbess; in which she continued nine days concealed, without the knowledge or privity of any body. The next morning her governess went into her chamber, where she had left her the night before; but not finding her there, she presently repaired to her mother's chamber, imagining that she was gone thither to trick up herself extraordinarily, in regard of the time, or for some other such like occasion; and missing of her there too, she returned to her bedchamber, where she found one of the windows that looked into a garden open, together with a sheet fastened to one of the bars, and one of her sandals lying below on the ground. Presently misdoubting the business, she went, without further delay, to impart the sad news unto her mother, who was still in her bed, out of which in all haste she arose, and diligently searching all the women's chambers, where she conceived she might be, and not finding her, it was said, that she was so overcome with grief, as she fell down dead in the place. In the mean time, the Fucarandono, who as yet understood nothing of the

matter, hearing the noise which the women made, ran in haste to know the cause thereof: Whereupon, being assured of the flight of his daughter, he sent with all speed to acquaint his kinsmen therewith, who, amazed with the novelty of so unfortunate and unexpected an accident, came instantly unto him. Having consulted then amongst themselves what they should do in this affair, they resolved to proceed therein with all the rigour that possibly could be used; so that presently beginning with the women of the house, they cut off, I know not how many of their heads, under pretext of being accomplices of this rape or flight. After this execution, being of different opinions touching the place where this maid might be, they were all of the mind not to proceed any further, until they had first acquainted the king with the business; which instantly they did, and withal, very earnestly besought him to permit them to go and search the houses of some whom they named unto him, where they believed she was: which the king refusing, as well to exempt the masters of them from such an affront, as also to prevent the tumult which this disorder might cause. The Fucarandono, offended for that the king did not grant him his request, returned with his kinsmen to his palace, where he resolved with them to do therein all that in such a case he thought was for his honour, alleging, that it was only for men of little worth and base minds to proceed by way of justice, in matters which might be carried by force. This resolution taken, as it is the custom of these people of Japan to be more ambitious of honour than all the nations of the world, he determined to bring his design to pass at any price whatsoever, without regard to any thing that might arrive thereupon; so that giving intelligence thereof to all his friends and kinsmen that were in the court, they came all to him that night, and approved of this his resolution, after he had declared it unto them; insomuch that they went without further delay to the houses of them where this maid lay hid: but they being already fortified and furnished with men, upon notice given them before-hand of their intent, such a great and terrible uproar ensued thereupon, as there were above twelve thousand persons killed that night. To this disorder the king ran in person with his guard, to see if he could pacify it, but the quarrel grew so hot betwixt them, as it was impossible to appease it; so that after they had lost the respect which they owed to the king, they turned all their fury against him, and slew the most part of them that were with him, so that he was constrained to retire unto his palace, where he gathered unto him as many as possibly he could upon a sudden; but all that served him to little purpose, for they pursued him thither, and killed him, together with very near all them that he had drawn to his defence, amounting to the number of seven or eight thousand men, amongst the which were six-and-twenty Portuguese, of forty that were with the king. But these ministers of Satan, not contented with having committed so horrible a treason, went directly to the queen's lodging, where, having found her sick in her bed, they most mercilessly butchered her, with three of her daughters, and all the women they could meet withal. After this, with an enraged fury, they set fire on the town in six or seven places, which kindling by the violence of the wind, that was very high at that time, it took hold of it in such sort, as in less than two hours it was almost burnt

down to the ground. Whereupon, we seven-and-twenty Portugals that remained, retired with much ado to our vessel, where we saved ourselves, as it were, by miracle—leaving our anchor in the sea, and setting sail with all the speed we could. The next morning the mutineers, who were about ten thousand, having sacked the town, divided themselves into two troops, and retired to a hill, called Canaphamaa; there they fortified themselves, with an intent to create a new head that should govern them, because the Fucarandono had been slain with the stroke of a lance, which he had received in his throat, together with all the rest of his kinsmen, which had given a beginning to this mutiny."

This fatal business ends in the destruction of the city, and the death of seven-and-thirty thousand men; but we hasten to abridge another story of a Portuguese governor, Diego Suarez, who lived in Pegu, and "became so great that he was termed the king's brother.

Mangabosa, a rich man with only one daughter, whose dowry was three hundred thousand ducats, resolved to give her in marriage with a young nobleman, by whom she was beloved. On the morning fixed for the nuptials, Diego happened to pass the house, and observing the magnificent preparations inquired the cause; on which the father (honoured by his notice) called to his daughter, and her ladies of quality, and she coming forward, he told her to draw from her finger a rich ring, and present it to Diego, as he sat on his elephant. Struck with her beauty, the governor seized her by the hand, and plucking her forcibly towards him, said, "God forbid so fair a maid should fall into any hands but mine:" on this, the old man fell on his knees, and besought the ravisher's mercy, but was only answered by an order that he should die; but the bridegroom and his parents just then arriving, the old man was pushed into his house. The young lover, his father, and seven of his kinsmen, were slain, and the distracted bride carried off in triumph by Diego to his palace, where she saved herself from pollution, by speedily strangling herself with her girdle, wherewith "the governor was sorely displeased." For four whole years the old man never passed his threshold, but clothed in a tattered mat, and begging alms of his own slaves, shewed thus the intensity of his sorrow; but on the death of the king, by whom Diego had been protected, he rushed out of his house, and seizing an idol in his arms, sacred to the afflicted, he stood on the steps of the temple, and recapitulated his wrongs and his sufferings. The people, inspired by pity and generous indignation, rushed to the palace of the new king, and with loud cries demanded justice; and he, willing to please them on his accession, ordered his guard to seize Diego, and deliver him to them. He was taken in the streets, with six of his servants, but without the power of calling a farther retinue. Soon after

his son met him, and alarmed by his appearance in the midst of the guards, struggled to reach him, but was repulsed so severely, that the father fell into a swoon. On his restoration, he was dragged to the stairs of the market place, when he prayed fervently as a Christian to heaven; but the Mambogaa, still holding his idol, called out for vengeance, and the people near pushing him down the stairs, he fell into the hands of the infuriated mob, who tore him to pieces, and carried their vengeance to his slaves and servants, who suffered for his sins; while the king seized on the immense wealth which, for fourteen years, he had been accumulating in that country.

Our traveller now draws near the end of his many wanderings; but his last effort for obtaining the aids of merchandize fail, and he is obliged to put in at the kingdom of Bungo, where he finds the king and many courtiers employed in catching a great whale, such as had never been seen on those coasts before. His success puts him in good humour, and he takes the strangers home to his palace to sup, when their manner of eating with their hands only, amuses the court extremely, seeing that all the inhabitants feed only with two small sticks.

The king's daughter, " a marvellously fair creature, about fourteen years old, craved leave of the queen her mother, that she and her companions might perform a play, which granted, they retired." Soon afterwards she entered in the dress of a merchant, wearing a scymitar and gold breast plate, and falling on her knees to the king, in a long and clever speech, she besought him to allow her to trade to his kingdom, having many children to provide for, and great incommodities to suffer. The king laughed, but permitted her to go on; on which the young train were called, all habited in the same manner, each bearing on her shoulder a fardle of green velvet. They all danced and sung, and then undid their fardles, in which were found a number of wooden arms with hands, which the princess, with great grace desired that the Portuguese should purchase, saying, that " since Nature had subjected us to such a villainous misery, that our hands must smell of flesh or fish, this merchandize would accommodate us, inasmuch as, whilst we used one pair of hands, the other might be washed." Their majesties of Bungo (like other parents) laugh, and chide their beautiful daughter, but are very generous to the Christians, and assist them to Zequa, from whence they go to the Indies, where finding some ships about to sail for Portugal, the wanderer abandons all hope of bettering his fortune, and embarks for Lisbon.

A few melancholy reflections, and bitter lamentations, wind up the sad eventful history of Mendez Pinto. He assures us, " that the services he has done for the space of twenty-one

years, in which he was sold sixteen times, have never been recompensed." Had the poor man talked of his *sufferings*, instead of his *services*, we apprehend the plea would have been more valid. He winds up by a kind excuse for his sovereign's neglect of his merit, and an acknowledgement that it is right in Divine goodness thus to humble him, and purify him from sin.

Whatever might be the neglect or condemnation of poor Ferdinand in his own country, either from the wise who shared, or the witty who laughed at him, we are not ashamed to thank him. He has given us many affecting pictures of human suffering, which, although delivered with prolixity, are marked by simplicity and general feeling, insomuch, that we are fully persuaded our traveller was a good-natured, kind-hearted man, who might sometimes overcharge his descriptions to add to the pleasure of his readers; but was not (on the whole) either gifted with the imagination necessary for romance, nor the desire of practising deception beyond its most harmless character.

ART. VI.—*Three Law Tracts, by* Sir Edward Coke, *Knight, Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench. By* William Hawkins, *Serjeant at Law.* 8*vo. London,* 1764.

We entreat our readers not to be terrified at the "very grave and judicial" title which is prefixed to the present article, for we can safely assure them, that we have no intention of exercising their patience by a legal critique. In opposition to Sir Edward Coke, who has entitled his first institute "A Commentary upon Littleton, not upon the name of the Author only, but upon the Law itself;" our observations, on the present occasion, are upon the name itself, and not upon the law; and our object in the following pages is to present a succinct account of a man, whose character is in many respects well worthy of record. Had the interest attached to it, indeed, been derived merely from his professional reputation, we should certainly have regarded the following sketch of his life as very foreign to our pages. Although his name, in the estimation of our lawyers, occupies that pre-eminent rank, which in every science or profession is commonly accorded to some master-genius, yet the details of a mere lawyer's life would be little acceptable to any one out of the pale of the profession. In this country, however, many of those who have acted the most conspicuous parts on the political stage, have

been men who have filled the highest judicial situations of the state, and it has been by no means unusual to discover, under the wig and ermine of the judge, the intriguing head of the politician and the habits of the courtier. How unfavourable to the purity of the judicial character this political tendency must be, is sufficiently obvious; but while, in many instances, it has been productive of corruption and subserviency, in others it has served to display in clearer light the integrity and firmness which can resist both the blandishments and the threats of power. In our legal biography, we have many illustrious examples of men who have withstood both the one and the other; and although the character of Sir Edward Coke be not, in some respects, free from considerable reproach, yet we shall not find one, amongst all the ornaments of our courts of justice, more truly entitled to the praise of uniting the most profound learning with the strictest integrity of principle in public life. But, independently of his connexion with the political history of his times, the personal character of Lord Chief Justice Coke is by no means unworthy of study. The man who could excite the fear and enmity of Bacon must have possessed no ordinary claims to distinction.

Sir Edward Coke was the son of Robert Coke, Esq. a bencher of Lincoln's Inn, and was born at Mileham, in the county of Norfolk, in the year 1550. At the age of ten, he was sent to the free-school at Norwich, and afterwards to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he remained about four years. From Cambridge he was removed to Clifford's Inn, and the following year became a student of the Inner Temple. After studying for six years, a short prolation at that time, he was called to the bar, and held his first brief in the Queen's Bench, in Trinity term, 1578. About seven years after his being called, he married Bridget, the daughter of John Paxton, Esq. a gentleman of an ancient family in Norfolk, with whom he received a large fortune, which gave him considerable influence in his native county. He was chosen Recorder of Coventry and Norwich, and being frequently consulted by the Lord Treasurer Burleigh, he rose rapidly into reputation and business. The freeholders of Norfolk returned him as their representative to Parliament; and, in the thirty-fifth of Elizabeth, he was chosen Speaker of the House of Commons. In 1592, he became Solicitor, and was shortly afterwards advanced to the post of Attorney-General. Having lost his first wife, by whom he had ten children, he married the Lady Hatton, relict of Sir William Hatton, and sister of Lord Burleigh, afterwards Earl of Exeter. How unfortunate an union this was, will be seen in the sequel. The most important matter in which the Attorney-General was engaged during the reign of his royal

mistress, was the prosecution of the celebrated Earl of Essex and the Earl of Southampton, before the House of Lords, for high treason. Upon this occasion, Coke conducted himself towards the prisoners with that rancour and animosity, which are the most discreditable parts of his character. The Earl of Essex declared, that he had been talked out of his life by orators; while Southampton addressed the Attorney-General in these words—"Mr. Attorney, you have urged the matter very far, and you wrong me therein—my blood be upon your head." The bitterness of spirit which he always appears to have felt towards those against whom he was retained, prompted him to indulge in the most unfeeling taunts. Of Essex, he asserted, "that, by the just judgement of God, he of his earldom should be Robert the last, that of a kingdom thought to be Robert the first." There is, however, no reason to doubt that Coke was fully convinced of the guilt of the accused.

On the accession of James I. the Attorney-General was knighted, and in the same year was engaged in the trial of Sir Walter Raleigh, and his companions. On this occasion, his conduct was still more violent and indecent than on the trial of Lord Essex, and has deeply stained a character which otherwise would have commanded our entire esteem. Into the difficult question of the guilt or innocence of Raleigh, we shall not enter; for whether guilty or innocent, a man of his high genius and signal reputation deserved to be treated with every mark of decency and feeling.

The following extracts present a fine contrast between the dignity of Raleigh and the angry heat of the Attorney-General.

"*Raleigh.* Your words cannot condemn me; my innocency is my defence. Prove one of these things wherewith you have charged me, and I will confess the whole indictment, and that I am the horriblest traitor that ever lived, and worthy to be crucified with a thousand thousand torments.

"*Attorney.* Nay, I will prove all: thou art a monster; thou hast an English face, but a Spanish heart. Now you must have money: Aremberg was no sooner in England (I charge thee, Raleigh) but thou incitedst Cobham to go unto him, and to deal with him for money, to bestow on discontented persons to raise rebellion in the kingdom.

"*Raleigh.* Let me answer for myself.

"*Attorney.* Thou shalt not.

"*Raleigh.* It concerneth my life.

* * * * * *

"*Raleigh.* I do not hear yet, that you have spoken one word against me; here is no treason of mine done; if my Lord Cobham be a traitor, what is that to me?

"*Attorney.* All that he did was by thy instigation, thou viper; for I thou thee, thou traitor.*

"*Raleigh.* It becomes not a man of quality and virtue to call me so: but I take comfort in it, it is all you can do.

"*Attorney.* Have I angered you?

"*Raleigh.* I am in no case to be angry."

When the impatience of Coke had proceeded so far, that Lord Cecil, one of the commissioners, interposed, and begged he would permit the prisoner to speak, "Mr. Attorney sate down in a chafe, and would speak no more, until the commissioners urged and entreated him, when, after much ado, he went on." Being interrupted by Sir Walter, he resumed his invectives.

"*Attorney.* Thou art the most vile and execrable traitor that ever lived.

"*Raleigh.* You speak indiscretely, barbarously, and uncivilly.

"*Attorney.* I want words to express thy viperous treasons.

"*Raleigh.* I think you want words, indeed, for you have spoken one thing half a dozen times.

"*Attorney.* Thou art an odious fellow, thy name is hateful to all the realm of England for thy pride.

"*Raleigh.* It will go near to prove a measuring cast between you and me, Mr. Attorney."

We have noticed elsewhere the very different manner in which, several years afterwards, Sir Edward Coke comported himself, when, as chief justice, he passed sentence of death upon the unfortunate Raleigh. Perhaps he was desirous, however late, of making some reparation for the harshness and cruelty of his former conduct.

"I know," said the chief justice, "you have been valiant and wise, and I doubt not but you retain both these virtues, for now you shall have occasion to use them. Your faith hath heretofore been questioned, but I am resolved you are a good Christian; for your book, which is an admirable work, doth testify as much. I would give you counsel, but I know you can apply unto yourself for better

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* It has been supposed, that Shakespeare alludes to this passage, where in *Twelfth Night* he makes Sir Toby tell Sir Andrew, who is about to challenge Viola, "If thou *thou'st* him some thrice it may not be amiss."

The judicial proceedings of their time furnished our elder dramatists with many hints. Ben Jonson appears to have borrowed largely in his *Epicœne* from the proceedings in the case of the Earl and Countess of Essex.

than I can give you. Yet will I (with the good neighbour in the gospel, who finding one in the way wounded and distressed, poured oil into his wounds, and refreshed him) give unto you the oil of comfort, though in respect that I am a minister of the law, mixed with vinegar."

The acute and comprehensive genius of Coke never displayed itself more conspicuously than in the examination and developement of an obscure and complicated case. His industry, patience, and sagacity, admirably qualified him for the task of unravelling the dark conspiracies with which his times unfortunately abounded. His conduct in the prosecution of Sir Everard Digby and the other conspirators involved in the powder plot, has generally been considered a master-piece of forensic ability. From the unconnected style of some of his writings, the reader might be led to suppose, that his addresses at the bar partook of the same excursive tendency; but, on the contrary, we are assured, that the Earl of Salisbury, upon the trial of the gunpowder conspirators, asserted, "That the evidence had been so well distributed and opened by the attorney-general, that he never heard such a mass of matter better contracted, or made more intelligible to a jury."

The distinguished talents which Coke manifested upon this occasion led to his speedy promotion; and in June 1606, he was called to the degree of serjeant, and raised to the highest seat in the Common Pleas. Sir Henry Hobart succeeded him in the post of attorney-general, and Sir Francis Bacon became the new solicitor. Office had been long the object of Bacon's ambition, and some years before this time he had endeavoured to obtain the appointment which was now bestowed upon him, but without effect. This failure he attributed, whether justly or not it is difficult to resolve, to Sir Edward Coke; and hence arose an animosity, which appears to have been cherished with no common care. In a letter which he addressed to Coke, probably about the period when the latter was on the point of being raised to the bench, he expresses himself with much bitterness, and in the spirit of one who considers himself injured.

"I thought best," says he, "once for all, to let you know in plainness what I find of you, and what you shall find of me: you take to yourself a liberty to disgrace and disable my law, my experience, my discretion. * * * You are great, and therefore have the more enviers, which would be glad to have you paid at another's cost. Since the time I missed the solicitor's place (the rather, I think, by your means) I cannot expect that you and I shall ever serve as attorney and solicitor together; but either to serve with another upon your remove, or to step into some other course; so I am more free than ever I was from any occasion of unworthy conforming myself to you,

more than general good manners, or your particular good usage, shall provoke; and if you had not been short-sighted in your own fortune (as I think), you might have had more use of me. But that side is passed. I write not this to shew my friends what a brave letter I have written to Mr. Attorney, I have none of those humours. But that I have written it to a good end: that is, the more decent carriage of my master's service; and to our better understanding one of another."

The politic nature of Bacon easily enabled him to gain the confidence of his sovereign, before whom he prostrated one of the noblest intellects with which man was ever endowed. It was not, however, so light a task to render Sir Edward Coke subservient to the royal wishes, and all the ingenuity of Bacon was occasionally exerted to lead him in the proper course. An attempt of the kind was made in the case of one Peacham, in whose study certain papers had been found, which were supposed to be treasonable, and upon which the king was desirous of obtaining the private and extrajudicial opinion of the judges; a proceeding, to use the most lenient term, of the most doubtful propriety. Upon this occasion, the attorney-general, Sir Francis Bacon, undertook to procure the opinion of the chief justice of the King's Bench, to which station Coke had been raised in October 1613, and in the attorney's letters to the king we have a full relation of the arts to which he was compelled to resort.

"For the course your majesty directeth and commandeth for the feeling of the judges of the King's Bench their several opinions, by distributing ourselves and enjoining secresy, we did first find an encounter in the opinion of my Lord Coke, who seemed to affirm, that such particular and, as he called it, auricular taking of opinions, was not according to the custom of this realm, and seemed to divine that his brethren would never do it."

Bacon was not to be thus rebuffed, and having delivered the papers to the chief justice, he attempted to sound his opinion. Coke's legal caution and wariness are well described by the attorney.

"It is true, he heard me in a grave fashion more than accustomed, and took a pen and took notes of my divisions; and when he read the precedents and records would say this, you mean, falleth within your first, or your second division. In the end I expressly demanded his opinion, as that whereto both he and I were enjoined. But he desired me to have the precedents with him, that he might advise upon them. I told him, the rest of my fellows would dispatch their parts, and I should be behind with mine; which I persuaded myself your majesty would impute rather to his backwardness than to my negligence."

By this importunity the chief justice was prevailed upon to return an answer to the question proposed to him; but how little that answer was calculated to please the king, may be gathered from the terms in which it is spoken of by Bacon: "I send your majesty enclosed my Lord Coke's answers; I will not call them rescripts, much less oracles. They are of his own hand, and offered to me as they are in writing; though I am glad of it for mine own discharge."

The discovery of the poisoning of Sir Thomas Overbury afforded another opportunity for the display of Sir Edward Coke's peculiar tact in fathoming all the depths of a dark conspiracy. Upon this atrocious transaction coming to light, the investigation of it, in the first instance, was committed to the chief justice alone; but he, finding the names of many persons of rank and consequence involved, begged that certain noblemen might be joined with him in the commission, which was accordingly done. The zeal, industry, and ability, with which he conducted this examination, elicited praise even from his rival, Sir Francis Bacon; but his conduct upon the trial of the murderers, to which we adverted in a former article, has been the subject of much discussion. There appears to be no doubt, that considerable suspicion was entertained, at the time of the trial of the Earl and Countess of Somerset, for the murder of Overbury, that Prince Henry, the king's eldest son, had also perished by poison. We have attempted, in another place, to weigh the probabilities of that fact, and it will be sufficient at present to observe, that the mind of the chief justice himself does not appear to have been wholly free from those suspicions. The memoir writers of the day have asserted, that he uttered on these trials some imprudent and intemperate expressions relative to the prince's death, which were the cause of his subsequent disgrace. "The Lord Chief Justice Coke," says Wilson, in his *Life and Reign of King James I.*, "in his rhetorical flourishes, at his (Sir T. Monson's) arraignment, vented some expressions, as if he could discover more than the death of a private person, intimating, though not plainly, that Overbury's untimely remove had something in it of retaliation, as if he had been guilty of the same crime towards Prince Henry, blessing himself with admiration at the horror of such actions. In which he flew so high a pitch, that he was taken down by a court lure; Sir Thomas Monson's trial laid aside, and he soon afterwards set at liberty, and the chief justice's wings were clipped for it ever after." The same story is repeated by Weldon, in his *Court and Character of King James*, and with still more bitter reflections upon the chief justice. "It is verily believed, that when the king made those horrible imprecations upon himself, and

deprecations of the judges, it was intended, that the law should run in its proper channel, but was stopped and put out of its course by the folly of that great clerk, Sir Edward Coke, though no wise man, who, in a vain-glorious speech, to shew his vigilance, entered into a rapture as he sat upon the bench, saying, *God knows what became of that sweet babe, Prince Henry, but I know somewhat;* and surely, in searching the cabinets, he lighted upon some papers which spake plain in that which was even whispered, which, had he gone on in a gentle way, would have fallen in of themselves not to have been prevented; but this folly of his tongue, stopped the breath of the discovery of that so foul a murder, which, I fear, cries still for vengeance." It is true, that in the printed report of the trial, we find no mention of these "vain-glorious speeches," and on this ground, as well as upon that of the improbability of the charge, the writer of the very excellent article on Sir Edward Coke, in the *Biographia Britannica*, to whom, in sketching the present Memoir, we have been largely indebted, imagines the statements of Watson and Weldon to be erroneous. "But besides all this," adds the same writer, "we have several letters of Sir Francis Bacon's to the king upon this subject, in which he is far enough from magnifying the chief justice's conduct, and yet not a word in them of these intemperate speeches." Now although it may be admitted, that Bacon does not allude to the expressions which are supposed to have dropt upon this occasion from the chief justice, yet he insinuates to the king, in more than one place, that Coke was aiming at the discovery of something beyond the guilt of the murderers of Overbury. We would refer more particularly to the notes which were made by Bacon for the information of the king, in which he seems to hint, that the chief justice was very eager that some further investigations should take place. The attorney general is recounting the evidence which he intended to offer on the trial of the Earl of Somerset.

"I shall also give in evidence, in this place, the slight account of that letter, which was brought to Somerset by Ashton, being found in the fields soon after the late prince's death, and was directed to Antwerp, containing these words: 'that the first branch was cut from the tree, and that he should, ere long, send happier and joyfuller news.'

"Which is a matter I would not use, but that my Lord Coke, *who hath filled this part with many frivolous things, would think all lost, except he bear somewhat of this kind.* But this it is to come to the bearings of a business."

The result of these trials was the conviction and execu-

tion of the prisoners, with the exception of the Earl and Countess of Somerset, who were pardoned, and even pensioned by the king.

The firmness and integrity of the chief justice were never more advantageously displayed than in the great case of the *commendams*. For our present purpose it will be sufficient to state, that in that case the king had been informed, that certain positions had been laid down by the counsel, in arguing a cause before the King's Bench, injurious to the royal prerogative. The attorney general, Sir Francis Bacon, was accordingly ordered to notify to the chief justice the king's express pleasure, that the cause should proceed no further, until his majesty should have been consulted thereon. This was done by letter on the 25th of April, 1616. Coke, however, requested, that a similar order might issue to his brother judges, which being done, they all assembled, and certified to the king, that the letters received by them were contrary to the law and their oaths. They insisted, that the case was one between subject and subject, and depended upon the construction of certain acts of parliament, which they were bound to expound uprightly and faithfully. In reply to this representation, James addressed to the judges a letter, which bears throughout evident marks of his own princely hand. He informed his trusty and well-beloved counsellors, that they might have spared their labour in informing him of the nature of their oath, for although he had never studied the common law of England, yet he was not ignorant of any points which it belonged to a king to know—that he would not suffer the prerogative royal of his crown to be wounded through the sides of a private person, and that he, therefore, admonished them, that since the prerogative had been more boldly dealt withal in Westminster Hall during the time of his reign than ever it was before in the reigns of divers princes immediately preceding him, he would no longer endure that popular and unlawful liberty. In conclusion, he did, out of his absolute authority royal, command the judges to forbear to meddle any farther in this plea till he came to town, and that out of his own mouth they should hear his pleasure in this business. On the 6th of June all the Judges were summoned to appear before the privy council, where the king read them a severe lecture on the errors of their conduct in this affair, "which his majesty did set forth to be both in matter and manner." With regard to the form of their representation, all the judges upon their knees acknowledged that they had erred, and humbly prayed his majesty's gracious favour and pardon; but as far as respected the matter of the letter, Sir Edward Coke nobly entered into a defence of it, affirming that the postpone-

ment required by the king was a delay of justice, and contrary to law and the judges' oaths; and that no point of prerogative would have arisen upon the case. The king replied, that for the judges to decide whether his prerogative was concerned or not without consulting him, was "preposterous management," and Bacon, with the other king's counsel, was ordered to argue these points. The chief justice then insisted, that it was highly improper that the counsel should dispute with the judges; but upon Bacon applying to the king, his majesty affirmed that it was the duty of his counsel so to argue, and that he would maintain them therein. Coke observed, that he would not dispute with his majesty, to which James replied, "that the judges would not dispute with him, and that his counsel might not with them, so that whether they did well or ill, it must not be disputed." The lord chancellor then gave his opinion, that the king's request was not illegal, whereupon the following question was propounded to each of the judges: "Whether if at any time, in a case depending before them, which his majesty conceived to concern him either in power or in profit, and thereupon required to consult with them, that they should stay proceeding in the meantime, they ought not to stay accordingly?" With the single exception of Sir Edward Coke, all the judges acknowledged that it was their duty so to do, and even promised, that they would not only abstain from speaking any thing themselves to weaken his majesty's prerogative of commendams, but would directly, and in plain terms, affirm the same, and would correct the erroneous and bold speeches at the bar, in derogation of the royal privileges. The reply of the lord chief justice was, "that when that case should be, he would do that should be fit for a judge to do"—a noble answer, becoming the high situation which he filled. When the judges had thus submitted, James, after exhorting them in his usual style, gave them permission to proceed in the cause, and dismissed them. The opinion of the council was then taken; and the supple courtiers, far from entertaining any of the doubts which had staggered the judges, declared, that so far was the king's request from any colour of such shadow or interpretation as had been put upon it, that "it was against common sense to think the contrary."

The odium into which, in all probability, this conduct brought the chief justice at court, was farther increased by the dispute in which he involved himself with the Lord Chancellor Ellesmere, with regard to the authority of their respective courts. The dislike contracted by James to the common law is well known. This distaste Bacon had endeavoured to increase, by prejudicing the king's mind in

favour of the court of chancery, which, in one of his letters to him, he calls "the court of his absolute power." The king, therefore, became exceedingly jealous of any attempts to circumscribe his favourite jurisdiction. The dispute between the courts arose in the following manner. The defendant, in a cause in the King's Bench, prevailed upon the plaintiff's principal witness not to attend, and in order more completely to incapacitate him from giving his evidence, one of the defendant's agents carried the man to a tavern, called for a gallon of sack, and bade the witness drink. No sooner did the latter touch the flagon with his lips, than the defendant's agent quitted the room. The cause came on, and the witness was called, upon which the court was informed that he was unable to appear; and to prove this, the defendant's agent was called, who deposed, *that he left the witness in such a condition, that if he continued in it but a quarter of an hour he was a dead man.* From the want of this man's testimony the plaintiff failed in his cause, and the defendant had a verdict. To impeach the judgement thus fraudulently obtained, the plaintiff exhibited his bill in the Court of Chancery for relief, to which the defendants refused to put in an answer, and were committed for their contempt. In return for this the defendants preferred two indictments against the plaintiff, founded upon the statutes of 27 Edw. 3, c. 1. and 4 Henry 4, c. 23. for impeaching the judgements given in the King's Bench, but, notwithstanding the charge of the judge, the bills were thrown out. The king having received intelligence of this transaction, desired Bacon to lay the merits of the case before him, and the attorney general accordingly addressed a letter to his majesty, containing a full exposition of the whole affair. He censures Sir Edward Coke very severely, for choosing this time to question the power of the Court of Chancery.

"On the other side, this great and public affront, not only to the reverend and well-deserving person of your chancellor, (and at a time when he was thought to be dying, which was barbarous,) but to your High Court of Chancery, which is the court of your absolute power, may not, in my opinion, pass lightly, nor end only in some formal atonement."

At the same time Bacon advised the king, that Coke ought not, at this time, to be disgraced. Nothing can be more artful and subtle than this part of his letter:

"But for that which may concern your service, which is my end, (leaving other men to their own ways:) first, my opinion is plainly, that my Lord Coke, at this time, is not to be disgraced; both

because he is so well habituate to that which remaineth of these capital causes, and also for that which I find is in his breast, touching your finances and the matter of your estate. And (if I might speak it) as I think it were good his hopes were at an end in some kind, so I could wish they were raised in some other."

Now at this very period, when the illness of Sir Thomas Ellesmere, the Lord Chancellor, rendered it probable, that the woolsack would soon be vacant, Bacon was straining every nerve to secure it to himself. Sir Edward Coke was his most formidable rival, and he therefore seized with avidity the present opportunity of destroying his pretensions to the office. To disgrace him at this time would be improper, because it would leave the seat of chief justice vacant, with which James might think it sufficient to reward his faithful attorney; but, by retaining Coke in his office, *and putting an end to his hopes in some kind*, or, in other words, by crushing his pretensions to the seals, Bacon knew that he should rid himself of the only competitor whom he had any cause to dread. In his letter to the king, soliciting the chancellorship, he explicitly states his objections against the appointment of the chief justice; and it is highly creditable to the character of the latter, that all his opponent's sagacity was unable to discover any other fault, which unfitted him for that high office, than his "over-ruling nature."

"If you take my Lord Coke, this will follow: first, your majesty shall put an over-ruling nature into an over-ruling place, which may breed an extreme; next, you shall blunt his industries, in matters of finances, which seemeth to aim at another place."

It is in this letter, that Bacon has the incredible meanness to tell the king, that, as for himself, he could only present his majesty with *gloria in obsequio*.*

It does not appear what part the chief justice, in particular, took in this affair, or in what manner he rendered

* Miss Aikin, in her valuable *Memoirs of James I.*, after citing a portion of this letter, follows it up by observing, that the *gloria in obsequio*, of which Bacon here makes his boast, is expressed with peculiar energy in another letter, in which he is not ashamed to say to the king, "I am afraid of nothing, but that the master of the horse, your excellent servant, and I, shall fall out who shall hold your stirrup best." It should be observed, that this phrase is only used figuratively by Bacon, who adds, "but were your majesty mounted and seated without difficulties and distastes *in your business*, as I desire," &c. *Bacon's Works*, v. 389.

himself peculiarly obnoxious to the monarch; indeed, from an expression in Bacon's letter, it should seem, that he only acted in the ordinary discharge of his duty.

"Your majesty," says Bacon, "may not see it, but I confess it to be suspicious, that my Lord Coke was any way aforehand privy to that which was done, or that he did set or animate it: but only took the matter as it came before him; and that his error was only, that at such a time he did not divest it in some good manner."

Whatever may have been the conduct of Coke, it is certain, that he was proceeded against with the greatest rigour. On the 26th of July, 1616, he was cited before the privy council, and on his presenting himself, on his knees, at the board, he was charged "with certain acts and speeches wherewith his majesty was unsatisfied, in number, three." 1. With having attempted to defraud the crown, with regard to a debt due from Sir Christopher Hatton; but of this charge he afterwards proved himself innocent. 2. That he had uttered speeches of high contempt in the seat of justice. 3. That his carriage, in the presence of his majesty, the privy council, and judges, had been uncomely and undutiful.

The second charge related to the dispute between the courts of chancery and common law, and the chief justice was now accused of "giving too much heart and encouragement to that cause." The third charge was divided into two heads: first, that Coke had disputed the rights of the king's counsel to argue against the judges in the case of commendams; and, secondly, that in the same case he had dissented from the rest of the judges, who, upon the question put to them as before mentioned, had submitted themselves to the king's pleasure. In answer to these charges, the chief justice said, that he would begin with the last, and that as to that, he acknowledged himself in error, and submitted himself; that with respect to the question propounded to the judges, it yielded many particulars, which suddenly occurring to his mind, caused him to make his answer, "that when the time should be, he would do that which should become an honest and just judge." In reply to the second charge, of having on the bench spoken words of high contempt, he admitted, that the words in question were spoken by him, but on another occasion; and he said, that he would never maintain a difference between the two courts, nor bring it into question, and yet, if it were an error, he might say *erravimus cum patribus*. He then defended his expressions, by citing several authorities, but concluded, by

saying, that, for the future, no such opposition to the jurisdiction of the chancery should be permitted.

On the 30th of June, the chief justice again presented himself, on his knees, at the council table, when Secretary Winwood informed him, that his majesty was by no means satisfied with his answers, but that, out of regard to his former services, he was pleased not to deal heavily with him, and had therefore decreed, 1. That he should be sequestered from the council table until his majesty's further pleasure. 2. That he should forbear to ride his summer circuit as judge of assize; and 3. That during his vacation, while he had time to live privately, and dispose of himself at home, he should review his books of Reports, wherein his majesty had been informed that many exorbitant and extravagant opinions were set down and published as good law. Amongst other things that the king was not pleased with, the title of those books, wherein Sir Edward Coke had styled himself Lord Chief Justice of England, whereas he was only entitled to be called Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench. To this harsh sentence the chief justice is said to have answered, that he did, in all humility, prostrate himself to his majesty's good pleasure; that he acknowledged the decree to be just, and proceeding rather from his majesty's mercy, than his justice. As though this degradation were not sufficient, the lord treasurer, gladly availing himself of an opportunity to insult a man who had lost the royal favour, informed him, that he had one more circumstance to mention, the cognizance of which properly belonged to the Earl Marshal, viz. that his coachman used to ride bare headed before him, which was more than he could any ways assume or challenge to himself, and he required him to forbear it for the future. Compelled to notice this ridiculous charge, the chief justice replied, that the coachman did it only for his own ease, and not by his commandment. In October following, Coke was brought before the chancellor, and prohibited from entering Westminster Hall; and, on the 15th of November, he was succeeded, in the office of chief justice, by Sir Henry Mountague. He is said to have received the writ of *supersedeas* "with dejection and tears."

The address of the lord chancellor to the new chief justice, on his being sworn in, throws some light upon the causes which led to the dismissal of his predecessor. In the first place, Sir Henry was informed, that it is dangerous in a monarchy, for a man, holding a high and eminent place, to be *ambitiously popular*. He was next counselled to follow the example of his grandfather, who had also been chief justice, but had never arrogated to himself the title of *capitalis*

Justiciarius Angliæ; who had never, by absurd and inept new constructions, strained the statute of Ed. III. to reach the Chancery; and who had never made *teste Edwardo Mountague* to justle with *teste meipso*. The chancellor also informed him, that he doubted not but if the king, by his writ under the great seal, commanded the judges that they should not proceed *Rege inconsulto*, they were bound dutifully to obey.—Lastly, he bad him remember the removing and putting down of his late predecessor, and by whom. From this address may be gathered the professed, and probably the true reasons which led to the degradation of Sir Edward Coke; but, in addition to these, there were some private motives, which undoubtedly influenced that measure. The place of chief clerk of the court of King's Bench, at that period worth about 4000*l.* per annum, was at the disposal of the chief justice, who, it is said, had made an arrangement with the favourite, Somerset, respecting the profits of the office. On the rise of Sir George Villiers, afterwards Duke of Buckingham, an overture was made to Coke to admit two trustees for the new favourite, to which the chief justice replied, that he was old and could not struggle. However, on the office becoming vacant, it was evident that Coke had no intention of so unworthily disposing of it; and this circumstance, in all probability, hastened his dismission from the bench. Against this combination of public and private jealousies, Sir Edward Coke could not hope to maintain himself.

Hitherto we have seen little of Coke's domestic history; but soon after his disgrace, some circumstances occurred in his family which rendered his private affairs the subject of public curiosity and discussion. A coolness having arisen between Sir Francis Bacon and Secretary Winwood, the latter, desirous of humbling his adversary, imagined that he could adopt no surer means to attain that object, than by procuring the restoration of the late chief justice to the royal favour. He therefore applied to Coke to sanction a marriage between his daughter, Frances Coke, and Sir John Villiers, the eldest brother of the favourite, now raised to the title of Earl of Buckingham. To this marriage, when proposed to him at a former period, Coke had expressed himself averse; but his scruples appear to have been overcome by his reverse of fortune, and he gave his consent to the match. But to prevent this union, no common exertions were made. Bacon, foreseeing in an alliance between his old rival and the favourite, the ruin of his own hopes, opposed the measure with a violence and indiscretion, which could scarcely have been expected from him. He addressed a letter to Buckingham, in which he urged every argument against the match, which he imagined likely

to influence the mind of the favourite. To the king, he also expressed himself very fully, dissuading him from suffering the affair to proceed; but adding, with the marvellous subserviency which distinguished him, that if the king was resolved that the match should go on, he then desired to receive his particular will and commandments, that he might conform himself thereto, imagining (though he would not wager on women's minds) that he could more prevail with the mother than any other man. The Lady Hatton, indeed, probably from a spirit of opposition to her husband, was strongly opposed to the marriage, which, it is said, did not meet with the approbation of the young lady herself. Lady Hatton, determined not to yield in a matter which concerned her prerogative as a wife and a mother, secretly conveyed the daughter away, and concealed her in the house of Sir Edmund Withipole, near Oatlands. As soon as Sir Edward had discovered the place of her retreat, he wrote to Buckingham to procure a warrant from the privy council, for the restoration of his daughter; but, being too impatient to wait for a reply, in company with his sons he went to Sir Edmund Withipole's house, and brought back his daughter by force. Bacon, for this pretended offence, prevailed upon Yelverton, the attorney-general, to file an information in the Star-Chamber, against Coke; all proceedings in which were, however, suspended by an order from court. A reconciliation was effected between Sir Edward and his lady; and Bacon, finding that Buckingham, and consequently the king, were determined to prosecute the match, applied himself to the forwarding of it, with the same devotion with which he had formerly opposed it. On the return of the king from Scotland, Sir Edward Coke was admitted to his presence, and was soon afterwards restored to his seat at the council-table. The marriage between his daughter and Sir John Villiers was celebrated at Hampton Court, with all imaginable splendour.

The disputes between Coke and his lady, who was a woman of a most violent and ungovernable temper, were a subject of public notoriety and scandal. Upon one occasion, when she entertained the king at her house in Holborn, she is said to have given strict orders that neither Sir Edward, nor any of his servants, should be admitted. To such a pitch did her intemperate conduct carry her, that she was committed to custody for a libel upon her husband. The liberal settlement which she made upon her daughter, procured her release.

Although Sir Edward Coke was thus restored to favour, he received no other appointment than that of privy counsellor; but had he been of a malignant disposition, that office would have enabled him to gratify it in the fullest manner, for nearly all his greatest enemies were successively brought to the

council-table, for various misdemeanors. The Lord Treasurer Suffolk and his lady were disgraced for corruption; Sir Henry Yelverton was sentenced to fine and imprisonment, for certain delinquencies; and lastly, the Lord Chancellor Bacon was convicted of bribery, and disgraced. To the honour of Sir Edward Coke, who was one of the committee appointed to prepare the charges against the chancellor, he displayed great moderation and forbearance, in his conduct towards his fallen enemy.

It was about this period, that the house of commons began to assume that bold and independent tone, to which the progress of liberal opinions, and the improving state of society, entitled it. Popular grievances were discussed with freedom, and it was evident that the voice of the people was not to be checked at the pleasure of the sovereign, as it had been in the time of the Tudors. Sir Edward Coke had long been a member of the house, and was much respected both for his talents and integrity. The part which he acted well became him as a constitutional lawyer, and he strenuously upheld the authority of parliament, and the privileges of the commons. On the 6th of February, 1620, a debate of great importance came on, in which the infringement of liberty of speech and other grievances were considered. Upon this occasion, Coke expressed himself with great warmth against the power assumed by the crown, of dispensing with acts of parliament by the royal proclamation.

When the privileges of the commons again came in question, in the case of Sir Edwin Sands, Coke took so active a part in the dispute, that, on the 27th of December, 1621, he was committed to the Tower; and his chambers in the Temple were broken open, in order that his papers might be examined. On the 6th of January following, he was once more called before the privy council, and charged with having concealed certain papers in the case of the Earl of Somerset; a groundless imputation, as it should seem, from the circumstance of his being soon afterwards released from custody, although he was again dismissed from the council-table, with strong marks of the king's displeasure. As the conduct of Sir Edward Coke, in the house of commons, was by no means agreeable to James's notions of good government, he was appointed, together with Sir Edwin Sands, and some other obnoxious persons, a commissioner to inquire into the state of Ireland, although he does not appear to have been called upon to execute the duties of his office. On the death of James, and the accession of his son, Coke was appointed sheriff of Buckinghamshire, in order to prevent his appearance in the house of commons; but in the parliament of 1628, he was returned for

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that county, and distinguished himself greatly by his zealous exertions in favour of the liberty of the subject. This, indeed, is the most brilliant portion of Coke's laborious and honourable life. He saw with regret and indignation the attempts which the crown was making to entrench upon the privileges of the commons, and through them upon the rights of the people; and he resolutely opposed those measures with all the weight of his high character and profound constitutional learning. Anxious to secure in the most legal and efficacious manner the liberties of the country, he proposed and framed the Petition of Rights, and boldly attacked the Duke of Buckingham, though he had formerly commended his conduct in the breaking off of the Spanish match. On a member of the house adverting to the conduct of the duke, the speaker rose up, and said, "That he was ordered to command him not to proceed." A deep silence ensued, and the members were prohibited from quitting the house. Sir Edward Coke at length rose. We give the whole of his speech upon this occasion, as it at once displays his integrity and boldness, and the pithy and forensic style of his oratory.

"We have dealt with that duty and moderation that never was the like *rebus sic stantibus*, after such a violation of the liberties of the subjects; let us take this to heart. In 30 Edward III. were they then in doubt in parliament to name men that misled the king? They accused John de Gaunt, the king's son, and Lord Latimer, and Lord Nevil, for misadvising the king, and they went to the tower for it. Now, when there is such a downfal of the state, shall we hold our tongues? How shall we answer our duties to God and men? 7 Hen. IV. parl. rep. No. 31, 32, and 11 Hen. IV. No. 13; there the council are complained of, and are removed from the king. They mewed up the king, and dissuaded him from the common good. And why are we now retired from that way we were in? Why may we not name those that are the cause of all our evils? In 4 Hen. III. and 27 Ed. III. and 13 Ric. II. the parliament moderateth the king's prerogative, and nothing grows to abuse but this house hath power to treat of it. What shall we do? Let us palliate no longer. If we do, God will not prosper us. I think the Duke of Buckingham is the cause of all our miseries; and till the king be informed thereof we shall never go out with honour, or sit with honour here. That man is the grievance of grievances. Let us set down the cause of all our disasters, and all will reflect upon him."

So great was the zeal which our representatives, at this period of our history, displayed in the performance of their duties, that many members wept bitterly, as we are credibly informed, on the speaker delivering the above message to the house, and Sir Edward Coke, in the course of his speech, sate down to wipe away his tears!

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On the dissolution of this parliament, which took place in March 1628, O. S., Coke retired to his house at Stoke-Pogis, in Buckinghamshire, where he spent the remainder of his life in an honourable retirement. He died on the 3rd of September, 1634, though his last moments are said to have been disturbed by the malice of his enemies. Shortly before his death, Sir Francis Windebanke entered his house by virtue of an Order of Council, to search for seditious papers, and carried away all the MSS. which the industry and learning of Coke had collected. Many years afterwards these were restored to his son, upon petition to the house of commons.

Of the general character and conduct of Sir Edward Coke, an idea may be formed even from the foregoing imperfect sketch; but duly to appreciate his merits as a lawyer would almost require the *lucubrationes viginti annorum* of which he himself speaks. "His learned and judicious works on the law," says Fuller, "will be admired by judicious posterity as long as Fame has a trumpet left her, and any breath to blow therein." He has been emphatically and truly called, the oracle of the law, for his name alone confers an almost undisputed authority. His learning was, at once, profound, excursive, and curious. When he applied the powers of his strong mind to the illustration of a legal question, he wholly exhausted the subject, and rather than quit it, he would resort even to remote analogies. With the grounds and reasons of the common law he was perfectly familiar, and, upon the whole, he may be considered the most consummate lawyer of his own or of any other time. His works, the honourable monuments of his unconquerable industry, for they were composed in the precious intervals of a more than usually active professional life, have received from succeeding times those marks of distinction which are due to their merits. His Institutes and Reports are called, *par excellence*, *The* Institutes and *The* Reports, and his first Institute, the *Commentary upon Littleton*, has become the bible of the law.* In the course of his laborious researches, some inaccuracies and incongruities necessarily

* Some passages in the writings of Sir Edward Coke gave offence to the king, and a committee was appointed to examine his Reports, but the inquiry was never proceeded in. Bacon, who was capable of doing his enemy justice, says, "To give every man his due, had it not been for Sir Edward Coke's Reports, which, though they may have errors, and some peremptory and extrajudicial resolutions, more than are warranted, yet contain infinite good decisions and rulings over of cases; the law, by this time, had been almost like a ship without ballast."

occur, more especially in the posthumous portions of his works. The incorruptible integrity which he displayed in his professional character is, even more than his learning, worthy of the highest praise. His preferment was always obtained, to use his own words, without either prayers or pence, and, in an age more than usually corrupt, he avoided the general contamination.

As a writer, though his style is excursive, it is yet exceedingly pregnant and full of matter. The prefaces to his Reports, which exhibit all the richness of the Elizabethan age, are perhaps the best specimens of his composition. We have selected, as a short instance of his peculiar style, a sentence from the conclusion of the fourth Institute, which presents a melancholy picture of a lawyer's occupations.

"Whilst we were in hand with these four parts of the Institutes, we often having occasion to go into the city, and from thence into the country, did in some sort envy the state of the honest ploughman, and other mechanics, for the one when he was at his work would merrily sing, and the ploughman whistle some self-pleasing tune, and yet their work both proceeded and succeeded; but he that takes upon himself to write doth captivate all the faculties and powers both of his mind and body, and must be only intentive to that which he collecteth, without any expression of joy or cheerfulness, whilst he is in his work."

In person, Sir Edward Coke, according to Fuller, was well proportioned, his features regular, his countenance always grave and composed, and his air and manner of speaking full of dignity. He was neat, but not nice in his dress, and his common saying was, "That the cleanness of a man's clothes ought to put him in mind of keeping all clean within." His habits must necessarily have been strict and laborious, and we learn from his grandson, Roger Coke, that "when he lay at the Temple, he measured out his time at regular hours, two whereof were to go to bed at nine o'clock, and in the morning to rise at three."

Sir Edward Coke amassed a large fortune, and left a numerous posterity to enjoy it. Sir Thomas Coke, afterwards Earl of Leicester, by whom the magnificent edifice of Holkham was built, was a lineal descendant of the chief justice. From him that splendid mansion, with the princely fortune of the family, descended to its present possessor, who rivals, in the length of his public life, and his zeal in the cause of constitutional freedom, the patriotic virtues of his celebrated ancestors.

ART. VII.—*The Witch. By* Thomas Middleton. *Printed from the Original MS. by* Isaac Reed. 8vo. 1778.

The Changeling, a Tragedy. By T. Middleton *and* W. Rowley. 4to. 1653.

Women beware of Women, a Tragedy. By T. Middleton. 8vo. 1657.

It has been said, often enough, that the lives of authors present but slender materials for biography; and that, in fact, their histories (which are rather histories of thoughts than actions) should be read where they are best recorded,—in their works. The first part of this assertion is well borne out by the life of Middleton. He is almost entirely unknown. The public, at least that part of the public who turn over now and then the leaves of our old dramatic writers, know that such a person existed; that he wrote, singly, and in conjunction with great associates, some memorable matter; but nothing further. None even of the editors of our old plays, can give any material account of this author; and we ourselves are unable to add any thing to the scanty statements which are already before the public. Middleton is said to have been appointed chronologer to the city of London in the year 1620, and to have been cited before the privy council, on the 30th August, 1624, as the writer of "*The Game of Chess;*" and there his biography ends.

Thomas Middleton was the sole author of about sixteen or eighteen regular dramatic works, and four pageants, besides being concerned in different plays jointly with Rowley, Dekker, Webster, Massinger, and even with Fletcher and Ben Jonson. It is said that during his life he owed the greatest part of his reputation to his connexion with his celebrated contemporaries; yet, as is well remarked by the author of the *Biographia Dramatica*, it is surely "a proof of merit sufficient to establish him in a rank far from the most contemptible of our dramatic writers, that a set of men of such acknowledged abilities considered him as deserving to be admitted a joint labourer with them in the fields of poetic fame; and more especially by Fletcher and Jonson, the first of whom, like a widowed muse, could not be supposed readily to admit another partner after the loss of his long and well-beloved mate, Beaumont; and the latter, who entertained so high an opinion of his own talents as scarcely to admit any brother near the throne, and would hardly have permitted the clear waters of his own Heliconian springs to have been muddied by the mixture of any streams, that did not apparently flow from the same source."

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The truth is, that Middleton was a man of *very* "considerable power." It is difficult to assign him any precise station among the remarkable men who were his contemporaries. Indeed, nothing is more unsafe than to guage the comparative merits of authors by the depth of one's own personal admiration; especially where, as in dramatic writing, the individual claims to excellence are so various, as to make it almost impossible to institute any very close comparison among them. Besides, one critic may prefer tragedy, another comedy, another pastoral; a fourth may value only the truth of character; while a fifth may be careless of it, and esteem little else beyond the vigour of the diction, or the melodious flow of the verse. Dekker, Webster, Middleton, Ford, were all men of excelling talent. The first had the best idea of character; the second was the most profound; the third had most imagination; and the last equalled the others in pathos, and surpassed them in the delineation of the passion of love.—Yet these particular points were not all by which these writers caught the attention of critics, and retained the admiration of their readers. They had other qualities, differing in shade and varying in colour, which it would be difficult to contrast with any useful effect. Dekker was sometimes as profound as Webster, and Middleton as passionate as Ford. Again, the verse of Ford is, generally speaking, musical; while that of Webster is often harsh, but it is more pregnant with meaning, shadowy, spectral, and fuller of a dark and earthy imagination. So it is that Middleton, although he has drawn no sketches, perhaps, so good as Matheo or Friscobaldo, lets fall nevertheless, occasionally, shrewd observations, and displays a wealth of language, which would illuminate and do honour to the better drawn characters of Dekker. In short, one was often rich in qualities, of which another possessed little or nothing; while he, on his part, could retort upon his rival a claim to other excellencies, to which the first did not affect to have even a pretension. It seems, therefore, almost idle to determine the rank and "classes" to which these old writers should respectively belong. We can no more accomplish this, than we can determine upon the positive beauty of colours, or fix the standard of metals, whose durability or scarcity is utterly unknown. Independently of all these reasons, it is invidious, and not very grateful in us, who profess ourselves idolaters, to anatomize the remains of our gods, or to impale the reputations of these old fathers of poetry (sacrificing them face to face with each other), upon the hard and unrelenting spikes of modern criticism. They had faults which we have not—and excellencies which we do not possess. They were a fresh, shrewd, vigorous people,—full of fire, and imagination,

and deep feeling. They were not swathed and swaddled in the bands by which we cramp the thoughts, and paralyze the efforts of *our* infant poets; but they were rioters in their fancy,—bold, unfettered writers, whom no critics, monthly or quarterly, watched over for the benefit of the time to come. Accordingly, they dared to think,—they wrote what they thought—and their thoughts were generally strenuous, and often soaring, and sometimes even rich in wisdom.

With respect to Middleton, whom we have now more particularly to deal with;—he was, as we have said, a man of very considerable powers, and possessed a high imagination. The reader who is not intimately acquainted with his works, will recognize him, perhaps, when we mention him as the author of *The Witch*, from which Shakspeare is said to have collected his idea of the witches in *Macbeth*. This drama, indeed, is not a production of the highest character, but the witches themselves are worth any thing. The story, which involves a double plot, cannot be unravelled very briefly; nor is there anything in it of sufficient merit to compensate for the tediousness, which a detail of it would force upon the reader. It is sufficient to say, that a Duke of Ravenna, by cruel insults, drives his wife to wish for his death. She accomplishes his murder, as she conceives, by means of a fantastical courtier called Almachildes; and when she supposes that the deed is perpetrated, she is desirous of getting rid of her instrument.—For this purpose, she consults the witches. The superstition which is referred to in the beginning of the following scene, is (notwithstanding it has a somewhat Gothic look) as old as Theocritus.

"THE WITCHES' HABITATION.

Enter Duchess, Hecate, Firestone.

Hec. What death is't you desire for Almachildes?
Duch. A sudden and a subtle.
Hec. Then I've fitted you.
Here lie the gifts of both; sudden and subtle;
His picture made in wax, and gently molten
By a blue fire, kindled with dead men's eyes,
Will waste him by degrees.
Duch. In what time, pr'ythee?
Hec. Perhaps in a month's progress.
Duch. What! a month?
Out upon pictures! If they be so tedious,
Give me things with some life.
Hec. Then seek no farther.

Duch. This must be done with speed, dispatched
This night, if it may possible.
Hec. I have it for you:
Here's that will do't. Stay but perfection's time,
And that's not five hours hence.
Duch. Can'st thou do this?
Hec. Can I?
Can you doubt me then, daughter?
That can make mountains tremble, miles of woods walk;
Whole earth's foundations bellow, and the spirits
Of the entomb'd to burst out from their marbles;
Nay, draw yon moon to my involv'd designs?

Fire. I know as well as can be when my mother's mad, and our great cat angry; for one spits French then, and th' other spits Latin.

Duch. I did not doubt you, mother.
Hec. No? what did you?
My power's so firm, it is not to be question'd.
Duch. Forgive what's past: and now I know th' offensiveness,
That vexes art, I'll shun th' occasion ever.
Hec. Leave all to me and my five sisters, daughter:
It shall be conveyed in at howlet-time.
Take you no care. My spirits know their moments:
Raven or screech-owl never fly by th' door
But they call in (I thank 'em), and they lose not by't.
Where's grannam Stadlin, and all the rest o' th' sisters?
Fire. All at hand, forsooth.
Hec. Give me marmaritin; some bear-breech. When?
Fire. Here's bear-breech and lizard's brain, forsooth.
Hec. Into the vessel;
And fetch three ounces of the red-hair'd girl
I kill'd last midnight.
Fire. Whereabouts, sweet mother?
Hec. Hip, hip or flank. Where is the acopus?
Fire. You shall have acopus, forsooth.
Hec. Stir, stir about; whilst I begin the charm.

A Charm Song.

The Witches going about the cauldron.

Black spirits and white; red spirits and grey:
Mingle, mingle, mingle; you that mingle may.
Titty, Tiffin, keep it stiff in;
Firedrake, Puckey, make it lucky:
Liard, Robin, you must bob in;

Round, around, around; about, about;
All ill come running in; all good keep out!
1st Witch. Here's the blood of a bat.
Hec. Put in that; oh, put in that.
2d Witch. Here's libbard's-bane.
Hec. Put in again.
1st Witch. The juice of toad, the oil of adder.
2d Witch. Those will make the yonker madder.
All. Round, around, around," &c.

This scene, the reader will perceive, must (if written before *Macbeth*, and generally known amongst the writers of the time,) have been the origin of one of the scenes in that celebrated play. With regard to the witches themselves, an eminent critic (Mr. Charles Lamb) has shewn the difference between Shakspeare's witches and those of Middleton; and he has awarded the palm, perhaps deservedly, in favour of the creations of Shakspeare.* Nevertheless—with deference to

* For the sake of the reader, who may be unacquainted with that delightful volume, the *Specimens of the English Dramatic Poets, by Charles Lamb*, we transcribe the author's note upon this subject.

"Though some resemblance may be traced between the charms in *Macbeth*, and the incantations in this play, which is supposed to have preceded it, this coincidence will not detract much from the originality of Shakspeare. His witches are distinguished from the witches of Middleton by essential differences. These are creatures to whom man or woman, plotting some dire mischief, might resort for occasional consultation. Those originate deeds of blood, and begin bad impulses to men. From the moment that their eyes first meet with Macbeth's, he is spell-bound. That meeting sways his destiny. He can never break the fascination. These witches can hurt the body; those have power over the soul.—Hecate in Middleton has a son, a low buffoon: the hags of Shakspeare have neither child of their own, nor seem to be descended from any parent. They are foul anomalies, of whom we know not whence they are sprung, nor whether they have beginning or ending. As they are without human passions, so they seem to be without human relations. They come with thunder and lightning, and vanish to airy music. This is all we know of them. Except Hecate, they have no names, which heightens their mysteriousness. The names, and some of the properties, which Middleton has given to his hags, excite smiles. The weird sisters are serious things. Their presence cannot co-exist with mirth. But, in a lesser degree, the witches of Middleton are fine creations. Their power too is, in some measure, over the mind. They raise jars, jealousies, strifes, *like a thick scurf o'er life.*"

such authority, which, in fact, we are not aware that we materially oppose—we think, that the hags of Middleton, if not so sublime, are, at the least, as true—*more* true to our pre-conceived notions of those sinful elders, than even the sexless fictions of Shakspeare himself. The witches of our great poet, as pieces of *imagination*, must rank perhaps above the mere earthy superstitions of Middleton. They have neither sex nor name, parents nor children; they have no occupation but as ministers of evil; no habitation, save the blasted heath and the haunted cavern. They have nothing in common with humanity; but stand forth, phantoms, as false, though less attractive, than the fabled cloud which arrayed itself in shape and dazzling beauty to tempt the raging love of Ixion. The creatures of Shakspeare are like the Furies, or the Fates of Greek mythology. They seem born of cloud and storm: they come with the tempest, freighted and full of evil, and dissolve in lightning and thunder. The witches of Middleton, on the other hand, seem compounded of earth. They are akin to Caliban, though scarcely so romantic, being dwellers in the neighbourhood of villages, blasters of corn and maimers of cattle, as hate or interest or the love of mischief prompts them. Nevertheless, with all their drawbacks, they are excellent people in their way; and the freshness and truth of some of the scenes wherein they figure are—it is a bold word—not inferior to those of *Macbeth*. They are altogether a *Midsummer Night's Dream*,—airy as Titania or Oberon,—buoyant as the winds on which they ride. We will give our readers one of these scenes. To us it seems perfect in its way. We have the sense of the "rich evening" upon us—the moonlight—the owl hooting in the copse—the mounting into air:—How light is the dialogue between Hecate and her sisters who are aloft:—We hear them shouting and calling—descending and ascending—and loitering for their mistress on the wind:—They speak of the "dainty pleasure" of riding in the air—in the white moonshine—over woods and hills—steeple-tops and turrets—beyond the sound of bells or the howling of the midnight wolves, and we cannot refuse them our belief.

"*Enter* Heccate, Stadlin, Hoppo, *and other* Witches.

Hec. The moon's a gallant; see how brisk she rides!
Stad. Here's a rich evening, Heccate.
Hec. Aye, is't not, wenches,
To take a journey of five thousand miles?
Hop. Our's will be more to night.
Hec. Oh, it will be precious. Heard you the owl yet?
Stad. Briefly in the copse,

As we came thro' now.

Hec. 'Tis high time for us then.

Stad. There was a bat hung at my lips three times
As we came thro' the woods, and drank her fill:
Old Puckle saw her.

Hec. You are fortunate still.
The very screech owl lights upon your shoulder,
And woos you like a pidgeon. Are you furnished?
Have you your ointments?

Stad. All.

Hec. Prepare to flight then:
I'll overtake you swiftly.

Stad. Hye then, Heccate:
We shall be up betimes.

Hec. I'll reach you quickly. [*They ascend.*

Enter Firestone.

Fire. They are all going a birding to-night. They talk of fowls i'th'air that fly by day, I'm sure they'll be a company of foul sluts there to night. If we have not mortality affeared, I'll be hang'd, for they are able to putrify it to infect a whole region. She spies me now.

Hec. What, Firestone, our sweet son?

Fire. A little sweeter than some of you; or a dunghill were too good for one.

Hec. How much hast there?

Fire. Nineteen, and all brave plump ones; besides six lizards, and three serpentine eggs.

Hec. Dear and sweet boy! What herbs hast thou?

Fire. I have some mar-martin, and mandragon.

Hec. Mar-maritin, and mandragora, thou would'st say.

Fire. Here's pannax too. I thank thee; my pan akes,
I am sure, with kneeling down to cut 'em.

Hec. And selago.
Hedge Hissop too! How near he goes my cuttings!
Were they all cropt by moonlight?

Fire. Every blade of 'em, or I am a mooncalf, mother.

Hec. Hie thee home with 'em.
Look well to th' house to-night; I am for aloft.

Fire. Aloft, quoth you? I would you would break your neck once, that I might have all quickly. [*Aside.*]—Hark, hark, mother! they are above the steeple already, flying over your head with a noise of musicians.

Hec. They are indeed, help me! help me! I'm too late else.

XUM

SONG.

[*In the air above.*]

Come away, come away,
Heccate, Heccate, come away.
Hec. I come, I come, I come, I come;
With all the speed I may;
With all the speed I may.
Where's Stadlin?
[*Above.*] Here.
Hec. Where's Puckle?
[*Above.*] Here.
And Hoppo too, and Hellwain too:
We lack but you, we lack but you.
Come away, make up the count.
Hec. I will but 'noint, and then I mount.
A Spirit descends in the shape of a Cat.
[*Above.*] There's one come down to fetch his dues;
A kiss, a coll, a sip of blood;
And why thou stay'st so long, I muse, I muse,
Since th' air's so sweet and good.
Hec. Oh, art thou come,
What news, what news?
Spirit. All goes still to our delight,
Either come, or else
Refuse, refuse.
Hec. Now, I am furnish'd for the flight.
Fire. Hark, hark! The cat sings a brave treble in her own language.
Hec. [*Ascending with the Spirit.*] Now I go, now I fly,
Malkin, my sweet spirit, and I.
Oh, what dainty pleasure 'tis
To ride in the air,
When the moon shines fair,
And sing, and dance, and toy, and kiss!
Over woods, high rocks, and mountains,
Over seas our mistress' fountains,
Over steep towers and turrets
We fly by night, 'mongst troops of spirits.
No ring of bells to our ears sounds;
No howls of wolves, no yelp of hounds;
No not the noise of waters' breach,
Or cannon's roar, our height can reach.
[*Above.*] No ring of bells, &c.

Fire. Well, mother, I thank you for your kindness,
You must be gambolling i'th' air, and leave me here like a
fool and a mortal." [*Exit.*

In this play there is a thought—

"Nothing lives
But has a joy in somewhat"—

which will remind the poetical reader of Mr. Wordsworth. The words themselves would form a good text for all the "Loves"—from the 'Angels,' and 'Plants,' and 'Minerals,' &c. down to (almost) the 'Triangles' themselves.

The next play, from which we select a passage, is the tragedy of *The Changeling*, which Middleton wrote in conjunction with Rowley. And here we may observe a peculiarity which occurs frequently in Middleton's plays, which is, that his heroines, in contradiction to custom, are generally women faithless and abandoned. As other poets seem to raise for themselves a standard of excellence, and appear to be for ever moulding characters and images to approach their ideal model of perfection; so, on the other hand, Middleton seems to have continually contemplated an opposite model—a standard of treachery and infidelity. His worship was like an Egyptian's, and his idols are all moral deformities—monsters and hideous creatures, whom no pure and healthy imagination could consent perpetually to cherish. His Dutchess, in *The Witch*—Biancha, (or Brancha,) in *Women beware of Women*—Beatrice, in *The Changeling*—are women who rebel against the conjugal duties, and conspire against their husbands' lives—and, indeed, there is scarcely a single instance of one of his females possessing real virtue, or any share of gentle affection. They are almost all lascivious, faithless, or cruel. His best personages (where none are good) are amongst the men; for though the titles of Middleton's dramas may seem occasionally to convey a compliment to 'the sex,' as it is called—(as *More dissemblers besides Women*, and *A Woman never vext*)—yet the detail but seldom answers to the heading of the chapter of praise. In the play called *More dissemblers besides Women* there are (independantly of a waiting-woman) three female characters, two of whom are of the frailest possible material, and the third but little better, if at all.

But, with respect to our extract from *The Changeling*—Beatrice Joanna, the heroine, is married to Alonzo de Piracquo: she dislikes him, and employs Deflores, a deformed dwarf, to kill him. The deed is effected, and the following

is the first interview between the guilty parties,—the beautiful Beatrice and the hideous dwarf. It contains a lesson for ladies.

"*Beat.* Deflores.
Def. Lady.
Beat. Thy looks promise cheerfully.
Def. All things are answerable, time, circumstance,
Your wishes, and my service.
Beat. Is it done, then?
Def. Piracquo is no more.
Beat. My joys start at mine eyes; our sweet'st delights
Are evermore born weeping.
Def. I've a token for you.
Beat. For me?
Def. But it was sent somewhat unwillingly,
I could not get the ring without the finger.
Beat. Bless me! what hast thou done?
Def. Why, is that more than killing the whole man?
I cut his heart strings.
A greedy hand thrust in a dish at court,
In a mistake, hath had as much as this.
Beat. 'Tis the first token my father made me send him.
Def. And I made him send it [you] back again
For his last token; I was loath to leave it,
And I'm sure dead men have no use of jewels;
He was as loath to part with't, for it stuck
As if the flesh and it were both one substance.
Beat. At the stag's fall, the keeper has his fees;
'Tis soon apply'd, all dead men's fees are yours, sir:
I pray bury the finger, but the stone
You may make use on shortly; the true value,
Tak't of my truth, is near three hundred ducats.
Def. 'Twill hardly buy a capcase for one's conscience
To keep it from the worm, as fine as 'tis:
Well, being my fees, I'll take it:
Great men have taught me that, or else my merit
Would scorn the way on't.
Beat. It might justly, sir;
Why thou mistak'st, Deflores; 'tis not given
In state of recompense.
Def. No, I hope so, lady;
You should soon witness my contempt to't then.
Beat. Prithee! thou look'st as if thou wer't offended.
Def. That were strange, lady; 'tis not possible

My service should draw such a cause from you.
Offended! Could you think so? That were much
For one of my performance, and so warm
Yet in my service.
Beat. 'Twere misery in me to give you cause, sir.
Def. I know so much, it were so; misery
In her most sharp condition.
Beat. 'Tis resolv'd then;
Look you, sir, here's three thousand golden florins,
I have not meanly thought upon thy merit.
Def. What! salary? now you move me.
Beat. How, Deflores?
Def. Do you place me in the rank of verminous fellows,
To destroy things for wages? offer gold
[For] the life blood of man? Is any thing
Valued too precious for my recompense?
Beat. I understand thee not.
Def. I could have hired
A journeyman in murder at this rate,
And mine own conscience might have [slept at ease],
And had the work brought home.
Beat. (*Aside.*) I'm in a labyrinth;
What will content him? I would fain be rid of him.
* * * * *
I prithee make away with all speed possible;
And if thou be'st so modest not to name
The sum that will content thee, paper blushes not,
Send thy demand in writing, it shall follow thee;
But prithee take thy flight.
Def. You must fly too then.
Beat. I?
Def. I'll not stir a foot else.
Beat. What's your meaning?
Def. Why, are not you as guilty, in I'm sure
As deep as I? and we should stick together.
Come, your fears counsel you but ill; my absence
Would draw suspect upon you instantly,
There were no rescue for you.
Beat. (*Aside.*) He speaks home.
Def. Nor is it fit we two engag'd so jointly,
Should part and live asunder."

The tragedy of *Women beware of Women* is on the whole, we think, Middleton's finest play. It is founded on the story of *Biancha Capello,* long since translated into our language

from the Italian. The heroine was a beautiful Venetian who married a native of Florence, and accompanying him to that city, was seen and admired by the reigning Duke, one of the family of the De Medici. Biancha yielded to the Duke's passion, and finally conspired with him to put an end to her husband's life. This is the principal vein that runs through the play; though there is an underplot also, and they both branch out into other unexpected, but not unnatural consequences, making the whole as full of incident as any play in the English language. — The drama opens with the arrival of Leantio and his wife Biancha at his poor cottage at Florence. He consigns her to his mother's care, and resolves, after one day of enjoyment, to return to the labour which is necessary for his own and his wife's support. Leantio exults exceedingly in his wife's personal perfections, and she, on her part, rates as nothing the ordinary evils of poverty. She is compensated by the entire love of her husband, whose fondness breaks out upon all occasions.

"Oh, fair-ey'd Florence!
Didst thou but know what a most matchless jewel
Thou now art mistress of, a pride would take thee,
Able to shoot destruction through the bloods
Of all thy youthful sons: but 'tis great policy
To keep choice treasures in obscurest places:
Should we show thieves our wealth, 'twould make 'em bolder:
Temptation is a devil will not stick
To fasten upon a saint; take heed of that;
The jewel is cas'd up from all men's eyes.
Who could imagine now a gem were kept,
Of that great value under this plain roof?"

Nevertheless, it is necessary, as we have said, that he should leave her to follow his occupations. He resolves upon this, while she, on her part, endeavours to detain him.

"*Bian.* I perceive, sir,
You're not gone yet; I have good hope you'll stay now.
Lean. Farewell; I must not.
Bian. Come, come, pray return!
To-morrow (adding but a little care more)
Will dispatch all as well; believe me 'twill, sir.
Lean. I could well wish myself where you would have me;
But love that's wanton, must be rul'd awhile
By that that's careful, or all goes to ruin:

As fitting is a government in love,
As in a kingdom."

And now for a change, to startle the simple reader and to tickle the ear of a woman-hater. Biancha, (she is called '*Brancha*' throughout the play, but it is evidently wrong, that name coinciding neither with the fact, nor being sufficient to complete the line,)—Biancha is seen at her window by the Duke of Florence. He contrives to meet her, by the agency of a dissolute lady, (Livia,) and effects her ruin. The change of Biancha's character, consequent upon her seduction, is admirably managed. The scene is altogether very dramatic; and the contrast between the cold, impudent, dissatisfied wife, and the anticipating, confiding husband, is striking and appalling. We give the scene entire.

"*Enter* Leantio.

Lean. How near am I now to a happiness
That earth exceeds not! not another like it:
The treasures of the deep are not so precious,
As are the conceal'd comforts of a man
Lock'd up in woman's love. I scent the air
Of blessings when I come but near the house:
What a delicious breath marriage sends forth!
The violet-bed's not sweeter. Honest wedlock
Is like a banqueting-house built in a garden,
On which the spring's chaste flowers take delight
To cast their modest odours; when base lust,
With all her powders, paintings, and best pride,
Is but a fair house built by a ditch side.

* * * * *
* * Now for a welcome
Able to draw men's envies upon man:
A kiss now that will hang upon my lip,
As sweet as morning dew upon a rose,
And full as long; after a five days' fast
She'll be so greedy now, and cling about me;
I take care how I shall be rid of her;
And here't begins.

Enter Biancha *and* Mother.

Bian. Oh, sir, you're welcome home.
Moth. Oh, is he come? I am glad on't.
Lean. (aside.) Is that all?

Why this is dreadful now as sudden death
To some rich man, that flatters all his sins
With promise of repentance when he's old,
And dies in the midway before he comes to't.
Sure you're not well, Biancha! How dost, prithee?
Bian. I have been better than I am at this time.
Lean. Alas, I thought so.
Bian. Nay, I have been worse too,
Than now you see me, sir.
Lean. I'm glad thou mendst yet,
I feel my heart mend too. How came it to thee?
Has any thing dislik'd thee in my absence?
Bian. No, certain, I have had the best content
That Florence can afford.
Lean. Thou makest the best on't:
Speak, mother, what's the cause? you must needs know.
Moth. Troth I know none, son; let her speak herself;
Unless it be the same 'gave Lucifer a tumbling cast; that's pride.
Bian. Methinks this house stands nothing to my mind;
I'd have some pleasant lodging i' th' high street, sir;
Or if 'twere near the court, sir, that were much better;
'Tis a sweet recreation for a gentlewoman
To stand in a bay-window, and see gallants.
Lean. Now I have another temper, a mere stranger
To that of yours, it seems; I should delight
To see none but yourself.
Bian. I praise not that:
Too fond is as unseemly as too churlish:
I would not have a husband of that proneness,
To kiss me before company, for a world:
Beside, 'tis tedious to see one thing still, sir,
Be it the best that ever heart affected;
Nay, were't yourself, whose love had power you know
To bring me from my friends, I would not stand thus,
And gaze upon you always; troth, I could not, sir;
As good be blind, and have no use of sight,
As look on one thing still: what's the eye's treasure,
But change of objects? You are learned, sir,
And know I speak not ill; 'tis full as virtuous
For woman's eye to look on several men,
As for her heart, sir, to be fixed on one.
Lean. Now thou come'st home to me; a kiss for that word.
Bian. No matter for a kiss, sir; let it pass;
'Tis but a toy, we'll not so much as mind it;

Let's talk of other business, and forget it.
What news now of the pirates? any stirring?
Prithee discourse a little.
Moth. (aside.) I am glad he's here yet
To see her tricks himself; I had lied monstrously
If I had told 'em first.
Lean. Speak, what's the humour, sweet,
You make your lip so strange? this was not wont.
Bian. Is there no kindness betwixt man and wife,
Unless they make a pigeon-house of friendship,
And be still billing? 'tis the idlest fondness
That ever was invented.

* * * * *
* * * Alas, sir,

Think of the world, how we shall live, grow serious;
We have been married a whole fortnight now.
Lean. How? a whole fortnight! why, is that so long?
Bian. 'Tis time to leave off dalliance; 'tis a doctrine
Of your own teaching, if you be remember'd,
And I was bound to obey it.
Moth. (aside.) Here's one fits him;
This was well catch'd i'faith, son, like a fellow
That rids another country of a plague,
And brings it home with him to his own house.
[*Knocking within.*
Who knocks?
Lean. Who's there now? Withdraw you, Biancha;
Thou art a gem no stranger's eye must see,
Howe'er thou pleas'd now to look dull on me. [*Exit* Biancha.

Enter Messenger.

You're welcome, sir: to whom your business, pray?
Mess. To one I see not here now.
Lean. Who should that be, sir?
Mess. A young gentlewoman, I was sent to.
Lean. A young gentlewoman?
Mess. Ay, sir, about sixteen: why look you wildly, sir?
Lean. At your strange error: you've mistook the house, sir;
There's none such here, I assure you.
Mess. I assure you too,
The man that sent me cannot be mistook.
Lean. Why, who is't sent you, sir?
Mess. The duke.
Lean. The duke?

Mess. Yes, he entreats her company at a banquet
At Lady Livia's house.
Lean. Troth, shall I tell you, sir,
It is the most erroneous business
That e'er your honest pains was abus'd with:
I pray forgive me if I smile a little,
I cannot choose i'faith, sir, at an error
So comical as this, (I mean no harm though);
His grace has been most wondrous ill inform'd,
Pray so return it, sir. What should her name be?
Mess. That I shall tell you straight too,—Biancha Capella.
Lean. How, sir! Biancha? What do you call th' other?
Mess. Capella. Sir, it seems you know no such then.
Lean. Who should this be? I never heard o' th' name.
Mess. Then 'tis a sure mistake.
Lean. What if you inquir'd
In the next street, sir? I saw gallants there
In the new houses that are built of late;
Ten to one, there you find her.
Mess. Nay, no matter,
I will return the mistake, and seek no farther.
Lean. Use your own will and pleasure, sir, you're welcome.
[*Exit* Messenger.
What shall I think of first! Come forth, Biancha,
Thou art betray'd, I fear me.

Enter Biancha.

Bian. Betray'd! how, sir?
Lean. The duke knows thee.
Bian. Knows me! how know you that, sir?
Lean. Has got thy name.
Bian. (*aside.*) Ay, and my good name too;
That's worse o' th' twain.
Lean. How comes this work about?
Bian. How should the duke know me? can you guess, mother?
Moth. Not I with all my wits; sure we kept house close.
Lean. Kept close! not all the locks in Italy
Can keep you women so; you have been gadding,
And ventur'd out at twilight, to th' court green yonder,
And met the gallant bowlers coming home;
Without your masks too, both of you, I'll be hang'd else:
Thou hast been seen, Biancha, by some stranger;
Never excuse it.
Bian. I'll not seek the way, sir:
Do you think you've married me to mew me up

Not to be seen? what would you make of me?
Lean. A good wife, nothing else.
Bian. Why, so are some
That are seen ev'ry day, else the devil take 'em.
Lean. No more, then! I believe all virtuous in thee,
Without an argument; 'twas but thy hard chance
To be seen somewhere, there lies all the mischief."

Our last extract commenced with a beautiful eulogy upon marriage. Let us now hear what the more experienced husband has to say upon this fertile subject.

" *Lean.* Oh, thou the ripe time of man's misery, wedlock,
When all his thoughts, like over-laden trees,
Crack with the fruits they bear, in cares, in jealousies!
Oh! that's a fruit that ripens hastily,
After 'tis knit to marriage: it begins,
As soon as the sun shines upon the bride,
A little to show colour. Blessed powers!
Whence comes this alteration? the distractions,
The fears and doubts it brings, are numberless,
And yet the cause I know not. What a peace
Has he that never marries! if he knew
The benefit he enjoy'd, or had the fortune
To come and speak with me, he should know then
The infinite wealth he had, and discern rightly
The greatness of his treasure by my loss."

The reader may now take an extract from a banquet scene, where Biancha glitters as the duke's mistress, and her husband, the melancholy Leantio, mourns over her defection.

Duke. A kiss; (*kisses her.*) that wit deserves to be made much on:
Come, our caroch.
Guard. Stands ready for your grace.
Duke. My thanks to all your loves. Come, fair Biancha,
We have took special care of you, and provided
Your lodging near us now.
Bian. Your love is great, my lord.
Duke. Once more our thanks to all.
Omnes. All bless'd honours guard you.
[*Exeunt all but* Leantio *and* Livia. *Cornets flourish.*
Lean. (*without noticing Liv.*) Hast thou left me then, Biancha, utterly?
Oh, Biancha! now I miss thee; oh! return

XUM

And save the faith of woman: I ne'er felt
The loss of thee till now; 'tis an affliction
Of greater weight than youth was made to bear;
As if a punishment of after-life
Were fall'n upon man here; so new it is
To flesh and blood; so strange, so insupportable;
A torment e'en mistook, as if a body
Whose death were drowning, must needs therefore suffer it
In scalding oil.

Liv. Sweet sir!

Lean. (*without noticing her.*) As long as mine eye saw thee,
I half enjoy'd thee.

Liv. Sir!

Lean. (*without noticing her.*) Canst thou forget
The dear pains my love took? how it has watch'd
Whole nights together, in all weathers for thee,
Yet stood in heart more merry than the tempest
That sung about mine ears, like dangerous flatterers
That can set all their mischief to sweet tunes;
And then receiv'd thee from thy father's window
Into these arms at midnight; when we embrac'd
As if we had been statues only made for't,
To show art's life, so silent were our comforts,
And kiss'd as if our lips had grown together?"

They afterwards meet together at the lady's lodgings, when Leantio's anger overcomes his grief. The taunting which passes between them is very spirited.

"*Lean.* You're richly plac'd.
Bian. Methinks you're wond'rous brave, sir.
Lean. A sumptuous lodging.
Bian. You've an excellent suit there.
Lean. A chair of velvet.
Bian. Is your cloak lin'd through, sir?
Lean. You're very stately here.
Bian. Faith, something proud, sir.
Lean. Stay, stay, let's see your cloth of silver slippers.
Bian. Who's your shoemaker? he's made you a new boot.

* * * * *

Lean. 'Tis a brave life you lead.
Bian. I could ne'er see you
In such good clothes in my time.
Lean. In your time?
Bian. Sure I think, sir.

We both thrive best asunder.

Lean. You're a whore.

Bian. Fear nothing, sir.

Lean. An impudent, spiteful strumpet.

Bian. Oh, sir, you give me thanks for your captainship; I thought you had forgot all your good manners.

Lean. And, to spite thee as much, look there; there read,

[*Gives her a paper.*

Vex, gnaw; thou shalt find there I am not love-starv'd.
The world was never yet so cold, or pityless,
But there was ever still more charity found out,
Than at one proud fool's door; and 'twere hard, i'faith,
If I could not pass that. Read to thy shame there;
A cheerful, and a beauteous benefactor too,
As e'er erected the good works of love.

Bian. (*aside.*) Lady Livia!
Is't possible? Her worship was my pandress;
She dote, and send, and give, and all to him!

* * * * *

Lean. I shall find time
To play a *hot religious bout* with some of you,
And perhaps drive you and your course of sins
To their eternal kennels: I speak softly now,
'Tis manners in a noble woman's lodgings,
And I well know all my degrees of duty;
But come I to your everlasting parting once,
Thunder shall seem soft music to that tempest.

Bian. 'Twas said last week there would be change of weather,
When the moon hung so, and belike you heard it.

Lean. Why here's sin made, and ne'er a conscience put to't;
A monster with all forehead, and no eyes!
Why do I talk to thee of sense or virtue,
That art as dark as death? and as much madness
To set light before thee, as to lead blind folks
To see the monuments, which they may smell as soon
As they behold; marry, ofttimes their heads,
For want of light, may feel the hardness of 'em;
So shall thy blind pride my revenge and anger:
That canst not see it now; and it may fall
At such an hour, when thou least seest of all."

One more quotation, and we have done. It is where the Cardinal de Medici reproves his brother, the Duke of Florence, for his misdoings. The scene, though on the whole a little tedious, is impressive. We give a part of it only:

" *Enter* Lord Cardinal *attended.*

" *Card.* Set those lights down:
Depart till you be called. [*Exit Attendants.*
Duke. (Aside.) There's serious business
Fixed in his look; nay, it inclines a little
To the dark colour of a discontentment.
Brother, what is't commands your eye so powerfully?
Speak, you seem lost.
Card. The thing I look on seems so;
To my eyes lost for ever.
Duke. You look on me.
Card. What a grief 'tis to a religious feeling,
To think a man should have a friend so goodly,
So wise, so noble, nay, a duke, a brother,
And all this certainly damn'd!
Duke. How!
Card. 'Tis no wonder,
If your great sin can do't: dare you look up
For thinking of a vengeance? dare you sleep
For fear of never waking, but to death?
And dedicate unto a strumpet's love
The strength of your affections, zeal and health?
Here you stand now; can you assure your pleasures,
You shall once more enjoy her? but once more?
Alas! you cannot: what a misery 'tis then
To be more certain of eternal death,
Than of a next embrace! nay, shall I show you
How more unfortunate you stand in sin,
Than the low private man: all his offences,
Like enclos'd grounds, keep but about himself,
And seldom stretch beyond his own soul's bounds;
And when a man grows miserable, 'tis some comfort
When he's no further charg'd, than with himself:
'Tis a sweet ease to wretchedness: but, great man,
Ev'ry sin thou commit'st shows like a flame
Upon a mountain; 'tis seen far about;
And with a big wind made of popular breath,
The sparkles fly through cities: here one takes,
Another catches there, and in short time
Waste all to cinders: but remember still
What burnt the vallies first, came from the hill;
Ev'ry offence draws his particular pain,
But 'tis example proves the great man's bane.
Duke. If you have done, I have; no more, sweet brother.

Card. I know time spent in goodness, is too tedious:
This had not been a moment's space in lust now;
How dare you venture on eternal pain,
That cannot bear a minute's reprehension?
Methinks you should endure to hear that talk'd of
Which you so strive to suffer. Oh, my brother,
What were you, if you were taken now!
My heart weeps blood to think on't; 'tis a work
Of infinite mercy, (you can never merit)
That yet you are not death-struck; no, not yet:
I dare not stay you long, for fear you should not
Have time enough allow'd you to repent in.
There's but this wall *(pointing to his body)* betwixt you and destruction,
When you're at strongest; and but poor thin clay.
Think upon't, brother; can you come so near it,
For a fair strumpet's love? and fall into
A torment, that knows neither end nor bottom,
For beauty, but the deepness of a skin,
And that not of their own either? Is she a thing
Whom sickness dare not visit, or age look on,
Or death resist? does the worm shun her grave?"

ART. VIII. — *Orlando Furioso di Messer Lodovico Ariosto. Venetia, Fr. de Franceschi.* 4*to.* 1584.

Critics have long since divided poetry into different kinds or species, to one or other of which they have referred every production of the muse. In making this division, however, they have not been guided by principles deduced from the nature of poetry, abstractedly considered, a circumstance which has frequently led them into erroneous estimates of poetic merit; for having arbitrarily fixed the number of species, and assigned to each particular laws of its own, to which they obliged the poet to conform, they praised or dispraised every production, according to its conformity or non-conformity to the laws of the species to which they referred it. Hence it happened, that when succeeding critics found any poem differing from all the acknowledged species in its general features or conduct, instead of considering it a distinct species in itself, they referred it to one or other of the acknowledged species, and then condemned it for deviating

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from the laws by which this species was governed. Aristotle led the way for this classification of poetry. It is generally supposed, however, that we have only a fragment of his poetics, as he only treats of poetry in general, of tragedy, and of the epic poem. His view of the latter is confined to the heroic epic; but no argument can be deduced from it to prove, that he considered the epic poem *necessarily* heroic. From its Greek origin, it obviously applies to narrative poetry in general; but modern critics have limited its acceptation to the recital of heroic achievements, though it is certain, that common actions, and common manners are as capable of being narrated as the exploits of heroes. Should it be even granted, that the epic poem requires, not only a chief hero, but that all the episodic or incidental narratives should arise naturally from the main action, there is still no necessity of selecting this chief hero from kings or princes, unless such a selection arise from the nature of the poem, and the completion of the object which the poet has in view. Admitting, however, this necessity, it cannot apply to Ariosto, as his chief personages and characters are of royal or noble descent.

That the heroic epic requires, not only a chief hero, but a coincidence of all the episodic narratives with the main action of the poem, so long as the poem conforms to the practice of Homer and his successors, cannot be denied; but why the nature of epic poetry should oblige him to conform to these models, why it should debar him from sketching an original design of his own, differing from that species of epic which we denominate heroic, but agreeing with the genus of which the heroic is only a species, we must confess ourselves at a loss to perceive. Homer and Virgil are authorities only to those who tread in their footsteps, but that an epic poet should be obliged to tread in their steps, is a theory founded either on erroneous principles, or at least on principles which we cannot reconcile with our ideas of narrative poetry, which is only another name for epic poetry. The poem, for instance, which has suggested these reflections, is almost entirely narrative, but whoever thinks he can trace in it either unity of action, or discover a chief hero, or at least a hero so chief as to render this unity necessary, will certainly find himself disappointed. Succeeding critics have discovered many species of poetry, with which we should suppose Aristotle unacquainted, if he exhausted what he knew of the subject in his poetics; but it is more reasonable to suppose, that he left the subject unfinished, or that the greater portion of his poetics has been lost to posterity. Be this as it may, neither the authority of Aristotle, nor of any other critic, however highly gifted with the sublimer endowments of mind, can

have any weight in subjects which are placed within the range of human intellection, if his authority stand opposed to the clear deductions of reason. Wherever we can consult reason or the light of nature, we are ourselves as well qualified to decide as Aristotle; and to submit implicitly to his authority in such cases, is only to acknowledge, that though reason may enable us to arrive at the truth of which we are in pursuit, the web is still too complicated for us to unravel. This, in other words, is only acknowledging our own ignorance, or our despair of discovering what is capable of being discovered; and arguing from this ignorance and despair the necessity of being guided by an intellect more unclouded and luminous than our own. If this acknowledgment, and the argument deduced from it, be true, what becomes of our boasted superiority over the ancients? What becomes even of that emulation which should prompt us to rival them? On the other hand, if the subject be equally concealed from the exploring acumen of reason, and the intuitive light of nature, a light which frequently unveils objects, which would have ever remained concealed from the slow progress and tardy deductions of the comparing and analyzing faculty, Aristotle could have as little pretensions to unravel the inexplicable maze, as the less metaphysical critics of the nineteenth century. In either case, therefore, if we cannot venture to judge for ourselves, neither can we trust to the judgement or authority of Aristotle. It is so with regard to all the species or classes into which poetry has been divided and subdivided by his followers. Before we can admit their authority in determining the exact and fixed number of species into which poetry naturally resolves itself, we must first ascertain what poetry is in itself, what distinguishes it from every other species of composition, what common quality unites all the different species, and proves them to belong to the original stock, and in the absence of which no composition can be poetical: in a word, we must ascertain the quality or qualities that constitute its essence, that make it what it is and nothing else, and that equally belongs to all the different species of poetic composition. This the critics have not done, and no doubt some of them imagined that such metaphysical precision belongs not to the nature of poetry. From a poetic mind, we readily admit that nothing can be more abhorrent: reason and metaphysics are the very bane of that enthusiasm, that *vivida vis animi*, which, if not poetry, is at least its most prominent and distinguishing characteristic. But the critic, whose business it is, not to clothe his thoughts in the lighter graces of poetic diction, but to describe in the most precise and definite manner the nature of poetry,

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and the specific qualities that distinguish it from prose, cannot avail himself of the privileges which the consent of ages has granted to the poet. The poet is altogether governed by his feelings: the critic is confined to the humbler situation of watching the modes in which these feelings operate, while they accord with the original impulses and propensities of nature. In fact, it is his business to see whether the feelings, associations, and sentiments of the poet arise from those influences to which the heart is subject, while it yields to no impulse but the impulse of nature, or whether they be feelings arising from false impressions and unnatural associations, or, in a word, feelings that claim no kindred with the original propensities, sympathies, and affections of the heart. The critic and the poet are therefore governed by very different laws: the latter is an actor, the former a mere spectator, and consequently if he has not reason on his side, he cannot impute its absence to the impetuosity of that fire and tumultuous feeling which hurries the poet into the midst of scenes which the slow and cautious deliberations of reason could have never imagined.

That the critics have not succeeded in distinguishing poetry from prose will be easily granted, when it is known, that no definition has ever been given of it, that will not equally apply to some species or other of prose. From a conviction of this truth, and from the difficulty of making the distinction, it is now become popular to think, that no such distinction exists in nature, and that poetry and prose "run into each other like light and shade." This is the opinion of Dr. Blair, who adds, that "it is hardly possible to determine the exact limit where eloquence ends and poetry begins." In making this assertion, he does not seem to have analyzed the idea which he wishes to convey with that critical and minute accuracy which he has evinced in his examination of the style of Addison and Swift; for, if there be an "exact limit where eloquence ends and poetry begins," there can be no reason why this limit should not be discovered. To say, however, that it is hardly possible to discover it, is, evidently, to admit its existence; for if it do not exist, instead of its discovery being "hardly possible," nothing can be more evident, than that it is perfectly impossible. His language is still more vague when he adds, "nor is there any occasion for being very precise about the boundaries *as long as the nature of each is understood;*" for who can understand the nature of a thing while he is ignorant of its boundaries? The most he can know is a part of its nature, and what is still worse, he cannot tell what proportion this

part bears to the whole, because he knows not how far the boundaries extend. It may happen, that the circle which he has traced, so far from approaching the boundaries, may not encircle one-third of the object, in which case, the nature of the other two-thirds lies totally concealed from him. The boundaries, therefore, which separate poetry from prose can be indifferent only to those who seek not to be acquainted with the nature of poetry, for with this nature they can never be fully acquainted while its boundaries are unknown, and, consequently, they can neither define it, nor tell the precise assemblage of qualities that distinguish it from prose. Indeed, the impossibility of discovering them, as we have already observed, seems now to be universally admitted. A popular periodical work* has lately offered a prize of one hundred pounds to any writer, who would define poetry so accurately as to distinguish it, in all cases, from prose, an offer which was certainly made under an impression that such a definition could never be given. If, then, the true nature of poetry be unknown, how absurdly have the critics undertaken to fix the number of species or classes to which it is reducible. These species, according to Dr. Blair, are the pastoral, the lyric, the didactic, the descriptive, the epic, the dramatic, and the comic. If there be only these seven, and if each has laws peculiar to itself, it is obvious that he who enters into what he considers a region of the poetical world different from either, and who observes none of those laws, except so far as they coincide with the nature of his subject, can be no poet; for to admit him one, we must class his productions with one or other of the acknowledged species of poetry. To do so, however, is evidently to take an erroneous view of his poetical merits, because wherever he falls off from the laws which govern that species of poetry to which we have referred his works, we necessarily condemn him, as we can admit no composition to be poetic which does not observe the laws of its own species.

These observations particularly apply to the *Orlando Furioso*. It evidently belongs to none of the acknowledged species of poetry; but the critics, finding it approached nearer to the heroic epic than to any other, have called it a heroic poem, not knowing what else to call it, as it evidently belongs to no other acknowledged species of poetry. Hence they have condemned it almost from beginning to end, because, from beginning to end, it transgresses every law of heroic poetry. This is as it ought to be: having admitted no spe-

* *Blackwood's Magazine.*

cies of epic but the heroic, they had no choice but that of condemning the *Orlando*. The question then to be determined is, whether there be any thing in the nature of poetry that necessarily confines it to the species fixed by the critics? or, can the poet, who has genius to do so, trace out a new line for himself, and invent a species of poetry unknown to his predecessors? If not, Ariosto has erred in attempting what should not be attempted; but if this liberty be found consistent with the nature of poetry, Ariosto was justified in availing himself of it, as it opened to him a region of poetry which was more congenial to the character of his mind, and presented him with more expanded, more luxuriant, and more diversified scenes than he could hope to find in the fixed, computed, and adjusted prospects of Homer and Virgil, both of whom measured their ground, and disposed of their scenery, before they set out. To determine this question, it is necessary to ascertain what poetry is, wherein it differs from prose, and what are its privileges. Let us first then briefly endeavour to ascertain its own nature, and afterwards point out the extent of its privileges.

If our idea of poetry be correct, it may be defined in a few words, a circumstance, however, which is rather for us than against us; for long definitions are generally the result of confined and complicated perceptions or notions of things. *Poetry* then *is*, or at least appears to us to be, *that mode of expression which evinces itself to have been dictated by some passion or internal emotion.* The object of language, in general, is to express our perceptions of things, and of the relations and differences that exist between them, and the pleasures and pains, or modes of feeling, consequent upon these perceptions. This, we believe, embraces whatever is the object of our intellectual or sensitive faculties. All our primary perceptions are expressed in prose: if we describe a rose exactly as it exists in Nature, without any regard to the feelings which accompany our perceptions of its qualities, we express ourselves naturally in prose: if we describe our perceptions of its agreement or disagreement with any other object in nature, we still express ourselves in prose, provided our language be uninfluenced by any feelings arising from these perceptions.—While, therefore, we describe our perceptions of things, or of their relations, uninfluenced by our feelings, we can never rise above the language of prose. It is the same when we describe the feelings excited in us by these perceptions, as a third person, or, to speak more plainly, as a person who is not affected by them, at the moment he describes them. Perhaps we may render ourselves more clearly understood by saying,

that the description of past feelings,—feelings that are extinct when the description is made, has nothing of poetry in it. It is difficult, however, to describe such feelings without being affected by them, while we are in the act of describing them, if they were either fondly cherished, or endured with pain and suffering; and therefore it is difficult to describe them without rendering the language poetical.

From these observations, we may define prose to be that species of expression which, while it communicates our thoughts, evinces no proof of its having been dictated under the influence of mental agitation or passion. A lover talks plain prose when he describes the beauties of his mistress, and the devotedness of his attachment to her, if he has completely forgot this attachment, and is totally insensible, at the moment, to the charms of her person; for in this case, his description would not differ from that of a third person, who had laughed at his passion from the beginning. A third person can describe a passion poetically, only when he is himself affected by the passion which he describes. Prose, then, implies all absence of affection or disaffection, of love or hatred, for the object described. It describes its objects as they are in themselves, and as they stand related to other things; but the moment we are affected by any thing, and describe it as it appears through the medium of this affection, we describe it poetically, if the description be marked with the impress of the affection which produces it; that is, if it be obvious, from the mode of expression, that it was the affection excited by the object, not the object itself, abstracted from the affection, that dictated the description. Hence, a description will not be poetic, even when it is suggested by passion, unless it be so expressed as to evince itself the offspring of this passion, unless it has some character that would render it absurd, if uttered by him who feels no emotion or passion whatever. It is in conferring this character upon language, that the great secret of poetry consists; and as this can seldom be done without great art, poetry requires more contrivance and more art to conceal art, than would at first seem consistent with its passionate and energetic character. In general, it may be laid down as a rule, that no expression can be poetic which would be proper in the mouth of the man uninfluenced by passion. He who calls the man who has offended him a thief and a vagabond, speaks the language of passion; but as he only says, what any man might say without passion, who knew the person to be a thief and a vagabond, the language is not poetic —because it bears no internal evidence in itself, whether it was dictated by passion or not. But when Othello says to Iago,—

"Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore,"

the language is poetic, as it is very obvious that such an expression could not proceed from a person who was perfectly free from the influence of passion: instead of using "villain," and "my love," he would have used Iago and Desdemona.—To convert poetry into prose, we have therefore only to remove such terms, or such turns of expressions as indicate passion. When Belvidera says,

———————————— "Lay me
By the dear ashes of my tender mother,"

she speaks not only what her feelings inspire, but the terms in which she expresses herself evince that she is agitated by these feelings; for the terms, "dear, ashes," and "tender," prove her to have spoken under the influence of particular feelings, and prove also, that it was this influence that dictated the expression. Omit these terms, and the expression, "Lay me by my mother," is rigid prose. It is therefore to no purpose, that we express what our feelings or passions dictate, if the mode of expression is not impressed with the character of these feelings. Without this character, our language may be passionate, or at least dictated by passion, but it cannot be poetic. Hence poetry is not, according to Dr. Blair, "the language of passion," for passion may express itself in language that is perfectly prosaic. It is only when the turn of expression, or the use of epithets, which passion only could suggest, indicates passion, that the language is poetical. So intimately, however, are poetry and passion connected with each other, that a prosaic form of expression will appear poetic, if we know antecedently, from the situation of the speaker, and the circumstances in which he is placed, that the expression he makes use of is dictated by mental agitation, though, of itself, it bears no internal evidence of passion. In making this observation, we believe we may claim the merit of originality, as well as in our definition of poetry; for we do not recollect to have seen the circumstance ever remarked by any writer. Its truth, however, requires only an example to render it manifest. If a goldsmith says to one of his customers, "we will make thee chains of gold inlaid with silver," the language is mere prose, because we know the goldsmith speaks what his interest dictates, and the expression in itself bears no evidence of passion; but when the spouse, in the canticle of canticles, addresses the same language to her beloved, it is highly poetical, because we know the language was prompted by the feelings of the spouse, though, in itself, it bears no evidence of these feelings. To render this sentence, however, perfectly poetical, or, in other words, to express it so as that we should acknowledge it poetical, were we even unacquaint-

ed with the situation of the speaker, except so far as the mode of expression would convey an idea of it, we should introduce some terms that evinced its having been dictated under the influence of passion; such as "we will make our beloved chains of gold," &c. We shall venture another example. If a gardener has been absent from home, and a labourer tells him on his return, "the fig tree hath put forth her green figs, the vines in flower yield their sweet smell," he talks very plain prose, because he speaks not under the influence of passion, but merely to inform his master of something of which he knows him to be ignorant; but when, as in the former instance, the spouse talks thus to her beloved, what language can be more poetic? In the case of the spouse, however, we consider it poetic only because we know it is dictated by passion, though the language in itself bears no evidence of this passion. The *Qu'il mourût* of the old Horatius is frequently quoted as an instance of sublime poetry, but if we were ignorant of the state of mind which produced it, if we mistook it for the verdict of a jury, where would be its poetry?

If poetry, then, be, as we have already defined it, that mode of expression which evinces itself to have been dictated by passion, every subject is poetic which originates in, and is conducted throughout, by the agency of passion. Hence, the subject of the *Iliad* is poetic, because all the circumstances which it relates arise from the wrath of Achilles. The *Æneid* is poetic, because all the events which it records, result from the passion of Æneas to found a new kingdom in Italy, a passion to which he sacrificed his attachment to Dido, and all other considerations. The subject of the *Jerusalem Delivered* is poetic, because it is entirely founded on religious zeal; and the *Orlando Furioso* is, consequently, poetic, because the subject is love and heroism, the two strongest passions to which the mind acknowledges obedience.

> "Love, strong as death, the poet led
> To the pale nations of the dead."

We know, however, that strong as this passion is, it yields to the stronger dominion which the passion of military glory exercises over the mind. Hector, strongly as he is attached to his beloved Andromache, will not linger with her within the walls of Troy, and refrain from the fight. Æneas abandons the love-sick and distracted Dido; and Rogero, whom some critics make the chief hero of the poem now under our consideration, will not listen to the counsels of his dear Bradamant, until he first fulfils his vow to Agramant, from whom he first received the honour of knighthood. With regard to the sub-

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ject of the *Orlando Furioso*, there can, therefore, be no question of its being poetic.

As to the manner in which Ariosto has conducted it, and the privileges of which he has availed himself, the following observations will shew, that he has transgressed no law to which the nature of poetry, as we have described it, could possibly subject him, and that he has usurped no privilege which it could possibly deny him.

The critics finding, as we have already observed, that the *Orlando Furioso* approached nearer to the epic than to any other species of poetry, have called it an epic poem; but not imagining there could be different species of this poem, and finding it transgressed many of the laws observed by Homer, Virgil, and Tasso, the greater portion of them, if we except his own countrymen, have condemned the *Orlando*, and looked upon it as a mere attempt at epic poetry. They maintain that he has no chief hero, a hero without whom they imagine epic poetry cannot exist, and condemn his want of unity of design and eternal digressions. His transitions, they say, are too abrupt, and destroy all continuity of action. They cannot endure him to violate, not only the laws of the Stagyrite, but, according to them, all the laws which true criticism, unfettered by the canons of authority and the schools, hold necessary in the design and conduct of an epic poem. Gravina, a sensible and judicious critic, in his *Ragione Poetica**, attributes all his faults to the imitation of Bojardo, among which he enumerates his tiresome interruption of the narrative, the levity which sometimes characterizes him when his subject is most serious and important, the boldness of his exaggerations, and his idle interruption of and deviation from his subject. These are the faults which have stripped him, in the eyes of the critics, of those poetic laurels which they would have willingly bestowed upon him, had his conformity to the laws of the heroic epic equalled the beauty, the chastity, the exquisite finish and elegance of his style, the luxuriance of his imagery, the accuracy and variety of his descriptions, the richness of his colouring, and the magic charms which he has bestowed on the wizard scenes of that romantic world, through which he conducts his readers.

It is obvious, then, that the critics have viewed the *Orlando* through the medium of the laws to which the Stagyrite and succeeding critics have thought proper to confine the heroic poet, and that if he be amenable to these laws, he is

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* L. 11, No. XVI. p. 104.

utterly indefensible. Even the critics who have undertaken his defence, and who, to do so more effectually, have divided epic poetry into the heroic and the romantic, still admit, in all their force, the laws of the Stagyrite, and distinguish heroic from romantic poetry, only where there is no distinction in nature, for the laws that really distinguish them are admitted to be the same. Ginguené, in his *History of Italian Literature*, devotes nearly two hundred pages to Ariosto, in which he undertakes his defence; but, in so doing, he certainly displays more zeal than ability. With the Italian critics, he distinguishes the epic poem into the heroic and romantic, but admits all the laws that render them essentially the same, particularly the necessity of a chief hero and of a main action, from which all the episodic or incidental narratives must naturally arise, and to the completion of which they should be instrumentally subservient. Now, if the romantic agree with the heroic poem in these two particulars, it is difficult to perceive wherein they can disagree, or how they can be considered different species of epic or narrative poetry; and if not, Ariosto's defence has been undertaken in vain. It avails nothing to call the *Orlando* a romantic, and the *Iliad* a heroic poem, if the materials of which they are composed be the same, and if they be put together in the same manner. But, says Ginguené, the laws are the same: the materials only are different. The romantic has, like the heroic, a chief hero and a main action, to which the poet must render all his other heroes and incidental actions subservient, but the materials he makes use of are not the same. "The ground-work of the *Orlando*," he says, "is the amours and exploits of Rogero and Bradamant: the love and folly of Orlando form its principal accessory. To these are joined other exploits, other amours, heroic achievements, the gallant adventures of a host of dames and knights, a mixture which essentially constitutes the romantic epic, and distinguishes it from the epopée, properly so called."* Now, if the materials of the romantic poem be different from the heroic, would it not seem reasonable to think that they should be put differently together? Ariosto has done so; and it is for doing so, that he has been so generally censured and condemned. But what replies Ginguené to this charge? Why, forsooth, he denies it stoutly, and maintains that Ariosto put his materials together like Homer and Virgil; that, like them, he has made all his minor actions and all his heroes bear the same relation to his main action and chief hero, that Homer and Virgil have done. Ariosto has done no such thing, nor had he any occa-

* *Histoire Litteraire D'Italie*, par P. L. Ginguené, tom. 4. p. 385.

sion to do it. On the contrary, he would not have treated his subject as he ought, had he done so; for the very circumstance of his having chosen his poetical materials from a different source, required of him to dispose of them in a different manner. He has done so, and it is only by admitting that he has, we can ever hope to vindicate the conduct which he has pursued throughout the work. Nothing can be more obviously absurd, than to maintain, with Ginguené, that Rogero, not Orlando, is the chief hero of the poem, and that his marriage with Bradamant is the final object of the poem; for, if so, why give it the name of Orlando? Why interest us more in his fate than in that of Rogero? Why endow him with that surpassing prowess, which seemed to exceed human might? Why has Ariosto conferred upon him the honour of killing the sea monster, on which Rogero, aided by the fiery griffin that carried him securely through the air, could not even inflict a wound, though his flying horse enabled him to ascend and descend, to watch his opportunity, and strike the monster when opportunity most favoured him, and where he thought the blow would prove most effectual in putting an end to his existence?

> " Rogero thus, with sword and spear pursues,
> Not where his teeth and threatening tusk he views;
> But 'twixt his ears the threatening blow descends;
> Now on his back, now where the tail extends.
> Oft as the monster turns aside he flies,
> And watches when to sink, and when to rise:
> But all in vain, his labour nought avails,
> No steel can pierce the impenetrable scales."

Did Ariosto ever intend to equal so light and skirmishing a warrior with the great Orlando, who, after giving the monster his death wound, dragged him to the shore, where

> " ——— Firmly fixed upon the rock he stood,
> And strained each nerve while struggling through the flood,
> The monster followed *by that arm compelled,*
> *Whose strength the strength of mortal man excelled.*"

To suppose that such a warrior was inferior to the light-footed Rogero, whose blows were all in vain, is to adopt an opinion unworthy the learned author of the *History of Italian Literature.* Throughout the poem, Orlando unites the sinewy strength and stubborn uncommunicative character of Ajax, the noble heroism and magnanimous generosity of Hector, to the fierce rapidity and irresistible impetuosity of Achilles;

or, rather, he excels each of them in their respective characters.

Rogero, then, is not the hero of the poem, nor would Ginguené ever have thought of conferring this honour upon him, if he did not, in the first instance, unwarily admit the necessity of a chief hero, and, in the second, perceive very clearly, as every reader must, that the sequel of Orlando's history proves he was not intended for a chief hero. The fact is, that Ariosto has neither a chief hero, nor a main action, though, so far as regards bravery and prowess, Orlando is, beyond all comparison, the greatest hero in the poem. The nature and design of the poem, however, admitted neither a chief hero, nor a main action. Ginguené maintains it has both.—"L'Arioste," he says, "en courtesan delicat, n'annonca pas d'abord son projet; il ne donna point pour titre à son poeme, le nom de Roger, que toutes les branches de la famille d'Este regardaient comme leur souche commune; il n'en parla, pour ainsi dire, qu' accidentellement, dans son invocation, addressée au Cardinal Hippolyte. Par une methode qui lui est particulière, tout son début expose, dans un ordre retrograde, les matiéres qu'il doit embrasser." Can any thing be more frivolous? any thing farther from the truth? Ariosto announces in the most direct and explicit terms the design and object of his poem. And, except those who read an author's meaning backwards, no one can mistake it.

> "Le donne, i cavalier, l'arme, gli amori,
> Le cortesie, l'audaci imprese io canto," &c.
>
> "Dames, knights, and arms, and love; the deeds that spring
> From courteous minds, and venturous feats, I sing!"

From the opening of the poem, the reader must perceive, that Ariosto could not have explained in clearer or more explicit terms the subject and design of his poem. The two first lines give the general outline, from which outline it is obvious, that Ariosto did not propose or intend to treat of any particular amazon or hero; any particular action, love adventure, or heroic achievement; that all his dames and knights were equally dear to him, equally the object of his attention, and that he did not intend to place any of them in the back ground to serve as a foil to more interesting and distinguished characters. Homer is equally clear: he tells us very distinctly, that the wrath of Achilles, and the misfortunes in which his impetuous and indomitable spirit involved the Greeks, is the subject of his song. His *Odyssey* opens with the same simple and obvious statement of his design: we perceive, at the very opening, that the wanderings of Ulysses, after the destruction of Troy,

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is the subject which he proposes to treat. In both poems, consequently, Homer had but one particular hero, and common sense must have pointed out to him the necessity of introducing no other who was not either immediately or remotely connected with the adventures of this hero, the situations in which he was placed, or the events arising from the conduct which he pursued. Hence arose that unity of action, or concentration of events, from which Homer could not depart, without departing, at the same moment, from the subject which he proposed to treat; and it therefore required neither the acumen of Aristotle, nor the boasted canons of the schools, to convince us of the necessity of such unity. But had Homer not confined himself, at setting out, to one particular hero, and consequently to one main action, would such unity be imperatively required of him? Virgil trod in the footsteps of Homer so far as regarded the nature of his subject: the execution he handled in a manner peculiar to himself. He opens his poem by saying very explicitly, that he sings of the hero who, after his expulsion from his native country, won and settled in Latium, restored to his gods their neglected rites, and to whom Rome owed all her glories and subsequent renown. How then could Virgil, consistently with common sense, introduce into the *Æneid* any action or hero not connected with the history and adventures of Æneas, having asserted, in very plain terms, that his history and adventures were all he proposed to treat of. But has Ariosto confined himself to this simplicity and unity of design? has he proposed any particular warrior, or any particular adventure, as the subject of his song? If we can take his own words, and trust to his own authority, he has made no such engagement. He proposes to treat of different heroes, and of different adventures, and in making his proposition, he does not give us the slightest reason to expect, that any of these heroes are to be chief over all the rest; from which it naturally follows, that no particular adventure or action is to drag all the rest in its train; for where there is no principal hero, there can be no principal action. If we will not believe his own words, and maintain that, notwithstanding what he says, he intended a principal hero and a principal action, we are immediately set adrift, and left at liberty to maintain what theory we please. We may insist, that Charlemagne, or Rinaldo, who was as nearly related to him as Orlando, was the chief hero; or we may go over to the hostile camp, and make Agramant, Rodomont, Mandricardo, or Gradasso, the principal hero. But the misfortune is, that in doing so, we cannot deny the same privilege to any other critic who may choose to differ from us in opinion. Either, then, we must believe that Ariosto meant what he said, or we may attribute

to him what meaning we please, in which case the *Orlando Furioso* will be a subject of eternal dispute. It is difficult, however, to conceive, why we should suppose that Ariosto intended one thing and expressed another, when we are willing to give Homer, Virgil, Tasso, and Milton, credit for having conformed strictly to the design which they proposed at the opening of their poems, and consequently of meaning what they said. All this mistake and misapprehension arise from supposing, that the poet is obliged to conform to certain rules of our own invention, whether they be suited to the nature of his subject or not. The only rule, however, which nature obliges him to observe, is consistency, that is, to take care that no part of his poem should be at variance with what he proposes at setting out. This is the corner stone of the whole foundation. Whatever is irrelevant to it is absurd: whatever agrees with it is unobjectionable. Whoever does what he proposes, does all that we can reasonably require of him; or rather, if he does more or less, he does wrong, because he not only leads us astray, but he is inconsistent with himself; for, in the latter case, he omits something which he promised, a something which perhaps is our chief inducement for reading his poem; and, in the former, he introduces something which he did not lead us to expect, and which, if we expected, would perhaps induce us to turn aside from the poem, and never peruse it. Orlando, it is true, is the greatest warrior that figures in the poem, but it does not follow, that all the rest were intended to march in his train; for Ariosto could not avoid making some particular hero greater than all the rest, as nature had made him such. In a crowd of warriors, some one must be greatest, whether he be represented so or not, but this does not oblige the poet to confine his sole attention to him, unless he choose, or propose to do so; and, if not, his exploits and adventures form only a part of the poem, with which the adventures and feats of the others are, or are not, connected only as chance directs. If he sometimes influence or determine the line of conduct which they pursue, so do their line of conduct reciprocally influence and determine his.

To judge, however, of the plan pursued by Ariosto, independently of the latitude which he gives himself at setting out, it is obvious that he could not, consistently, pursue any other plan, while love and chivalric heroism, while romantic warriors, magicians, and enchanters, formed the principal materials out of which his poem was to be composed. Achilles, with all his wrath, had one fixed object in view, the destruction of Troy, though he prolonged the war to avenge himself on Agamemnon. They were patriotic feelings that first induced him to take arms, and all the Grecian and Trojan chiefs were governed by feel-

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ings of a similar character. Their actions were, in no instance, determined by motives of a selfish and private nature, if we except Paris alone, the most insignificant character in the poem. Where all were governed by similar feelings, arising from causes directly opposed to each other, it was natural that these feelings should end in accomplishing some great result in which all the parties were interested. The Greeks aimed at the destruction of Troy: the Trojans sought the destruction of the Greeks. One or other event must take place, and did take place. But in the *Orlando Furioso* every warrior aimed first at gratifying his own particular passion, a passion to which he always sacrificed his public duties and the interests of his party. It was therefore impossible, that they could ever co-operate in producing any great result in which all were equally concerned, because each of them had interests and passions peculiar to himself, to which he sacrificed all other considerations. When Rinaldo is sent by Charlemagne to solicit assistance from the British monarch, he forgets the object of his mission the moment he lands on the British coast; and, instead of proceeding directly to London, directs his course to the court of the Scottish monarch, to fight in behalf of his daughter, Geneura, who was condemned to death on a charge of incontinence. Could it be expected, that a character who thus sacrificed his public duty to his passion for knight-errantry, would contribute much to the completion of any great public undertaking. During his absence, Paris was closely besieged by Agramant, and all its hopes were centered in the great Orlando; but so much more powerfully was this hero swayed by his passion for Angelica, than by his patriotic attachment to his country, and his duty to Charlemagne, his uncle, that he stole out of the city by night, and went in quest of a virgin whom he knew not where to find. Throughout the *Orlando*, in fact, love is the passion to which all other passions and considerations are sacrificed, and nothing could be more inconsistent in Ariosto, than to propose to himself the accomplishment of one great action, where he had not a single warrior to co-operate in its execution, who was not languishing in the silken chains of love; nor, consequently, a single warrior on whose co-operation, or fixed steadiness of mind, he could depend for a moment. Languishing, capricious, jealous, irascible, and whimsical lovers, are, of all other instruments, the most unfit for uniting in the completion of any great design; and even should the poet so manage it as to accomplish such a design through the agency of such stubborn and unmanageable instruments, he could never succeed in convincing us, that its accomplishment was not entirely the work of chance; for whatever prudence and wisdom he might display in devising

such circumstances and situations as might tend to bring these wandering and unsettled spirits to co-operate with each other, we feel instinctively, that the most trifling circumstance would upset all his contrivances, and either set them quarrelling with each other, or send them in quest of new adventures. It is obvious, then, that they could never be rendered so subservient to any fixed design of the poet, as the heroes of the *Iliad* and the *Æneid*, and consequently Ariosto should not have chosen them if he had such a design in view. Having chosen them, however, the only natural line he could pursue was to let each of them follow the bent of his own nature, without forcing it into a direction which it would have never pursued if left to itself. Had all the characters of the *Iliad* possessed the unbending, uncompromising, ungovernable spirit of Achilles, could Homer have ever planned the destruction of Troy, and executed it as he has done, through the instrumentality of such characters? Nothing can be more obvious, than that the Grecian camp would be soon divided against itself, and that the independent chiefs would either break up and retire to their respective states, or destroy each other, if they remained, long before they could succeed in accomplishing the destruction of Troy.

It is evident, then, that the poet who wishes to celebrate some great and heroic action, that requires time, perseverance, and a fixed unalterable determination of mind in those who are to accomplish it, must not choose such hot-headed warriors as Achilles, Orlando, Rinaldo, Ferrau, Mandricardo, &c. and that consequently no poem can be made up of such warriors, where the accomplishment of such a design is in view. The poet, then, has no alternative but that of not selecting such characters at all, if he aim at its accomplishment; or abandoning the design, if he select the characters. Homer, Virgil, and Tasso have chosen the former, Ariosto the latter alternative. He found his genius naturally inclined him to the wild and the romantic, and that he could not indulge this humour in describing such fixed, steady, and natural warriors as Hector, Æneas, Ajax, Ulysses, &c. Without the agency of such characters, however, he perceived no great design could be accomplished, and that to attempt its execution with wild, ungovernable spirits would be far "outstepping the modesty of Nature." The characters, however, being dearer to him than the execution of any fixed design, he abandoned the one in order to retain the other. Accordingly, whoever reads the *Orlando*, without an eye to the *Iliad* or *Æneid*, will easily perceive, that Ariosto had no object in view but that of entertaining his readers with the loves and adventures of the dames and knights whom he introduces into the poem, and the heroic

achievements that naturally arose from them; and if he could have any doubt of this being the fact, Ariosto himself removes it at the very opening of the poem, as we have already observed. He there tells us, in the clearest terms, that he proposes to treat of dames, and knights, and arms, and love, and heroic feats; but he does not say, that he proposes to make any particular knight the hero of his poem, nor any particular feat the main subject of his song. That Ariosto has no chief hero, no main action, is so very obvious, that few critics have ventured to maintain it. On the contrary, their great charge against him is for having neither. If it be asked, why he should be so generally censured for not having both, we reply, because the critics and the schools have stunned us with the necessity of a chief hero, and a main action; because, for some ages past, the very name of an epic poem instantly suggests the idea of a chief hero and a principal action; or, rather, these two ideas, and that of the poem, form in our minds but one complex idea. This idea we generally form in our youth, when we take up most of our complex ideas without being qualified, and sometimes without being disposed, to examine how far, and under what circumstances, they are right or wrong. Accordingly, under whatever circumstance any part of the idea presents itself ever after, we find it accompanied with the other, and we have as much difficulty to separate the idea of a chief hero and a main action from our idea of an epic poem, as we have to detach our ideas of ghosts and hobgoblins from our idea of darkness. It is this false combination of ideas, that makes us frequently attach a sense to what conveys no meaning whatever, and makes the greatest absurdity pass for demonstration. That a chief hero and a main action are necessary, under the circumstances which we have already explained, can admit of no doubt; but to render them necessary in a poem, composed of such materials as the *Orlando*, is to render that necessary which Nature forbids.

From the very nature of romantic poetry, it follows, therefore, that the poet is not at liberty to select any particular hero, and employ him in prosecuting and accomplishing one principal design, because, while he acts consistently with his romantic character, he will be the most improper of all instruments to proceed steadily in the execution of it. Where several warriors are described, it is true that some one must be greatest, but this does not constitute him a chief hero, unless he be employed in prosecuting some particular object; and that none of Ariosto's characters was fit for such an employment, must appear obvious to every reader of common sense, who suffers not his judgement to be warped by the trammels of the schools, and those canons of criticism which

are first deduced from one poem, and then applied, without distinction, to poems of a different, and almost opposite nature. Indeed, it would be perfectly ludicrous to see Orlando, who is undoubtedly the greatest hero in the poem, engaged in prosecuting any particular design, if we except the love of Angelica; and that it was not Ariosto's intention to celebrate his passion for her, appears evident from his removing her from the scene altogether, and delivering her up to the possession and embraces of Medoro, who carries her off to India in the twenty-ninth book.

A romantic poem, therefore, to be consistent, must be romantic, that is, it must leave the characters to act wildly and romantically, for to make them act reasonably, to make them pursue any fixed design, would be to deprive them of their romantic character. Instead, therefore, of endeavouring to defend Ariosto, by maintaining that he has observed the rules of Aristotle, and that he has a chief hero, and a main action, we should adopt the general opinion of the critics, and of the world, that he has neither, and rest our defence on the impropriety of making either one or the other a prominent feature in a romantic epic.

That Ariosto, then, did not intend to celebrate any one great and heroic action, through the instrumentality of any one hero, and that he was justified in so doing, must, we think, appear sufficiently evident; but the wildness, boldness, and extravagance of his relations, may, perhaps, appear not so capable of being reconciled to our ideas, even of romantic or poetical probability. The *Orlando* exhibits characters and personages of every kind,—heroes, knights, kings, shepherds, peasants, hermits,—queens, ladies of high birth, abandoned lovers, female warriors, fairies, magicians, demons, giants, dwarfs, flying horses, iron mountains, enchanted palaces, Elysian gardens, in a word, whatever nature can produce, or imagination can conceive. Through these instruments of fiction, he has performed achievements from which the boldest of Homer's warriors would shrink with terror, and removed difficulties which would perplex even the astute goddess of wisdom herself, were she obliged to surmount them. Before we can estimate, however, the degree of probability or improbability that belongs to these relations, it will be necessary to take a view of the origin of romance, and see how far its descriptions and magic scenes can be reconciled with the belief of those who reported them, and to whom they were reported; for a true critic, in judging of the degree of evidence that belongs to any relation, will not study, for a moment, how far it appears probable or improbable to himself, but how far it might appear so in the age and country in which it was written.

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The spirit of chivalry was generated in the dark ages that succeeded the decline of Roman literature, and of Roman power, when the face of Europe was obscured by feudal despotism, and lawless might. Besides the want of subjection to any supreme tribunal under this system, oppression and iniquity were partly secured from the arm of justice by the impenetrable woods and forests that then extended over a great part of Europe. In the midst of these woods were formed subterraneous abodes, in which banditti secured themselves and their ill-got prey from the hands of justice. In such a state of things, we cannot be surprised, that those who possessed the more exalted feelings and generous sympathies of human nature, and who were constant witnesses of oppressed and unrighted innocence, should be seized with that ardour of avenging their wrongs which virtue and humanity inspire. Such relief, however, could only be afforded them by individual bravery, by those generous few who took delight in travelling through places where evil deeds were most frequently practised, and innocence most frequently exposed. Hence arose the spirit of chivalry; the fame any individual acquired by rescuing innocence from brutal force, was sufficient to inspire another and another to emulate his deeds; and the spirit being once awakened, the flame became general. A similar state of society at present, would, perhaps, excite a similar spirit, but when the laws are sufficient to protect innocence, and defeat the machinations of the unjust, there is nothing to call it forth but a disordered mind. Chivalry, therefore, arose from natural causes, and perished when these causes ceased to exist. We are aware that its extinction is sometimes attributed to the *Don Quixote* of Cervantes; but it should be recollected, that chivalry was not confined to Spain. It spread its influence all over Europe, though it was at this time rapidly declining, in proportion as the laws extended their protection to the weak, and as the arts and sciences illumined and expanded the human mind. Had Cervantes never written this immortal work, chivalry would have soon become extinct of itself. It would have passed away, like a vapour of the night, before the rising sun of science and civilization; but if the state of society had not been different in the time of Cervantes, from what it was two or three centuries before, the universal darkness which reigned around could never have been dispersed by one solitary star, and Cervantes would have written his *Don Quixote* in vain. Besides, it is to the expanding knowledge of the age we should attribute this admirable production, not to the individual genius of its author; for had he lived three centuries before, he could never have seen the folly of the times in so clear a point of view. He saw it now clearly, because others

began to see it as well as himself. There is, perhaps, no human production that does not, more or less, breathe the spirit of the times in which it is written, or at least of some considerable portion of it. Butler's ludicrous representation of Hudibras was perfectly in unison with the feelings of thousands besides himself, and if all men had been unqualified admirers of chivalry in the time of Cervantes, he could never have surmounted the prejudices of the age. So far from being able to place the heroes of chivalry in so ridiculous a point of view, he could not even have perceived any thing ludicrous or unnatural in what he had been taught to venerate from his earliest years, nor have made the Spaniards blush at their chivalric genius. They must have first felt themselves its absurdity, more or less, before they could be convinced of it.

While the spirit of chivalry, however, was at its height, the adventures of knight-errants afforded a most romantic and diversified field for the wanderings of the poet. The chivalric adventurer could not himself, at setting out, divine where chance might conduct him. He suffered his steed to follow whatever track he chose, but the poet who accompanied him in imagination, placed him in a thousand situations, and conducted him through a thousand scenes which human foot had never pressed. The most unbounded field was therefore thrown open to the creative imagination of the poet, who peopled it with shadowy shapes, magicians, giants, and all the unreal scenes and personages of ideal being. In fact, the eternal forests that then covered the greater part of Europe were, of themselves, sufficient to excite the spirit of curiosity, and, consequently, of adventure. He who wandered through these woods, and was a constant spectator of nature in all her wild disorder and horrific magnificence, would easily indulge in the most romantic conceptions. Buried in impenetrable gloom, he would imagine to himself all the possible dangers by which he might be surrounded. He would create around him, like the poet, witches, fairies, necromancers, giants, goblins, spirits, and all the idle brood of moody imagination. His fears would alter the sensible appearance of remote or indistinct objects, and make them assume those forms which he most dreaded. A mind for any time accustomed to such feelings and apprehensions, could easily credit what would appear palpable fiction to a man who never saw a forest, and was a stranger to those nameless and indescribable feelings which are excited within us by certain appearances of nature. The spirit of romance, therefore, arose from natural causes, and a latitude of description and relation should be allowed to the writers of the time, which cannot be claimed by others. If, therefore, these circumstances, com-

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bined with the superstition of the age, could give credence to the wildest fictions of imagination, we must not too rigidly examine the probability of Ariosto's relations : all our objections to them amount to nothing, so far as they are founded on want of probability, while they are sufficiently probable for the age in which they were written.

Ariosto is more esteemed with us than in France, because, in general, we write and judge of works differently from the French. The French writer sketches out the entire plan of his work, and studies to make all the parts accord with each other; but the English writer is apt to forget his logic and metaphysics the moment he sits down to write. He studies to say a great many good things, but does not much relish to study what should be said first, and what last. In this respect, however, he seldom commits any important errors. Naturally possessed of good taste, all glaring misplacements and deviations from propriety appear intuitively to him; but he is at all times more studious of saying what is right, than of accommodating it to its time and place. Even our metaphysical writers cannot succeed so well as foreigners in the logical arrangement of their works. The *Wealth of Nations* was written by one of our most sensible philosophers, and yet when it came into the hands of a French translator, he found it extremely defective, in point of order, though he is a professed admirer of the work itself. The genius of the two nations is therefore different, and accordingly Ariosto is less pleasing to the French than to the English critic. The latter determines his merit by his own feelings, the former by his judgement. The latter is pleased with a beautiful passage, without comparing it with any other; the former rejects this pleasure as a delusion, if it contain any sentiment or expression at variance either with the general design of the work, or any particular member of it. Hence, Ariosto seldom pleases the French critic, because he will not put on the yoke of servitude, and say every thing in its proper place, because he skips away unexpectedly from his subject, though it must be confessed, he abandons it when we are most desirous of pursuing it. He does so, however, not by chance, but by design ; for invariably throughout the *Orlando*, the most interesting part is that in which he chooses to drop the subject and fly to some other. He is generally accused of subjecting himself to no rule whatever, of obeying no law, of rejecting all the canons of criticism, and of writing purely as his own fancy dictates. This appears to us evidently a mistake. There is no poet more observant of order and method, though it is an order and method peculiar to himself. In dropping one adventure and flying to another, he always leaves off where curiosity is most highly excited. This is what he is chiefly

blamed for by the critics, but though it is certain that we cannot well endure disappointment at the very moment our hopes are on the point of being gratified, it is also certain, that there is a pleasure in being held in suspense, when we have nothing to fear and something to hope for. When the lover has succeeded in gaining the heart of his fair one, and prevails on her to appoint the day that is to render him happy, he enjoys, perhaps, during the interval, a more varied and rapid succession of blissful emotions, than he ever experiences afterwards. When anticipation is gratified, the keen edge of desire is blunted, or saturated with enjoyment. Suspense or doubt is painful only when exacted either by some craving or desire which we apprehend may never be gratified, or by some impending evil from which we fear we cannot escape. In all other cases suspense is a pleasure, for it rouses all our faculties and prompts us to pursue that enjoyment which smilingly allures us in the distant vista of the imagination. This is always the case in Ariosto. Whenever he stops short, and passes abruptly to some other subject, we know that, however painful it is to be disappointed at the moment, it is still a pain mingled with pleasure, a pleasure arising from our past experience, that it is only a temporary suspension of enjoyment, and that if we have patience to read a little farther, we shall become acquainted with the issue of those adventures that have interested us so much already. Had we been gratified at the moment, the pleasure would be only of a temporary character, but from its being thus judiciously delayed, we are continually enjoying it by anticipation; and we pass over the intervening incidents and adventures with a two-fold pleasure, one arising from themselves, the other from the satisfaction of knowing that the moment we have concluded them, we shall be made acquainted with that from which we have already derived so much anticipated enjoyment. He who has his wishes eternally gratified is seldom happy, because constant and unceasing enjoyment destroys the faculty of enjoyment itself, whereas tempered and well regulated enjoyments are a perpetual feast.

That Ariosto was determined, in breaking off his adventures abruptly, by this view of the subject, appears more than probable from the following lines.

> " Come raccende il gusto il mature esca
> Cosi mi par, che le mia istoria, quanto,
> Or quà, or là piu variata, sià
> Meno, a chi l'ndirà noisa sia."

> " As at the board, with plenteous viands grac'd,
> Cate after cate excites the sick'ning taste,

So, while my muse repeats her varied strains,
Tale following tale the ravish'd ear detains."

If each of the different adventures related in the *Orlando* were concluded before another begun, we would probably lay down the book at the end of each adventure, and take up the next at some other time. That Ariosto's manner of arranging them is therefore the most interesting, appears evident from our unwillingness to lay the book out of our hands till we have gone through the entire work. We cannot, therefore, agree with Gravina, when he says, that Ariosto "is reprehensible for the disagreeable breaks in his narrative;" nor with his translator, Mr. Hoole, that "it is likewise to be feared, that those repeated breaks, by blending the adventures with each other, must rather tend to perplex and embarrass the story." No embarrassment whatever can arise from dropping an adventure, in one place, and resuming it in another, as Ariosto, in taking it up, recals our attention to the part where he left off. In fact, though his plan of conducting his poem is perfectly original, and has a *prima facie* appearance of irregularity, few poets have been more observant of that order which he had planned out for himself at the commencement.

Whatever be Ariosto's faults, he has one merit that redeems them all, a merit which whoever possesses, possesses also the virtue of converting blemishes into beauties. This merit consists in the intense interest which he excites throughout the work. All his heroes are so interesting, that we imagine the present hero the most interesting of all, and we cannot endure to have him snatched from us suddenly, to hold converse with another. Our regret, however, is of a short duration, for the new hero or heroine soon becomes our principal favourite. If, then, the art of interesting be the true art of writing; if, in the absence of this art, beauty be faded, and instruction insipid; if it be the strong interest excited in the *Iliad* that renders it the first of all poems, Ariosto must be allowed to rank, if not in the first, at least in the second class of poets. Voltaire, in fact, does not hesitate to prefer the *Orlando* to the *Odyssey*, but with this opinion we cannot agree; for admitting Ariosto capable of excelling Homer in descriptive and pathetic powers, his subject would not permit him to equal him in either. In Homer, every thing has the appearance of reality: he never "oversteps the modesty of nature," for even when he introduces his gods and goddesses supporting their respective heroes in battle, we see no inconsistency, because we believe Homer had no higher idea of the subject gods of Jupiter. Jupiter himself he never introduces into the fight,

which shews that if he had as high an opinion of them as he had of him, at whose nod

> " Great heaven with trembling the dread signal took,
> And all Olympus to the centre shook,

he would have been more sparing of celestial agency.

But though Ariosto's heroes are of a more ideal character, and consequently less interesting, we must, to estimate his merits fairly, become as credulous as the age in which he wrote. We must have a firm belief in magic, or at least suffer Ariosto and his contemporaries to have a firm belief in it; and we shall then find the *Orlando* less ideal than it would otherwise appear. But whatever allowances we make for his idealisms, we can never compare him to Homer, in point of sublimity, though, in beauty and minuteness of description, he surpasses both him and all other writers. One flash of Homer's fire, however, rouses that electric thrill which all the luxury of description can never excite. Homer seizes at once whatever is calculated to inflame and inspire, and rejects whatever is not impregnated with this living principle; but Ariosto suffers nothing to escape him that associates with our ideas of grace and beauty. His pictures are therefore most luxuriant and delicious; but we easily perceive that they are not, like those of Homer, struck out at a heat. His description of Alcina, the sorceress, for instance, is quoted by Dolce, in his dialogue on painting, as a portrait of perfect beauty: but who does not perceive the art and study which was exercised in producing it? In this description there is not, perhaps, a word that we can alter, and yet we see, at a glance, it is not like Homer's descriptions, the work of inspiration. Every epithet, simile, and allusion, is true to nature, but it wants that fire that burns in Homer, and carries the mind forcibly and impetuously beyond its ordinary limits. Homer is rapid and impetuous in his engagements, while Ariosto is particular and circumstantial. He omits in fact no circumstance whatever, and if his battles, and particularly his single combats, have not all the rage and overwhelming impetuosity of Homer, they have at least all the truth and reality of nature. He is, of all poets, the happiest in combining, selecting, and imagining all the various turns and possible chances of battle.

Having taken this retrospect of the general design of the poem, the impropriety of selecting a chief hero and a main action, in a poem composed of such materials as Ariosto had fixed upon, the degree of credibility that may be attached to his relations and extravagant scenes, and the interest excited by his frequent interruptions of the story, by the introduction of new, or the resumption of adventures already commenced, we shall

conclude, in another number, with a view of his style and manner, and the character which he has impressed upon his work; a view which necessarily embraces his particular beauties and defects.

ART. IX.— *Northern Memoirs, calculated for the Meridian of Scotland: wherein most or all of the Cities, Citadels, Seaports, Castles, Forts, Fortresses, Rivers, and Rivulets, are compendiously described. Together with choice Collections of various Discoveries, Remarkable Observations, Theological Notions, Political Axioms, National Intrigues, Polemick Inferences, Contemplations, Speculations, and several curious and industrious Inspections, lineally drawn from Antiquaries, and other noted and intelligible persons of honour and eminency. To which is added, The Contemplative and Practical Angler, by way of Diversion. With a Narrative of that dextrous and mysterious Art, experimented in England, and perfected in more remote and solitary Parts of Scotland. By way of Dialogue. Writ in the year* 1658, *but not till now made publick, by* Richard Franck, *Philanthropus.*

Plures necat Gula quam Gladius.

London, Printed for the Author. To be sold by Henry Mortclock, *at the Phenix, in St. Paul's Church-yard.* 1694.

Captain Richard Franck, a Cromwellian trooper, and a gentle brother of the angle, drew the sword and flourished the rod about the latter end of the seventeenth century. He lived, as he himself gives out, a short time at Cambridge, but to very little mental profit if we may give credence to the many complaints of want of education murmured throughout his book. He does not tell us how his thirst remained unquenched at the spring-head. After this he is supposed to have resided for a considerable time at Nottingham, but whether as a soldier, a fisherman, or a merchant, we are at a loss to determine. Certain it is, he spent much of this time by the side "of the silver silent Trent," for he speaks of it with the enthusiasm of a true haunter of its marge, and celebrates it manfully in fifty different places. It may be gathered from his pages, that he at one time served in the parliament cavalry during the Scottish wars, but whether before or after his residence at Nottingham it is impossible to say.—The few incidents of his life, indeed, which we are able to detect, are so *distanced* by

Time, that it is vain to attempt to *place* them His death, however, is pretty well settled—for our fighting and fishing captain after writing two books—the one entitled *Rabbi Moses*, and stated to be " writ in America, in a time of solitude;"—the other, *Northern Memoirs*—the flowery, fantastic work now before us—died somewhere about 1694 of a good old age, a complaint of which we verily believe most honest and gentle anglers commonly perish!

This scanty account of Captain Richard Franck is taken from a shrewd and pithy preface prefixed to a republication of the *Northern Memoirs*, lately printed in Edinburgh. The book is so flowery in its pictures of Scotland, that we only wonder it has escaped a reprint so long: the Scotch love to read of Scotland, and the *Northern Memoirs* surely offer a goodly profit, if only *pulled off* for exportation. The preface to this reprint is clearly of Scottish extraction (indeed we have heard it confidently attributed to the pen of Sir Walter Scott)—if no other proof were to be found, the following passage would make out its origin.

———" Franck's contests with salmon are painted to the life, and his directions to the angler are generally given with great judgement. Walton's practice was entirely confined to bait-fishing, and even Cotton, his disciple and follower, though accustomed to fish trout in the Dove, with artificial fly, would have been puzzled by *a fish* (for so the salmon is called, *par excellence*, in most parts of Scotland), of twenty pounds weight; both being alike strangers to that noble branch of the art, which exceeds all other uses of the angling rod, as much as fox-hunting excels hare-hunting."

We have more than once met with this boasted Scottish monopoly of salmon-fishing. In an early number of a northern magazine, one of its contributors, in its accustomed extravagance of style, vaunted of the toil of salmon-fishing in his country, and of the utter inability of poor weak Southrons to compass the sport. How! Does the salmon only leap in the north countrie? Is that fish sacred to Scottish waters, and Scottish rods and lines? Is the Severn emptied of salmons? Is the Thames only a brook for dace? We have seen men—aye, good men and anglers—standing in the rapid waters above Shrewsbury Town toiling in the true salmon line—aye, marry, and we have heard of English fishermen braving fatigue and mastering *a fish* of twenty pounds, with as untiring a spirit and as steady a wrist, as ever wrestled with fish by northern river. We know not how the preface writer comes to assert of Cotton and Walton, that " both were alike strangers to that noble branch of the art," (salmon-fishing). Walton, in his chapter on this " branch of the art," speaks of going out

fishing with Oliver Henley, now with God, and after observing upon a way Master Oliver had of making his lob-worm a dainty relish, he says: "he has been observed, both by others and myself, to catch more fish than I or any other body that has ever gone a fishing could do, and especially salmons." At any rate, Master Henley, with his worms scented with oil of ivy-berries, would have taken the river with the pen-fisherman in the north, and have pulled in, with an angler's ease, a fish as big as a bonassus. It is really laughable to hear a person hectoring about a salmon of twenty pounds, when it is by no means an uncommon thing to take a pike of that size.

Nevertheless, the introductory remarks of the editor are plainly and unaffectedly written, and we seldom remember to have seen a book which more required a master of the ceremonies to introduce it to the reader. It is writ in a wild bombastic style, and treats of angling, politics, and religion, now alternately—and "now, altogether," as Mr. Puff describes his martial prayer. At the end of every six or eight pages, the author breaks out into a fit of stark prose madness about fragrant banks, golden stars, enamelled dells, and verdant coverings; and not until he has raved himself clear of his extremely saffron mornings and extra gilt evenings, and not until his flowers have yielded him a rich double-distilled description, can he betake himself soberly to his rod and line, or pursue his more orderly course from Carlisle to Glasgow, or thence on to "dirty Dumblain." The book professes to give an account of the cities, towns, and rivers of Scotland, mixed up with choice collections of various discoveries, remarkable observations, theological notions, polemic inferences, &c. &c. together with instructions to the contemplative angler. Captain Franck pledges himself to this extent in his title-page; and the anxiety to redeem this liberal pledge, is doubtless the cause of an occasional rich confusion in parts of the book,—where the line becomes entangled in the weeds of theology, and remarkable observations get disordered by polemic inferences; and political axioms break in among fishing contemplations; and where, in short, Oliver Cromwell's stiff old angler stands lost and confounded amidst his own multifarious and distracting speculations. As his subjects thicken upon him, his language swells to the task of competing with them all, and hence we may account for the occasional superfine style, to which the Captain often ascends, and the utter *break down* which so frequently happens to his poor, crazy, overloaded prose. If authors were often to resemble Franck in his style, it would be found necessary to licence the English language not to carry more than four subjects inside, and six out; and even this limit would not insure a very secure journey. We rather think

that the author who rides in a *sulky*, is the most likely to get on with his business: Mercantile houses so send their travellers out, and it is found the most safe, unincumbered, and expeditious mode.

The *Northern Memoirs*, in order, we presume, to match with the bouquet of subjects which the body of the work contains, is enriched with four dedications,—three author's prefaces, ("more *first* words of Mr. Baxter")—and four separate bunches of recommendatory verses. The first dedication is "To Mr. J. W. merchant of London," and in it the writer is for a time tolerably reasonable in his account of himself, and of his motives for writing the book; but, in speaking of Scotland, he rather suddenly forgets himself, and rushes into the following rhapsody:

"For you are to consider, sir, that the whole tract of Scotland is but one single series of admirable delights, notwithstanding the prejudicate reports of some men that represent it otherwise. For if eye-sight be argument convincing enough to confirm a truth, it enervates my pen to describe Scotland's curiosities, which properly ought to fall under a more elegant stile to range them in order for a better discovery. For Scotland is not Europe's *umbra*, as fictitiously imagined by some extravagant wits: No, it's rather a legible fair draught of the beautiful creation, drest up with polished rocks, pleasant savanas, flourishing dales, deep and torpid lakes, with shady fir-woods, immerged with rivers and gliding rivulets; where every fountain overflows a valley, and every ford super-abounds with fish. Where also the swelling mountains are covered with sheep, and the marish grounds strewed with cattle, whilst every field is filled with corn, and every swamp swarms with fowl. This, in my opinion, proclaims a plenty, and presents Scotland a kingdom of prodigies and products too, to allure foreigners, and entertain travellers."

The second Dedication "To the Virtuosos of the Rod in the British metropolis, the famous City of London," is "high fantastical." In truth the pen of Captain Richard Franck throws a long line!

The third Dedication is "To the Academicks in Cambridge, the place of my Nativity." And here Captain Francks, conscious of the erudite persons he is addressing, takes an opportunity of advancing upon the style of his merchant's and his virtuoso's dedications; and tropes, figures, and metaphors, become "as plenty as noun-substantives."

The last Dedication—(by the way it is a perfect puzzle to us to conjecture what portion of the book Captain Richard can possibly have remaining to give away)—is "To the Gentlemen Piscatorians inhabiting in or near the sweet situations of Nottingham, North of Trent." And herein the author does not

quite dress himself up in his usual May-day finery. The following passage is pleasant and reasonable.

"In those florid fields, near the fords of Trent, I frequently wandered up and down to crop the buds of experience; yet I plundered no man's orchard to enrich my arbory, nor borrowed I other men's labours to adorn my discoveries: the bounty of heaven, that always blest me with benevolent success, restrained me from rifling the records of my ancestors; when to put a rod in my hand, and place a river before me; so that I should offer violence to reason and art, if now to consult the authority of others, when such a large and legible folio to write by, as the great and stupendous volume of the creation; which to contemplate, interprets the divine practice of solitudes, and becomes not only contributary to the present, but the future generations."

The three Prefaces come next; one in poetical prose, and two in prosaic poetry. The first of them, under the pretence of "manuducting you through the slender margin of this uncultivated book," treats, amongst many other subjects, of religion, Dubravius, the Trent, Isaac Owldham, and honest Master Isaac Walton, (the last of whom meets with but rough usage in the hands of our florid old trooper.) The second Preface is called, by the writer, an Address to his Book. And the third is "a booing" return to one of the poets, who "boo" to the author of the *Northern Memoirs*. The captain has thus, as our readers will have seen, fired off at least half a dozen morning guns before the piece opens, doubly out-doing that brace of noisy prefaces in *The Critic*, of which Mr. Puff so angrily complains; and our trooper's guns have not the merit which attaches to Mr. Puff's contrivances, which, it may be remembered, "saved a description of the rising sun, and a great deal about gilding the eastern hemisphere."

And now for "a brief description of the cities, citadels, &c. of Scotland, with the Contemplative Angler," extending over nearly four hundred pages; and which, from the idea our author seems to have of a *brief*, we should have set down as the work of some *Gentleman, one, &c.* had we not seen with our own eyes the name of "RICHARD FRANCK, PHILANTHROPUS," set down in the title page. The work is composed in dialogue, like Isaac Walton's wholesome book, and a gentleman, of the name of Theophilus, pursues his studies under the directions of Arnoldus, (Captain Franck,) seemingly well fitted to answer his master's flowery observations. The conversation thus commences, or *dawns*, as the Captain would have it.

"*Theophilus.* It was in April, when every bough looked big with blessings, and the florid fields and fragrant meadows, (adorned with

green,) sent forth their sweet and redolent perfumes to refresh the universe. Chanticleer then gave the day a summons, and the early lark, earlier than the sun, salutes the air, whilst blushing Phebus paints and gilds the azure globe, whose celestial influence, (by refulgent magnetism,) blest all the world with prolifick blessings; so that the whole creation began to vegetate, and every vegetation sent forth sweet aromas; the birds began now to build their nests, and every bird to choose his mate; whilst the groves and delightful springs, as also the forests and unfrequented desarts, celebrated the fragrant spring; when the frigid congelations of frost and snow were all struck dead by the blazing fiery strokes of the sun.

"*Arnoldus.* What infer you from these pretty metaphors?

"*Theoph.* I infer thus much:—The vernon ingress smiled a blessing, when she sent the melodious harmony of birds to melt the air. The nightingale with her warbling notes, the blackbird, thrush, linnet, and golden-jay, besides the canary and delicious bulfinch, filled all the woods with their solitary strains; and because beating the air with such proportionable harmony, every bush became an aviary, and every grove a mellifluous concert, whilst the purling springs, and more shady rivulets, softened by the gentle breathings of Zephyrus, seemed tacitly to express a secret, whispering, silent praise.

"*Arn.* To whom?

"*Theoph.* To whom think you? Unto Jehovah the great Creator.

"*Arn.* Very well exprest! Proceed.

"*Theoph.* Things thus posited, under such a rectoral governance, my reason and all my faculties were excited to contemplate the excellent beauty of this stupendous creation; but above all, when to consider man lord of this creational work, and invested with power to conduct the creatures, and intrusted with the cargo of the whole creation; this, I confess, was very surprising, when but to consider him in a natural state, and compare him with the excellency of celestial beings.

"*Arn.* What observe you from thence?

"*Theoph.* I observe him complicated, and compounded of elements; and elements of themselves they drop in sunder.

"*Arn.* But what if you take him translated into a state of grace and regeneration?

"*Theoph.* Why, then, I'll grant the first death is past, and the second death shall have no power to hurt him.

"*Arn.* So far you'll grant him to excel all created beings."

The theological argument is waged for several pages, in the course of which the loss of Paradise is very fantastically alluded to; and there seems to be no prospect of the author getting to any other subject, when Theophilus puts, as we think, and as our readers shall see anon, a very pertinent question.

"*Arn.* God forbid that the sting of sin should be so venomous a poison, that no antidote can cure it! Did not the Lord of Life die

to conquer sin, and death, and hell, in every believer? Let us be so charitable as to parallel Saul with Sampson, who had his Dalilah, as Saul had his Endor. Here we read, that David found repentance after the prophet's reproof; and Sampson had his satisfaction upon the lords of the Philistines. These two had their pardon sealed before death; and fain would I be so charitable to conclude so of Saul.

"*Theoph.* Ay, but Saul's fault is writ in capital characters.

"*Arn.* That's instituted for our admonition, and the reformation of succeeding generations.

"*Theoph.* O, Arnoldus! the generations to come will abominate this, that inflames itself to set the rest of the world on fire.

"*Arn.* Then let them burn and consume one another; for lust and pollution augment the flames.

"*Theoph.* Do not all the nations and kingdoms about us exhaust their treasures to indulge themselves, and devote their services to the hypocrisy of the times?

"*Arn.* It's rare (to a miracle) to find faith amongst men, especially such as daily expose conscience to the wreck of opinion. And he that makes a god of his belly devotes all his services to his luxurious appetite. Thus, men, as by machination, traduce one another into the devil's school, to brazen themselves against the modesty of a blush, lest sin should be thought to be shame-faced. And others, raking up the embers of revenge, fire themselves by quenching the flames.

"*Theoph.* So let them. *But what's all this to our angling design?*

"*Arn.* Stay a little till we come to the water-side: in the meantime I have a question to put, and that's this; How comes it to pass that the hinge and poize of politic states move and turn about with such rapid motions, that kingdoms and potentates are dashed in pieces?"

The question which Arnoldus takes the opportunity of putting before he gets "to the waterside," would have ruined the angling of poor Theophilus for ever, if he had stayed to answer it.

At page thirty-four, Agrippa, a friend of the two colloquists, arrives "from the flourishing fields in Albion." (There was no such a thing then as *agricultural distress.*) Arnoldus after the usual courtesies proposes that the new comer shall meet them in a silent grove, and in the meantime that he and Theophilus shall discourse.

"*Arn.* Come then, let us chat awhile, and discourse Rome divided among the Romanists. Nay, what will you say to see the church look asquint at the Pope, and Portugal to lift up his heel to kick against his elder brother of Spain? It's madness rather than manners to hear them wrangle and jangle about religion, when there's nothing left on't but bare opinion; which if you won't conform to, they'll stamp the character of a stelletto upon you, or the bloody impressions of an Inquisition."

At length we have the prospect of a change, and the keen-eyed reader may begin to see the fish rise.

"*Theoph.* Come, Arnoldus, let us enter this solitary grove; here we may dwell among rocks, consort with the creation, and keep time with the pulse of the fluctuating ocean. Here we may refresh our ears with the relishing notes of tunable birds, and astonish our eyes with the beautiful model of heaven; where, whilst we gaze on those glittering orbs, our hearts, as inspired, may breathe forth flames.

"*Arn.* A solitary life I always approved of, to trace the polite sands, to sit down under the shades of woods and rocks, and accost the rivers and rivulets for diversion, (as now we do) and trample on the beautiful banks and florid meadows, beautified with greens, that will not only refresh our senses with their redolent perfumes, but enamour us beyond express, when to see their banks bathed by such silver streams. Come and let's pitch our tents in these delightful plains, where every shady grove, as an umbrella, will shelter us from the scorching fiery beams of the sun, till the earth sends forth her sweet aromas; over which the burnished and beautiful firmament of heaven surrounds all the earth (and the blessed creation) with melody like birds, and murmuring streams; I fancy it a kind of counter-paradise for mortal content. And how sweet and sublime is that contemplation that surmounts angels for divine associates! Observe, Theophilus, that little rowling rivulet, where every eye may evidence fish in those purling streams courting the sun, as if naturally enamoured with stars and celestials. Such observations flow from our present state, let us therefore consider both the author and the end."

Anon, Agrippa joins the party, and in answer to the interrogations of his philosophical friends, gives a very long and a very melancholy account of the troubled state of "the flourishing fields of Albion." One might almost suppose, that a more recent tongue than Agrippa's had uttered the following observations:—

"*Arn.* What, is there no trimming nor neutrality left amongst 'em?

"*Agrip.* Yes, there's enough of that, and solicitations for peace among sober men and mechanicks.

"*Arn.* But what say the people as to church government? Is one religion or more in fashion?

"*Agrip.* Religion is made a mere stalking horse, to answer the ends of every design, and worn so threadbare, that there's nothing left to cover it, save only the name on't. It's true, there's some small alteration in the church, so is there in the state, by a late purgation; the army also is decimated, and it's thought the mystery of law will be made legible, to speak our modern dialect: but the priest paramount is the bravest fellow, because Presbyter John struts a horse-back, whilst the proselyte like a pensioner holds the bridle; but to speak plain English, most hold the stirrup.

XUM

"*Arn.* What say *Mercurius*, and *Publicus Anglicus?*

"*Agrip.* You have them both, and the *National Diary* to boot, where you may read the various products of men, frequent tumults in every corner, general discontents in families; heatings, but no healings, in their grand consults.

"*Theoph.* What do they vary for?

"*Agrip.* Something superlative; but the generality cry *tempora mutantur.*

"*Theoph.* By this I perceive some dig deep to hide their counsels.

"*Arn.* Deep or shallow, it's a tiffany plot; any man with half an eye may easily see through it: who is it cries up peace, only those men whom the times court, and the Constitution flatters? such men as these may cry up for peace, while others solicit an every day's novel: No, Theophilus, there's nothing pleasant, every thing seems in a hurly burly; and France and Spain at sword's point."

Theophilus and Arnoldus are so touched with the times, that they determine to fly to "the flourishing fields and plentiful streams of Scotland." But let us have the over-ripe descriptions of mad-cap Richard himself.

"*Arn.* Let us first dispatch Agrippa, whose countermarch will very much advance our progress.

"*Theoph.* That's well consider'd; pray, let it be so, that without interruption we may ramble all Scotland.

"*Arn.* And the studious art of angling—must not we make that our employment?

"*Theoph.* Yes, sure; but how must we accommodate ourselves with rods, and other convenient manuals and instruments, whereby to pursue this mysterious art?

"*Arn.* Trouble not yourself with that little affair. Here, Agrippa, take you these letters, and sweeten your rhetoric with returns of Arnoldus, so oft as inquired for by my dear Constantia.

"*Agrip.* Can the tides forget their natural course? I'll court sun and moon to sprinkle the tracts with propitious beams, to return me prosperous.

"*Arn.* But when you approach those harmonious ports where Constantia dwells, be well advised what you say or express: let not one word slip that may cause a tear; for if one star falls, all the heavens lower.

"*Theoph.* And remember me (honest Agrippa) to the vertuosos in Nottingham; together with the generous society of anglers, that traverse the fragrant banks of those silver, silent, and murmuring streams of the famous Trent.

"*Arn.* Near whose cultivated shores, and florid meadows, shines the life of my life, in the constant breast of my dear Constantia.

"*Agrip.* I'll observe your punctims, and pay your respects.

"*Arn.* Do so.

"*Theoph.* Agrippa, farewell! and forget not Theophilus, who petitions their welfare, and thy prosperous journey.

"*Agrip.* Heavens influence your designs.

"*Arn.* Now, he is gone, (nor will he be long in going;) in the meantime, let us contemplate the beauteous creation, and retire to those solitary rocks, to defend us from the radiant and refulgent beams of the sun, that direct their strokes upon us; such retirements will moderate extremes; afterwards, we may stretch our limbs to encounter our recreation, and sport ourselves with the princely trout, in the flourishing rivers and rivulets in Scotland, which probably may contribute as much satisfaction as any other rivers in the promontories of Great Britain, if dexterously examined, and industriously managed with patience and other requisites, suitable and agreeable to the methods of art.

"We may also in our progress, as we travel the country, take a survey of their towns, forts, and fortresses. The like we may do of their cities, castles, and citadels; with their rivers, rivulets, and solitary loughs, which will furnish us with fish enough, provided we can furnish ourselves with baits. But to furnish every angler with a new bait, was the studious invention of Isaac Walton, author (as you may read) of the *Complete Angler*, who industriously has taken care to provide a good cook, (supposing his wife had a finger in the pie,) which will necessarily be wanting in our northern expedition, where the fry are numerous, (nay numberless almost,) in some of those rapid and trembling streams; from whence the artificial fly (if that exercise be well understood) will contribute as much as any thing to court them ashore, and sweeten our recreation. But I speak more peculiarly to ingenious artists, not to those phlegmatic fellows indigent of art; such only I allot an accidental fate.

"*Theoph.* Methinks I grow impatient to attempt these silver streams with our harmless artillery. Here needs no auxiliary force to guard our approaches, when only to trample these delicious, pleasant, and fragrant banks, enamelled with flowers, and green coverings, where every chrystal purling stream is overshadowed with a stately fir tree, or some spreading sycamore, through which Zephyrus inspires a softened breath of air, to curl the surface of the milder streams; and where the glittering shores shine like Peru, or the golden sands of the admired Tagus, as if purposely erected for a tomb or sepulchre, therein to inter the generous trout, which is the angler's trophies, and the ultimate period of art.—Reach me that rod, Arnoldus, and furnish me with tackle to try my fortune. Are these flies proper, and suitable to the season? Is the line tapered, and the rod rush-grown? Every thing answers to promise success, and now have amongst them; for I resolve, beyond dispute, to approve myself an angler, or shame the art.

"*Arn.* An angler! an alligator rather; to rush so rudely upon a river, and forget your rudiments.

"*Theoph.* My passionate zeal, hurried on by avarice, confirmed the difficulty of catching fish, no more than a cast of my fly to summon them ashore.

"*Arn.* That would excuse your over-forwardness to put a force upon your exercise. The angler's direction, and the mediums of art, are the Pole-star you must steer by.

"*Theoph.* You do well to reckon up my errors, and lay down rudiments to oblige me to reform. All that I solicit is, to be master of my exercise; that theory and practice be made legible and intelligible; nature, then, will demonstrate herself obvious to the artist.

"*Arn.* You have hit the mark; it's true what you say. Art, at the best, is but nature's imitation; instructions made legible gratify the ingenious, whilst the ignorant read but lectures in their A B C.

"*Theoph.* Then I need not despair. However, as I'm solicitous after the secrets of the art, direct me how to flourish a fly in a torpid, deep, and melancholy water, such as this is.

"*Arn.* Stand close, be sure, that's your first caution; and appear least in sight, that's your second direction; and dibble lightly on the surface of the water, that's your third and final instruction. Now order and manage the affair as well as you can."

In the course of the last extract, our readers will have encountered one of the Captain's rhapsodies. He is never-ending in his descriptions of golden sands and trembling streams; but put him to the explanation of the art of flourishing a fly, and he becomes a quiet fisherman indeed, telling you "to order and manage the affair as well as you can."—Isaac would not have so served an innocent searcher after knowledge; but taking up his rod, and the line of his discourse, would have minutely unwound the mystery from but-end to hook. Captain Franck is figurative—and a traveller; Isaac loved repose and untroubled English. The Captain has his brain stuffed full of politics—parliament troops—Scotland—amber skies—theological points, and the *unlike*. Isaac had pure religion in his heart, and only one maggot in his gentle brain. The noise at a mill-tail was the loudest disturbance in this world he ever heard! But to proceed,—for we have a long stream to fish.

Arnoldus takes a trout, and presents it as handsel to Theophilus; and then they "lap up their lines," and trace the pleasant fields to merry Carlisle.

From Carlisle, after a short but earnest description, the friends journey to Dumfries: first, however, they try their fortunes in the waters; and here the dialogue, instead of assuming the appearance of long orations, as in the polemical and devotional portions of the work, becomes short and hurried; and we beg our readers to remark, that whenever they come to these *rapids* and *shallows* in books of angling, they may be sure that they are very near to the fish and the sport of fishing.

"*Arn.* Then take your lot, and cast in your line; and flourish

your fly, for it's dubbed with bear's hair: and the point of your hook, it's so snug and so sharp, that, as it ought, it must always hang downward. Moreover, it's proportioned of an excellent compass, winged also with the dapple feather of a teal; a dangerous novel to invite a desperate fish; and suitable to the day and season, in regard it's bright.

" *Theoph.* Why thus to capitulate? let us in amongst them.

" *Arn.* Two words to a bargain; be better advised.

" *Theoph.* It's past that now, and I'm past my senses, to feel such trepidations on a sudden invade me. What's the matter with me that I'm thus out of order?

" *Arn.* I perceive you disordered, but not much deliciated.

" *Theoph.* If I were, it's folly to complain, when past all hope to expect redress.

" *Arn.* How know you that?

" *Theoph.* I know you won't tell me what it is that tugs thus.

" *Arn.* It may be a trout; or it may be a salmon.

" *Theoph.* Or it may be both, for ought I know; for it's almost impossible that one single fish should raise the water to such eruptions.

" *Arn.* And impossible for you (I perceive) to reclaim him.

" *Theoph.* Do but resolve me what it is, and then I'll resolve myself what to do.

" *Arn.* Make your own choice, what would you have it?

" *Theoph.* I would have it a fish.

" *Arn.* So it is; and it may be a fish of the largest size; therefore, look well about you.

" *Theoph.* I may look which way I will, and despair at last; what makes the water swell with ebullitions?

" *Arn.* Nothing I suppose but a change of elements, the fish has no mind to come a-shore.

" *Theoph.* And I have as little inclination to go to fetch him.

" *Arn.* Then were your hazards equal; and hitherto, as I apprehend, you have much the odds.

" *Theoph.* Odd or even, I know not how to manage him.

" *Arn.* Would you put a force upon Neptune, to compel his subjects a-shore?"

This smart colloquy does not end here, but the tug at this mighty fish lasts for three pages, Arnoldus advising like a philosopher, and Theophilus acting like a school-boy. The fish escapes the hook, but the fisherman does not escape a lecture on his folly in " being too rude with the fish." An account of Dumfries follows the lecture—and the two friends rest there for the night. Theophilus rises early in the morning, before Zephyrus has softly breathed his balmy sigh through the blushing roses,—and exclaims—

" O, Arnoldus, I'm almost worried to death with lice, my skin is all mottled and dappled like an April trout. Can you blame me to relinquish this lousy lodging, when my battered sides are pincked full

of ilet-holes? One brigade pursues another, and flight I find the best expedient; for my enemies, I perceive, are so desperately resolved, that they'll rather die than quit the field. Dangers foreseen are the sooner prevented, and I design to sleep in a whole skin as long as I can. Zanker, farewell, I am glad to see thee behind me, and no need of a chirurgeon."

The travellers ramble on to Kilmarnock over some very heavy prose;—and thence on to Glasgow;—"flourishing Glasgow." But before we get fairly into this famous city, the author luxuriates in a gorgeous description of its walls and wonders; in the course of which he protests, that it excels all others in fish, fowl, and good French wines. This description, or rather eulogy, is followed by two magnificent orations, which we will not spoil by omission or curtailment.

"*Theoph.* What to think, or what to say of this eminent Glasgow, I know not, except to fancy a smell of my native country. The very prospect of this flourishing city reminds me of the beautiful fabrics and the florid fields in England, so that now I begin to expect a pleasant journey. Pray tell me, Arnoldus, how many such cities shall we meet with in our travels, where the streets and the channels are so cleanly swept, and the meat in every house so artificially drest? The linen, I also observed, was very neatly lapped up, and, to their praise be it spoke, was lavender proof; besides, the people were decently drest, and such an exact decorum in every society, represents it, to my apprehension, an emblem of England, though, in some measure, under a deeper die. However, I'll superscribe it the nonsuch of Scotland, where an English florist may pick up a posy; so that should the residue of their cities, in our northern progress, seem as barren as uncultivated fields, and every field so replenished with thistles that a flower could scarcely flourish amongst them, yet would I celebrate thy praise, O, Glasgow! because of those pleasant and fragrant flowers that so sweetly refreshed me, and, to admiration, sweetened our present interments.

"*Arn.* Now the day-star springs, and the flaming steeds of the sun invite our departure. The smiles of the weather prognosticate we shall reach Dumbarton in very good time, where we may redress and refit such tackle as shall serve to accommodate both our art and exercise; for near to those famous and flourishing ports there glides a rapid and peremptory river, that gulphs forth the bowels of Loemon, replenished with trout, and, beyond all measure, of incomparable salmon, (if I calculate right) where we may sport to-day, and to-morrow too, provided the season serve to our purpose. So from thence we may pass into the fields of Luss (by fording the Loemon), where, beyond dispute, we shall gratify ourselves with such solitary entertainments as the angler most delights in; so from thence, by crossing the Loemon eastward, we arrive in the steril fields of Bohannan, a situation, by some, thought almost inaccessible, by reason of hills and multiplicity of bogs."

Dumbarton is now reached, and here the travellers luckily stumble upon a friend, named Aquilla (a water-boy, of course). Arnoldus tells him, that they have deserted the beautiful tracts of Albion (why not flourishing?) to trample the solitary fields of Scotland! (why not flourishing also?) The whole party fall a fishing as fast as their rods will carry them,—and separate to different parts of the stream, as all intense anglers invariably do. Arnoldus and Aquilla first meet, and Aquilla has a brace of salmon:—Arnoldus has "two brace of trout, that would make a cockney's teeth stand a water and spring a leak, for no other purpose than to tap his mouth." Theophilus joins them, quite scenery-mad!

"O, Arnoldus, I was certainly enamoured to see how the shady trees hung dangling about me; whilst the murmuring streams, through the lungs of Zephyrus, made music to my fancy, though not to the pitch of the melodious Philomel, and the chorus of birds that beat the air with their mellifluous quires, which springs fresh thoughts of the non-age of time, when the constitution of the creation was a composition of harmony."

The journey is continued on to Bohannan — beautiful Bohannan!—"besieged with bogs, and barricadoed with birch trees." "Dull Dunkeeth" is apostrophized—and three more pages bring us to "Dirty Dumblaine"—but "the itch after Mockeny" will not permit our Scottish travellers to tarry at the latter place. Mockeny makes sad havock with Captain Franck!

"And here we cross the moor to Mockeny, whose limpid streams are pleasant beyond report, and her fords generally furnished with trout, as if nature had there designed to entertain the contemplative angler, in those liberal streams, where the artist in a storm may shelter himself under shady trees, elevated upon lofty mountains, over the melting amorous smiling banks; as if the boughs were barnacles, and ready to drop into the silent glittering streams, that glide softly along a delightful meadow; excepting here and there some small cataracts of water that tumble down a precipice of rocks, that encircles and surrounds great stones in the sandy foundation of this mystical Mockeny, whose glittering shoals are gently moved by the soft breathings of Zephyrus, that dash the smaller waves ashore, and discover to the angler the intricate angles of Mockeny, so that here we assume a poetic liberty, in some sort, to call Scotland Arcadia."

From Mockeny they pass to Dromon; and here "you shall see the majestic brow of a rock, and a castle inoculated to it." From Dromon they hasten to Tippermore, "where the Marquiss Montross routed his countrymen."

Arnoldus now relates a goodly story of a tailor being deceived into a belief, that he had found a stone which rendered

the holder invisible. It is a traveller's story, quite as romantic as the style of the trooper! We next read of divers large fish—of a trout weighing upwards of a hundred pounds—and of another, so heavy that the author will not trust himself with its weight. A pike is also recorded by our author to have travelled fifteen miles in twenty-four hours!—This must also have been a Daniel Lambert with fins, or his singular speed is not otherwise to be accounted for. A long and dull witch-story follows, in which Captain Franck labours, brain and pen, to prove that Pitloil is haunted by witches, "if there be witches at all;" but in spite of two or three mysterious accidents, and of the sudden deaths of a spaniel and a greyhound bitch belonging to our trooper, we remain still in a state of very irreverent disbelief as to the supernatural inhabitants of the Lough of Pitloil.

The bridge of Dean calls for an extra flourish from the pen of the Captain.

"That's the place, near those glittering sands, and rocky foundations, where you may observe the trembling streams swiftly, yet sweetly, glide along; but not as cataracts to terrify the fish, by reason their fall is so gently moderated, amongst those knotty stumpy rocks. I call it a river enriched with inhabitants; where rocks are landlords, and trouts tenants. For here's not a stream but it is furnished with trouts; I have angled them over from stem to stern, and dragged them forth, brace after brace, with nothing but a hackle, or an artificial fly, adapted to the season, and proportioned to the life. Humour but the fish, and you have his life; and that's as much as you can promise yourself. O, the diversion I have had in these solitary streams! believe me, Theophilus, it surpasseth report. I remember on a time, when the clouds let fall some extravagant drops, which in a manner discoloured the surface of the water, then it was that amongst those stony cisterns, where you see the tops of the rocks make a visible discovery, a little above that trembling stream, if you mind it; there stands a stumpy craggy rock, peeping perceptibly out of the water. From thence, and above those slaty foundations, I have struck, and killed many a brace of brave trouts; a reward beyond my labour and expense."

The conversation of the travellers now turning upon the art of angling, Arnoldus breaks out rather unmercifully upon the sweet and innocent master of the sport, worthy old Isaac Walton; of whom we must have leave to say a few words before we conclude these our remarks.

"*Theoph.* Ingenious instructions will signalize the art easy, and impregnate the artist. Let the luxurious surfeit with the sins of the age, I'll trace the angler's footsteps, and pursue this inoffensive life, and silver streams, to propagate and cultivate the art; so complete myself an artist in this mystical artillery: for I can raise my ambition

no higher than the device, fashion, and form of flies; with advice also for their management, together with seasonable time and use.

"*Arn.* That was my intention, had you never mentioned it; but were it to another, I should rather refer him to our modern assertors. For indeed the frequent exercise of fly-fishing, though painful, yet it is delightful, more especially when managed by the methods of art, and the practical rules and mediums of artists. But the ground-bait was of old the general practice, and beyond dispute brought considerable profit; which happened in those days, when the curiosity of fly-fishing was intricate and unpracticable. However, Isaac Walton (late author of the *Complete Angler*) has imposed upon the world this monthly novelty, which he understood not himself; but stuffs his book with morals from Dubravius and others, not giving us one precedent of his own practical experiments, except otherwise where he prefers the trencher before the troling-rod; who lays the stress of his arguments upon other men's observations, wherewith he stuffs his indigested octavo; so brings himself under the angler's censure, and the common calamity of a plagiary, to be pitied (poor man) for his loss of time, in scribbling and transcribing other men's notions. These are the drones that rob the hive, yet flatter the bees they bring them honey.

"*Theoph.* I remember the book, but you inculcate his *erratas;* however, it may pass muster among common mudlers.

"*Arn.* No, I think not; for I remember in Stafford, I urged his own argument upon him, that pickerel weed of itself breeds pickerel. Which question was no sooner stated, but he transmits himself to his authority, viz. Gesner, Dubravius, and Androvanus. Which I readily opposed, and offered my reasons to prove the contrary; asserting, that pickerels have been fished out of pools and ponds where that weed (for ought I knew) never grew since the non-age of time, nor pickerel ever known to have shed their spawn there. This I propounded from a rational conjecture of the heronshaw, who to commode herself with the fry of fish, because in a great measure part of her maintenance, probably might lap some spawn about her legs, in regard adhering to the segs and bull-rushes, near the shallows, where the fish shed their spawn, as myself and others without curiosity have observed. And this slimy substance adhering to her legs, &c. and she mounting the air for another station, in probability mounts with her. Where note, the next pond she happily arrives at, possibly she may leave the spawn behind her, which my *Complete Angler* no sooner deliberated, but dropped his argument, and leaves Gesner to defend it; so huffed away: which rendered him rather a formal opinionist, than a reformed and practical artist, because to celebrate such antiquated records, whereby to maintain such an improbable assertion.

"*Theoph.* This was to the point, I confess; pray, go on.

"*Arn.* In his book, intituled the *Complete Angler,* you may read there of various and diversified colours, as also the forms and proportions of flies. Where, poor man, he perplexes himself to rally and scrape together such a parcel of fragments, which he fancies arguments convincing enough to instruct the adult and minority of youth, into

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the slender margin of his uncultivated art, never made practicable by himself I'm convinced. Where note, the true character of an industrious angler, more deservedly falls upon Merril and Faulkner, or rather upon Isaac Owldham, a man that fished salmon but with three hairs at hook, whose collections and experiments were lost with himself."

How characteristic of the two fishermen is this account of the "Argument" at Stafford, as Captain Franck denominates it!—The trooper propounds his opinion, as though he had Isaac at the broadsword.—But Isaac, the gentlest creature alive, no sooner "deliberates" the matter, but he "drops the argument," and leaves Gesner to defend it. Isaac is no warrior—no hardy champion for any particular mode of breeding pike. He simply states what he reads, and what he thinks, and finding that the Captain has a contrary opinion with that of Gesner, viz.—that pickerel weed breed pike in pools; he leaves the two to settle the question. Isaac is content to catch fish; and, rather than cavil, we do not doubt but that he would at any time have believed that perch might have been bred out of old hen-roosts as easily as pike out of pickerel weed, so very amiable was he in his pursuit.

The sight of the town of Forfar calls to the recollection of Arnoldus a story of Billy Pringle's cow drinking a *cooler* of new ale,—which is told in the Captain's own elaborate and fanciful manner. The beer-robbery becomes a question first for the Provost's decision, and then for the court at Edinburgh. But let the author speak for himself at the conclusion of his story. He is very lively on the subject of new ale.

"*Arn.* And now the guid wife arrests Billy Pringle, because that his cow drank off her ale. And he like a man to purge himself by law, traverses the action at the court at Edinburgh, where the case was opened, and pleadings on both sides. But the woman's counsel pleads hard for satisfaction; when an advocate for Billy Pringle solicits the Judge, that an award be allowed to his client Pringle: For, my lord, quo he, they produce no precedent; nor was it ever known in the kingdom of Scotland that a cow paid a plack for a standing-drink: nay, more than that, she never called for it, and *Doh* and *Doris* is the custom of our country; where note, a standing-drink was never yet paid for. With these and the like circumstances he made the court merry, because utterly to exceed and confound their practice; so that now every lawyer became a mute, and every auditor a silent admirer.

"During this silence there rushed into the court a crew of saucy surly fellows, that proffered to swear for the guid awd wife, that the cow drank the ale brewed for them to drink: and it's thought they would have sworn through a double deal-board, they seemed so enraged for the loss of their ale. This you must conceive warmed the woman's counsel, so that they moved the court for satisfaction, and prayed a

more strict examination of the matter. Upon which the records of the court were called for, but no precedent was found to punish a cow for drinking of ale, sitting or standing. Besides, it was adjudged beyond the practice of the court to determine any thing wherein the laws were silent. Yet notwithstanding all this, and a great deal more, the woman's counsel moves again for satisfaction, which proposal was quashed by sentence of the court, almost as soon as it was propounded, because to refer it to the provost of Forfar.

"*Theoph.* Why so?

"*Arn.* Can you think him a man of that capacity, to decide a controversy so foreign and intricate, that all the law in Scotland could not then determine?

"*Theoph.* Why so; was the nature of the thing so rare and difficult?

"*Arn.* Was it not, think you, to take all the proofs, to swear all the witnesses; and as near as possible to ultimate the difference, with this proviso to both parties' satisfaction?

"*Theoph.* I confess it was intricate; but how did he behave himself?

"*Arn.* Very well, I fancy, and the manner on't was thus. First, he calls a hall; but admits no man to speak a word save himself; and as his gravity directs him, puts a question to the woman, which in short was this. He demands to know of her how the cow took the liquor, whether she took it sitting, or if she took it standing? To which the brewster-wife, after a little pause, answered, by making this reply: In guid fa, sir, quo the wife, the cow took it standing. Then, quo the provost, your e'en words condemn ye, to seek satisfaction for a standing-drink. This annihilates the custom of *doh* and *doris*. For truly sike another ill precedent as this were enough to obliterate so famous a custom, as stark love and kindness for evermare. Where note, guid wife, ye have wronged Billy Pringle, for prosecuting the guid man contrary to law; and have done mickle damage to Puggy his cow, because to chastise her but for a standing-drink."

The travellers pass on to Loughness, and "*Hero* it over another Hellespont." The border of Southerland is trod—and Tayn in Ross is approached.—

"*Arn.* The town of Tayn in Ross, that equalizeth Dornoch for beautiful buildings; and as exemplary as any place for justice, that never use gibbet nor halter to hang a man, but sacks all their malefactors, so swims them to their graves."

Ross is celebrated, says the Captain, not only for fine fabricks, but also for

"Eagles, signets, falcons, swans, geese, gossander, duck and malard, teal, smieth, widgeon, seapyes, sandelevericks, green and gray plover, snite, partridge, curlue, moorgame, and grows."

A few pages conduct us on to Aberdeen. Here the author is lavish of his powers of description. He dances on

from point to point with the air of a gallant. He revels on his pen-feathers.

"*Theoph.* But what have we here? Cawses uncartable, and pavements unpracticable, pointed with rocky stumpy stones, and dawbed all over with dingy dirt, that makes it unpassable; and the fields, as I conceive, are ten times worse, because overspread with miry clay, and incumbered with bogs that will bury a horse.

"*Arn.* For better for worse, we must through it, if intending to climb the southern elevations. Now at the foot of this pavement there's a small little harbour which they call Steenhive, but I take the liberty to call it *stinking hive*, because it's so unsavory; which serves only for pirates and pickeroons; but it bravely accommodates the Highlander for depredations.

"*Theoph.* What fabrick is that peeps out of the ocean?

"*Arn.* Donnotter-Castle, surrounded with sea, and waves for recreation dance about it: it's a house so inoculated and cemented into rocks, that a man would fancy it to swim in the ocean; and the natural strength so impregnable, supposeth the artificial but inconsiderable, whose rocky foundations, like Atlas's pillars, support the bulk of this gaudy fortress. For art and artist are but nature's substitutes; wherever therefore nature ceaseth to operate, then is the time for artist to begin his progress. But nature has finished what she had to do, and has left nothing for the artist to practise, save only to adorn the natural excellency. After this manner is that artificial embellishment, for the rock itself is the natural strength, then the castle can be but the artificial. From whence we conclude, that nature and art have formed such a fabrick for strength and beauty, that amuses and amazes every beholder.

"*Theoph.* I behold and consider this invincible castle, lifted up like a cloud into the ambient air. I have also considered the gaiety of her galleries, and those ornaments that adorn her gaudy frontiers. I have also considered those opposite mountains, whose formidable aspect are no pleasing prospect to those embellished battlements, that seemingly float in the arms of the ocean."

We are next brought to Dundee. Disconsolate Dundee! Here the author is mighty in alliteration and lamentation. It is a perfect congress of D's!

"*Arn.* Ah, poor Dundee! torn up by the roots; and thy natives and inhabitants picked out at the port-holes. Can honour shine in such bloody sacrifices, to lick up the lives of inhabitants, as if by a studied revenge? Can nothing sweeten the conqueror's sword, but the reeking blood of orphans and innocents? Blush, O heavens, what an age is this! There was wealth enough to answer their ambitions, and probably that as soon as any thing betrayed her. Could nothing satisfy the unsatiable sword, but the life of Dundee to atone as a sacrifice? English men without mercy, are like Christians without Christianity; no moderation nor pity left, but parcelling out the lives of poor

penitents in cold blood? Who must answer for this at the bar of heaven, before the judge of all the world? But he that doomed Dundee to die, is dead himself, and doomed e're this; and Dundee yet living to survive his cruelty.

"*Theoph.* Is this Dundee! Disconsolate Dundee, where the merciless conqueror stuck down his standard in streams of blood?

"*Arn.* Yes, this is that unfortunate and deplorable Dundee, whose laurels were stript from the brow of her senators, to adorn the conquering tyrant's head. Here it was that every arbour flourished with a fruitful vine; and here every border was beautified with fragrant flowers. Yet her situation seems to me none of the best; for if bordering too near the brinks of the ocean proves insalubrious, or stooping too low to salute the earth, incommodes health by unwholesome vapours; then to stand elevated a pitch too high, suffocates with fumes, that equally offend and infect the air, by blotting out sanity with the sovereignty of life.

"*Theoph.* This somewhat answers my former opinion, that neither honour nor riches, nor the ambitions of men, stand in competition with the mediocrity of health; nor is there any blessing under the sun adequate to the sovereign sanctions of sanity on this side eternity, but the radies of sanctification from the sun of righteousness. The world's a fool, and none but fools admire it: Yet not that I prophane the beautiful creation; when only censuring that fictitious and imaginary world in man. Go on with Dundee; I overflow with pity, and could wish my reluctancy penitency enough to weep her into a religious repentance, but not with Rachel never to be comforted. Hark, Arnoldus! Don't you hear the bells?

"*Arn.* Yes, I hear them, and what of that? Bells and bonfires are two catholick drumsticks, with which the church beats up for volunteers only to debauch them."

Cooper of Fife comes next, or, rather, we come next to Cooper of Fife; and soon after our travellers embark for "the beautiful pier of Leith." Having been a little sea-sick, Arnoldus puts the following kind, but rather "flourishing" question to his friend—

"*Theoph.* Will you close up the orifice of your relaxed stomach with a glass of brisk claret? So mingle some liquor with your maritime labours, and thank generous Neptune to act the part of a physician, to shave off the foreign ferment from your crude and indegestive ventricle."

Leith has "flourishing ports." From Leith we come to Edinburgh—famous Edinburgh!

"*Arn.* Welcome to these elevated ports, the princely court of famous Edinburgh. This city stands upon a mighty scopulous mountain, whose foundations are cemented with mortar and stone; where the bulk of her lofty buildings represent it a rock at a reasonable distance, fronting the approaching sun; whose elevations are seven or

eight stories high, mounted aloft in the ambient air. But the length, as I take it, exceeds not one mile, and the breadth on't measures little more than half a mile; nor is there more than one fair street, to my best remembrance. But then it's large and long, and very spacious, whose ports are splendid, so are her well-built houses and palaces, corresponding very much to complete it their metropolis."

Theophilus inquires very pleasantly after the Solon Goose, which is "flesh in the hand, but fish in the mouth," and is therefore "quite the reverse" of goodly Dame Quickly, who was "neither fish nor flesh." Arnoldus gives a very solemn account of the goose, as though his pen were inspired to write finely of its parent.

"Tintaw Top," so celebrated in Scottish song, is remembered by the Captain,—and a riddle connected with it is given, which we must not withhold from our readers: no explanation is offered by our trooper, and we there leave it to be "riddle-me-riddle-me-ree'd by our readers."

On Tintaw top thar dwells a mist;
And e'en that mist thar is a kist.
Spere in that mist, thar stands a cop,
And e'en that cop thar is a drop.
Take up the cop, drink oot the drop;
Than put the kist intul the mist,
On Tintaw top.

The travellers now rest for a night at Berwick-upon-Tweed, and "bid a farewell to Scotland." Theophilus declares his opinion to be, that "rest and refreshment are the relatives to travellers," and that without it, the day's journey had broke his heart.

"*Arn.* Then to cement it again, what if I proceed to instruct you of all those eminent rivers and rivulets, in our passage southward, till we arrive at the beautiful streams of triumphant Trent; whose florid and fertile banks, with a majestick brow, smile on the amorous fields, and England's Elisium, the forest of Sherwood; whose shady trees, as a pavilion, shelter and solace the contemplative angler: there it is that Philomel melts the air in delightful groves; there the hills will shelter us, the rocks surround us, and the shady woods relieve and retrieve us, whilst Nottingham, that nonsuch, doth sweeten our ears with delicious concerts, and our eyes with variety of buildings, that stand in a serene and wholesome air. But their cellarage, beyond compare, is the best in England, and most commodious, and the whole town situated on a pleasant rock; where the streets are adorned with beautiful houses, the florid fields filled with *aromas;* and the exuberant meadows enriched with fragrant perfumes, that will ravish the angler, if when to trace and examine the gliding silver streams of famous Trent.

"*Theoph.* Rome was not built in a day, nor are my resolutions so precipitant to build without materials; for if rash results reap repentance, it's good and wholesome advice, *to look before we leap*; an old proverb is a good premonition, and a timely premonishment prevents a premonire. I cannot say where to settle, but am desirous my lot may fall in or near to the forest of Sherwood, that mingles her shades with the florid meadows that adorn the beautiful streams of Trent; on whose polite sands and murmuring streams, I could freely espouse my vacant hours."

The bare mention of the Trent, and the rich beauty of Sherwood, intoxicate our author at once, and set his brain whirling round in a thousand phantasies.

"Beggarly Belgrade" is mentioned next, and immediately afterward, Alnwick and Felton Bridge, "built all of stone, under which there glide most limpid streams that accommodate the angler." Newcastle, Durham, and "Dirty Darlington," are noted; and our travellers pass on rapidly through Boroughbridge to York, and on to "the skirts of Doncaster." No other mention is made of Doncaster!—But then, the grandest race-course in the world was a wilderness, and the Great St. Leger stakes were not even "in the bud."

Newark appears in sight, "whose flourishing fields are bathed with the slippery streams of the silver Trent, that glides along through fragrant fields, to wash the foundation of her florid meadows." The tributary streams of the Trent are carefully and boastingly set down, and our author enters into a very tiresome account of the corporation of Newark. Several places by the side of the Trent, or "hovering over it," are now passed, and we arrive at Nottingham, where every church, street, and market-place, is tenderly pointed out. Indeed, we never met in the work of any angler with a more curious morsel of description than the following.

"But I forgot to tell you, that in the very centre or division of the Pavement, there stands a Bow (or a fair Port) opposite to Bridle-smith-Gate; adjoining to which is Girdle-smith-Gate; and next unto that is Peter-Gate, a derivative from the church that fronts the west angle, and directs into Hungate. But presupposing your station at the north end of Bridle-smith-Gate, immediately then you face Hen-Cross, which in a direct line leads on to Cow-lane-Bar; but if otherwise you incline to the left, then you leave the Saturday Shambles, the Fruiterers, and the Cage on your right hand, and Peck-lane that directs to Peter's Church, on your left; but if pointing your passage towards the western angle, you then enter the Sands, and also the Sheep-Market, which is commonly kept upon Timber-hill."

At this paradise of Cow Lane Bars and Saturday shambles the journey ends. And Arnoldus, having mentioned four great

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worthies, viz. O. P., Lord R., Col. A. S., and Alderman C., concludes his work upon angling with a meditation upon Adam, extending over eight pages, and then with a set of General Rules "for fish and fishing;" wherein every fish is separately treated, and treated too with spirit and ingenuity. The flounder was never better cooked by a pen-cook.—Let Dr. Kitchener look to it!

"The flounder is a fish that bites before any man's face, not dreading the aspect of an invader. It's true, he's a fish that's as bold as a buccaneer; of much more confidence than caution, yet nothing more curious; one that loves good meat, and is good meat himself; whose appetite is open as early as his eyes, and contemplates day before sun-rise, frequently busying himself about breakfast, half an hour sometimes before break of day; and delights, I must tell you, to dwell among stones, so does he among stakes and gravelly bottoms; besides he's a great admirer of deeps and ruinous decays, yet as fond as any fish of moderate streams, and none beyond him, except the perch, that is more solicitous to rifle into ruins; insomuch that a man would fancy him an antiquary, when to consider him so affected with relics, yet of that undaunted courage, that he dares to feed before any man's face, provided there be but water enough to cover him, though not to conceal him. Moreover, he adheres so close to the bottom, that a man would think him inoculated to it, or at least an inmate in another element.

"For that end let us consider the flounder a resolute fish, and one that struggles stoutly for a victory with the angler, and is more than ordinarily difficult to deal with, by reason of his build, which is altogether flat as it were a level; so that if it happen your tackle be fine, and the bottom, as it sometimes falls out, to be foul, you run the risk of your adventure and artillery. Now some folks, beyond measure, admire this fish, because opinionated he is so nutricious; and truly he's good food, which makes him so desirable, though seldom or rarely not over-cautious to come by, if the angler be industrious but to bring him a bait that he likes, and that is but reasonable. Present him with a lob-worm, he'll retaliate your courtesy; or in exchange, a depurated dew-worm, he'll not be ungrateful, for he loves variety of all sorts of worms, the tag or tagil, besides bradlins and gild-tails, which will at any time intice him to die for what he loves; for you must know he's a fish so fond of a worm, that he'll go to the banquet though he die at the board."

Such is the rambling work of Captain Richard Franck, Philanthropus!—Prejudiced he is, for he lived in a ripe time of prejudice; but with all the faults of an evil style, obstinate antipathies, and disordered fancies, he has written a book full of amusement to the traveller, the soldier, and the fisherman. Our readers cannot fail to be struck with the hasty and careless mention of places throughout the volume, which, since the time of Franck, have, through the poet or the soldier, become

memorable; and we think these pictures of a country, at certain periods, "in its habit as it lived," are most interesting. Captain Franck writes honestly at any rate; for it is easy to trace the footsteps of the trooper and the angler through "the flourishing fields" and by river-side. You find him revelling in the deeds of the Marquess Montrose on one page, and throwing a fly over the silver Trent, or "dibbing on a torpid lake" in the next. He protests against repetition in more than one of his prefaces, and our readers will have seen how rigidly he has abstained from it.

Franck's heart was certainly bent upon angling. In angling he took delight, and could bear no rival. Fighting was his trade, and he followed it as long as it was profitable; but he did not envy great generals or warriors of larger fame, for he loved not the red sport well enough to be emulous of exceeding all other artists in it: but he must be first fisherman, or nothing. He could bear no partner near the scaly throne—and hence is to be attributed the mortal dislike which he entertained towards Isaac Walton. Did Isaac Walton merit unkindness of any man?—No.

Oh! better than all the wordy enthusiasm of Captain Franck, is the patient unaffected earnestness of old Isaac Walton; who gave no flourishing description of rivers out of England, nor indulged in any impatient cavillings with other masters of the rod; who made not his book on fishing a receptacle for theological controversy, or polemic inferences, but wrote, as he proposed, on fish, and on the best way to take them; talking like an innocent old man on a favourite pastime, and giving way to piety or poetry, as his feelings and the love of the art naturally led him. In reading the Captain's account of Scotland, you are amused with his extravagant descriptions, but you are not familiarized with any spot, or beguiled into the love of any favourite river: Isaac Walton, on the contrary, does not merely describe; he takes you with him into the fields,—shews you Ware; walks with you by Tottenham, and on to Amwell Hill; rambles with you by the Lea. The purity of the morning light gleams over his language, and the freshness of the river-breezes breathes through his thoughts. Every turn of the Lea may, indeed, be unwound, and we seem to know and love its waters.

We had intended to indulge at considerable length in remarks on that delightful book *The Complete Angler* of our favourite Isaac Walton; but the length to which our notice of Captain Franck's work has extended compels us to desist, and we must still therefore postpone our observations on that kind and venerable Fisher to some other day. There is a new

edition of the work lately published,* with engravings of fish and of the fishing spots about the river Lea and Dovedale, which make it fit company for Walton's own fish and Walton's own Lea. Fishing certainly is *catching*, for we are determined to become anglers ourselves this autumn, and to try our fortunes and our flies in the streams that run over "the flourishing fields of Albion."

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* *The Complete Angler*, by J. Major, of Fleet Street.

END OF VOL. VIII. PART I.

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THE

Retrospective Review.

Vol. VIII. Part II.

Art. I.—*Chronicon Saxonicum, seu Annales rerum in Anglia præcipue gestarum a Christo nato ad annum* 1554 *deducti ac jam demum Latinitate donati, cum Indice rerum chronologica. Accedunt Regulæ ad investigandas nominum locorum Origines et nominum locorum ac virorum in chronico memoratorum explicatio. Operâ et studio* Edmundi Gibson, *A.B. e Collegio Reginæ Oxonii.* E Theatro Sheldoniano, *A.D.* 1692.

Among the desiderata of literary inquiry and research, there are not many perhaps to which it would be more desirable to direct an increased attention than the subject of Saxon antiquities. The constitutional history of our country, or, if we may so express ourselves, the philosophy of English history, can, in fact, be little understood without a much more extended and accurate acquaintance with the records of the earlier ages, than is to be had through the medium of our popular historians. How erroneous, nay, how completely contradictory to the ascertainable facts, many of the statements of these historians, with reference to the Saxon period, are, we might (if time would permit) have abundant opportunities of observing in the course of this article; and it will appear not a little extraordinary, that although, from the date of the revolution to the present time, we have had such a succession of *new* histories of England, by *authors* and compilers of such different views and principles, yet so little of new light should have been thrown upon the subject. The writers of those histories, as they are called, with respect to the ages in which

the bases of our institutions are indisputably to be sought, have been content to transcribe, without examination, the errors and misrepresentations of their predecessors; and what is still worse, in too many instances, to continue the marginal quotations of reference to original authorities, without ever referring to those authorities themselves:—which, if referred to, would occasionally be found to negative, rather than to affirm, the supposititious facts they are thus popularly quoted to uphold.*

The negligent manner in which the earlier periods of our history are thus skimmed over, will, perhaps, in some degree account (though it is not the only reason) for the little estimation in which our Saxon ancestors are generally held. The study of English history has been erroneously supposed to require no commencement more remote than the period of the Norman conquest; and, perhaps, those great and powerful families who have their descent from no higher origin, by a feeling very natural to the human mind, may have little inclination for a more extended retrospect; or little suspicion, that beyond that era there is any thing to be learned that could repay the labour of inquiry: while, at the same time, the historians of the succeeding epochs have been little solicitous to elucidate the fact, that all the important and comparatively popular struggles of the early Norman periods, (and if we were to make the assertion in much broader terms, the proofs would bear us out,) were little other than struggles for the restoration of those principles and institutions, which constituted the essence of the government of our Saxon ancestors; and which the Norman sword had brought into a state of abeyance. Even the Norman barons, and Feudal proprietaries themselves, found it necessary in the process of time, for the protection of their privileges and the security of their *acquired* possessions, to recur to the axioms and usages of the people they had subdued; and our vaunted Magna Charta will be found, upon investigation, to be only a partial restoration of the imprescriptible claims of the Saxon constitution.

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* It would be perfectly startling to popular credulity, should all the instances be quoted, in which the text of Hume, in the remoter periods more especially, is at the most positive variance with the authorities he pretends to rest upon. In a series of historical inquiries, which the writer of this article had some years since particular occasion to superintend, aberrations of this kind were so frequently detected, that it became necessary to lay it down as a rule never to admit of a quotation from that popular historian, when the authorities he pretends to refer to were not accessible for the purpose of previous comparison and confirmation.

The accession of William of Normandy to the English throne was quickly followed by as great a change in our constitution as in our language, and alternate struggle and compromise was as much a consequence in the one as in the other. The ancient Saxon system was that of Allodialism, in which the freemen were the absolute proprietors, with no other condition annexed to their tenures, than that which resulted, as a necessity, from the mere possession—the duty of defending, by associate arms, the soil which, as independent warriors, in voluntary association, their arms had successively acquired. The free population, in the primitive spirit of the establishment, were accordingly an aggregate militia. Nobility (the result of established estimation) was indeed inherent in the families of their chieftains, but political rank and office rose from the people; as elevation to the throne did also from the united choice of the free population and their functionaries. The *crown* was therefore hereditary only in family, and the states of the kingdom decided upon what distinguished individual of that family the succession should devolve. This will be put beyond all dispute, by a diligent perusal of the ancient chronicles, and an attentive comparison of the genealogies of the respective kingdoms of the Heptarchy; and will even be confirmed by reference to the many collateral successions to the throne of the united realm. There are instances in the history of several of the Heptarchic states, and especially in the kingdom of Wessex, (which ultimately swallowed up all the rest,) of the elevation of relatives in the fourteenth or fifteenth remove, in preference to the son or next of kin. With the policy of such a system of compromise between the apparently hostile principles of election and descent we, of course, have nothing to do. No doubt instances enough might be produced from Saxon records, of the inconveniences occasionally resulting from so loose a principle of succession: but there is proof abundant that such was the Saxon tenure of the crown; and the title of our chief magistrate to the present day, *King*, or *Conning*—that is to say, *the wise*—continues to record the primitive condition or elective tenure of the office. The states of the kingdom designing to elevate to that station of trust and power whoever should be deemed *the wisest* among the descendants of the regal family: valour and ability in the field of battle being, of course, in those rude ages, necessarily regarded as among the foremost of the attributes of regal wisdom.* Such was, in its original purity, the allodial system of our Saxon ancestors.

* Our Saxon ancestors seemed to have pushed this principle to all its consequences: for the instances are not few of the *deposition* of their kings in several of the states of the Heptarchy.

XUM

The Norman system on the contrary was that of Feudality; in which every thing, by a rude species of legal fiction, descended in acknowledged dependence from the throne, which was to be regarded as the sole original proprietor of the soil; and from which the nobility, or chief vassals, held the aggregate allotments of the soil, upon such conditions of suit and service as he had been pleased to dictate: the sub-vassals receiving again from these, on similar or more restrictive conditions, their inferior fiefs; and others again from them, successively, to the minutest subdivisions of territorial holding. So that the king himself was, in reality, or at least in theory, the only absolute freeholder; and what was called a freehold in Norman phraseology, could be regarded as nothing more than a species of dependent territorial possession, the conditions of whose dependence were not inconsistent with the Norman idea of the character of a freeman: that is to say—of a vassal who was *homo liberalis,* or a person of ingenuous race. As territorial possession was professedly held, so rank and office, of course, under this system (that is to say, in its primitive purity) were exclusively derived from the throne. The functionaries of the state were the functionaries of the king—not of the people; and the people, in fact, were politically nothing—those only excepted, who might be lifted into consideration by the honourable vassalage of territorial fiefs: and as the Conquest (or the usurpations and severities by which it was succeeded) stripped the mass of the Saxon population of all landed property, the political community came to be constituted, under the Norman sway, of but a small portion of that body natural now included in the general appellation of the people.

We do not mean to assert however, (nor would the facts of ancient record bear us out in such an assertion,) that this feudal principle of original proprietorship exclusive in the throne, ever practically existed, or was practically acknowledged, in the full latitude of inference, under the Norman institutions. It was admitted indeed as a theory, and a certain homage was paid to it as a system; but it was felt nevertheless, by the superior feudalities in particular, to be only a convenient, and sometimes an inconvenient fiction. The allodial system had naturally its charms for the great proprietors; or, at least, a feeling congenial to it was natural to the pride of lordly independence and assumption. Those who, with swords in their hands, had acquired ample possessions, would be tempted to consider the power of the sword as a better title than the donation of the crown; and how strictly soever they might uphold the fictitious principle of conditional, or resumable delegation, with respect to their subordinate vassals, they would consider,

and would treat the sovereign himself, rather as the chief and president of their confederacy, than as the actual and original proprietor of their fiefs. With swords in their hands they upheld, in fact, this doctrine: and the most potent and the most able, as well as the weakest and most dissolute of the Norman sovereigns, was obliged to recollect that it was necessary that he should consult and conciliate them, if he expected that they should uphold his authority. Allegiance was with them rather a conditional than an absolute obligation. In courteous denomination, they were *the peers* of the king; and they failed not occasionally to let him know that they were in reality such.

It is worthy also of remark, that even under the Norman institutions, the succession to the throne was never an absolute inheritance by fixed agnatic descent; but was liable to deviation by nomination of the predecessor, and subject to the assent and confirmation of the barons, or chief vassals. William the First set aside the claim of Robert, his eldest, and, *with consent of his barons*, bequeathed the crown of England to William Rufus, his second son. When Rufus met his death, by an ambiguous accident in the New Forest, the previous arrangement between him and Robert again was set aside; and Henry, the *youngest* of the sons of the Conqueror, had the possession, which he gained by intrigue and violence, confirmed to him by the election of those feudal states, whose assent appeared to be indispensable. When this same Henry the First (having no son) wished to secure the inheritance to his daughter Maud, he deemed it necessary to obtain the sanction of an oath of fealty to her from his barons; who, nevertheless, on his demise, by as bold a deviation as is exampled even in our Saxon annals, (the election of Harold, the last of our Saxon kings, alone excepted,) revoked their confirmation, and conferred the sovereign authority on Stephen, Earl of Blois: and when, after a sanguinary civil war, resulting from opposed pretensions, a compromise was found requisite, the mode and conditions of the succession, not of Maud, but of her son, Henry the Second, were adjusted by a general convention of the civil and ecclesiastical states of the kingdom.

Were we to extend our observations even far beyond the period to which our present subject (*The Saxon Chronicle*) properly confines us, the same conclusions would still accompany the successive facts; and would plainly demonstrate, that whatever might be the theoretical or abstract (perhaps we should say the *fictitious*) principle of feudal descent and property, as derivative from and inherent in the throne, the actual sovereignty, during the Norman period, was in the baronial proprietors, or principal feudatories; as, in fact, it had come to be in the Saxon aristocracy of great proprietors, during the latter ages of the Saxon era.

In this respect, indeed, the principle of regal succession (drawing our examples from approximating periods) was not essentially different in the two systems. The Saxon throne, which appears originally to have been purely elective, with restriction only to the family of the original founder, had come to be subject, in a considerable degree, to the will or nomination of the precedent possessor; though subject to confirmation or rejection by the Wittena Gemot, or assembly of the states: which, of course, had become less and less popular in its composition and influence, in proportion to the growing accumulation of power and territorial property in a few overweening families.

Nor was this the only circumstance in which the two systems had begun to approximate previous to the memorable event of the Norman conquest. From the time of Hardicanute, or more properly from the accession of Canute the Dane, and his marriage with Emma, the sister of Richard, Duke of Normandy, the continually growing intercourse with that country had produced a growing approximation to its manners and institutions; and (as far at least as related to the condition of the inferior or smaller proprietors, and their connection with the great territorial inheritors,) a species of feudalism, with its services and dependences, seems to have been rapidly growing up among the Saxons, or mixed race of Saxons and Danes. The predatory violence of the times, and the anarchic disorders growing out of the long protracted struggles between the Saxon inheritors and the Danish intruders, seem to have induced many of the smaller proprietors voluntarily to sacrifice their allodial independence for the hoped security of feudal protection, under the auspices of the great lords of the soil,—the chief earls, or eorldemen, whose official rank and authority had gradually become almost as hereditary as their accumulating possessions.

Be this, however, as it will—the two systems of Saxon allodialism and Norman feudality were primitively distinct and opposite, and the struggle between them, which, for centuries, was sharp and incessant, not only is necessary to be kept in view for the proper understanding of the baronial wars, and the disputed successions, during what may be called the middle ages of our history; but the due appreciation of the struggle of those contending principles, is equally necessary to a just acquaintance with the constitutional history of our country, with the nature and origin of that complex form of government under which we live, and with the real nature, sources, and principles of those party distinctions into which it seems to be the destiny, and perhaps the happiness, of the English nation, that we should for ever be divided. The Norman principle, upon the main, is undoubtedly most congenial

to the hereditary aristocracy; the Saxon to the less propertied and unprivileged people. Yet a diligent perusal of our annals will convince us, that the feudal aristocracy themselves were frequently obliged to appeal to the aid of the Saxon system, and the revival of Saxon axioms and Saxon institutions, for the assertion of their own rights and the vindication of their privileges; while, at the same time, they found it necessary to accord to the people a portion of their Saxon freedom, in order to counterbalance the else overwhelming power and prerogative of the throne. How far, indeed, these concessions, compromises, and renovations should go, has long divided, and so long as our mixed constitution shall endure, will continue to divide the opinions both of theoretical and practical politicians; but if the light of history is capable of being any guide either to our speculations or our practice, an intimate acquaintance (as far as it can be acquired) with the transactions and the institutions, the policy and the social condition of our Saxon ancestors, by whom the foundations of our constitution were confessedly laid, must surely be regarded as of indispensable importance.

Hitherto, indeed, the means of general research into those remote periods have been but little accessible. They are locked up in manuscript records, and in the Saxon dialect: that dialect with which, though the genuine root and basis of the English language, English students in general have been little sedulous to become acquainted: and he who would have either extent or accuracy of information upon this important subject, must wade through solicitation and patronage to the cabinets and archives in which they are incarcerated; and toil through the comparison of minute facts and obscure hints, scattered through a great variety of voluminous authorities: and even the original documents themselves, when they can be come at, will frequently be found to afford only such brief notices, as will demand the most serious attention of the inductive faculty to render them essentially ministrative to any extent of actual knowledge and just conclusion.

We are happy however to find, that part of this difficulty is likely to be, ere long, removed. We recognise, with pleasure, the design announced towards the conclusion of the last session but one of parliament, "of printing the works of our early historians under the superintendance of Mr. Petrie, Keeper of the Records of the Tower."* And we congratulate

* We should be sorry, however, if too implicit a dependence on the fulfilment of this design, should preclude Mr. Ingram from following up his recent labours, by reprinting (as he informs us he once

the public, that the most essential of all the labours of our ancestral historians (*The Saxon Chronicle*) is, at length, rendered accessible even to those who are unacquainted with the Saxon language, by the elaborate edition and translation of the Rev. Mr. Ingram; and that, although the work will necessarily be restricted to a very narrow circulation, a commencement is at last made to the accomplishment of that historical desideratum, which can only be completed by the collection and comparison of that entire series which ought to furnish, through actual and familiar consultation, the materials for a new and popularly accessible digest of the early periods of our history. Not, indeed, that we are very sanguine as to the use that will promptly or sedulously be made of materials for correcting the established errors of English history. Two partial editions, or ample fragments of the *Saxon Chronicle* have, for a century and half, been in the hands, or might have been, of those who should have made some use of them: Wheloc's Latin version, *Chronologia Anglo-Saxonica*, published at Cambridge in 1644, though comprised in less than sixty-two pages; and the improved edition (in the same language) by Bishop Gibson, printed at Oxford in 1692, which, though far from being entire, extends to nearly four times that quantity.* The venerable Bede is accessible both in the original and in translation; and, not to go into prolix enumeration, a mass of valuable matter has been long before the public in Lord Lyttleton's elaborate *History of Henry the Second*—especially in the introductory chapter, and the invaluable notes to that somewhat prolix, but highly important work; yet the frequently misguided Rapin, and the still more negligent and unfaithful Hume, continue to be the popular oracles for the supposed facts of our early story; and no historian has yet had the diligent integrity to avail himself of the materials which have been gradually accumulating. Sharon Turner, indeed, in his history of the Anglo-Saxons, has done something towards setting that part of the subject in a fairer point of view; but more must be done before this period of our history can be accurately treated for the general information of the public.†

The accessible shape into which the *Saxon Chronicle* is

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intended) *Ethelward's Epitome of Saxon History*, and other illustrations of the *Saxon Chronicle*.

* The literal version of these annals, by Miss Guerney, of Keswick, though *printed* in the year 1819, was *never published*.

† Some papers that have lately appeared in the *Monthly Magazine* on *the misrepresentations* in our General Histories, may perhaps

now brought, will give undoubtedly great facility to such an attempt. But this is not all that is requisite. There are dates and brief notes in that repository most undoubtedly, from which many popular errors may be rectified: for, though not strictly, it may, with some little latitude, be said, "that the *Saxon Chronicle* contains the original and authentic testimony of contemporary writers to the most important transactions of our forefathers both by sea and land, from their first arrival in this country to the year 1154." We say, with some little latitude: for the assertion of the modern translator is somewhat too broad and general. It cannot be presumed or pretended, that Hengist and Horsa, Cerdic, or Ida, brought with them their annalists and historiographers to record their exploits; or that any part of the *Saxon Chronicle*, as it now stands, is contemporary with the events of the first century, or century and half, of the Saxon era. Previous to the introduction of Christianity by St. Augustine, (one hundred and fifty years after the first arrival of the Jutes and Angles, &c., now commonly confounded under the general name of Saxons,) very little, we suspect, of what by any license of language can be called historic literature had any existence among our ancestors; and any narration of their exploits must rather have been sought in the songs and traditions of the Skalds, or ancient Minstrels, who accompanied the respective adventurers, than from any thing in the shape of regular archives or annals. "The Saxons," as Gibbon observes, "who excelled in the use of the oar or the battle-axe, were ignorant of the art which could alone perpetuate the fame of their exploits: the provincials (the mixed race of Britons and Romans, to whom the Saxons were opposed,) relaxing into barbarism, neglected to describe the ruin of their country; and the doubtful tradition was almost extinguished, before the missionaries of Rome restored the light of science and Christianity." The most ancient historian of our island, of whom we have any vestige, or any knowledge, is Gildas (and he not a Saxon but a British writer) who flourished in the latter part of the sixth century (more than a hundred years after the arrival of the Saxons); and who "has left us, amidst a cumbrous mass of pompous rhapsody

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be regarded as favourable symptoms of a more popular attention to this important subject. And perhaps the time may not be distant when some attempt may be made to do justice to Saxon story, in a shape accommodated to general circulation. We hope, however, if it should be so, that it will not be done in the mere hasty book-making spirit; but with a fair reference to all accessible materials, and with a genuine view to the actual information of the public.

XUM

and querulous declamation, some curious descriptions of the character and manners, not only of the Britons and Saxons, but the Picts and Scots." It may reasonably be doubted, whether we had any Saxon annalists contemporary even with him. Indeed, the almost absolute ignorance of our primitive Saxon ancestors of the use of letters, seems to be at least insinuated, if not actually recorded, in the very name *(Boclæden)* given by them to the Romans: as if they were the only people with whom those northern settlers had any acquaintance, who were familiar with the use of books.* Not but that the runic alphabet (even though we should not ascribe its invention to the deified Woden), and even the Saxon character, which seems (though with a considerable admixture of the Roman) to have been derived from it, must have been of higher antiquity than the period of which we are speaking; but, in the then existing state of society, of the small number who can be supposed acquainted with the *magical* art of putting these together for any intelligible purpose, few, if any, it may be concluded, (with exception, perhaps, to the fabling Skalds, who, in their rude songs, were to magnify the exploits, and embellish the genealogies of their chieftains, at their still ruder banquets and intemperate carousals) would be found among the bands of piratical invaders, who sought for plunder on the shores of the Western Ocean. At any rate, we cannot look for any regular series of successive annalists contemporary with the events of Saxon history, prior, as we have already said, to the establishment of Christianity. And as the use of letters appears for some time to have been confined almost exclusively to the clergy, it is not even to the earliest age of Christian conversion that we are to look for chroniclers in the Saxon language.

"The first person on record, who is celebrated for his learning [and knowledge of the Saxon] is Tobias, the ninth

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* "There are in Brytene igland," says the Chronicle, "five nations —Ænglise, and Bryt-Wilise (Welch Britons), and Scyttise (Scythians, or Scots), and Pyhttise (Picts), and Boclœden." This last then is evidently the name by which the Romans (a part of whose colonists still remained in the island) had been primitively distinguished by the Saxon settlers, and still continued to be denominated at the time when the *Saxon Chronicle* began to assume its present form; and the evidence of their exclusive familiarity with the use of letters at the time when this name was given to them appears to be decisive. The Welch, beyond all doubt, had the start of us in historic literature; though (as Mr. Ingram observes) notwithstanding the authority of Bale, and of the writers whom he follows, we cannot persuade ourselves to rank Joseph of Arimathea, Arviragus, and Bonduca, or even the Emperor Constantine, among the illustrious writers of Great Britain.

bishop of Rochester, who succeeded to that see in 693"—two hundred years after the commencement of the Saxon era; and Bertwald, who succeeded to the illustrious Theodore of Tarsus, was, says our authority, the first English or Saxon Archbishop of Canterbury.

"A. D. 690. This year Archbishop Theodore, who had been bishop twenty-two winters, departed this life, and was buried within the city of Canterbury. Beorhtwald, who before was Abbot of Reculver, on the calends of July succeeded him in the see; which was ere this filled by Romish bishops, but thenceforth by English."

"From this period, consequently," Mr. Ingram observes, "we may date that cultivation of the vernacular tongue, which would lead to a composition of brief chronicles, &c. The first chronicles were perhaps those of Kent or Wessex; which seem to have been regularly continued, at intervals, by the archbishops of Canterbury, or by their direction, at least as far as the year 1001, or even 1070." There can be little doubt, however, that many of the materials, though not regularly arranged, might be traced to a much higher source: or, at least, that such more ancient documents must have been at his time in existence. The venerable Bede, indeed, who seems to have availed himself of his labours, speaks of the former of these ecclesiastics, "as not only furnished with an ample store of Greek and Latin literature, but skilled also in the Saxon language and *erudition*;" a phrase which necessarily supposes the prior existence of some literature in our primitive language; and there is evidently good reason to believe, that some preceding records, in the shape perhaps of Anglo-Saxon annals, were extant even before the age of Nennius—who is supposed to have flourished in the seventh century. At any rate, it may confidently be said, that the series of contemporary records preserved in the *Saxon Chronicle* goes back to a period of very high antiquity; almost, though not entirely, coeval with the first establishment of our northern ancestors in this island; and the boast is apparently not without foundation — that, "philosophically considered, this ancient record is the *second* great phenomenon in the history of mankind. For, if we except the sacred annals of the Jews, contained in the several books of the *Old Testament*, there is no other work extant, ancient or modern, which exhibits at one view a regular and chronological panorama of a people, described in rapid succession by different writers, through so many ages, in their own vernacular language." And it is equally true, that the attentive reader "may here find many interesting facts relative to our architecture, our agriculture, our coinage, our commerce, our naval and military glory, our laws, our liberty, and our re-

ligion:" with specimens also (and some of them far from despicable) of our ancient Saxon poetry. The *Saxon Chronicle*, in short, "may safely be considered, not only as the primæval source from which all subsequent historians of English affairs have"—(or in some instances perhaps we may say *ought* to have) "principally derived their materials:"—(assuredly, by which they may frequently correct whatever they may have erroneously derived from other sources,) "and consequently the criterion by which they are to be judged; but also as the faithful depository of our national idiom: affording, at the same time, to the scientific investigator of the human mind, a very interesting and extraordinary example of the changes incident to a language, as well as a nation, in its progress from rudeness to refinement."

Nor will it fail to be among the recommendations, or to be regarded among the attestations to the fidelity of some of the earlier portions of this history, that parts of it seem to have been collected or revised, if not by the hand, at least under the superintendence of our immortal Alfred; that the essential facts which it narrates are closely followed, in full reliance upon their authenticity, by his illustrious descendant Ethelwerd, in the compressed compilation written by him, towards the end of the tenth century, for the instruction of the Princess Matilda, the daughter of Otho the Great, Emperor of Germany, by his first empress, Eadgitha, or Editha, sister of King Athelstan;* and that the diligent research of the judicious and venerable Bede, who seems industriously to have collected the documents and preceding record, corroborates the facts preserved in these Saxon annals.†

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* Ethelwerd informs us, in his epistle to Matilda, that Athelstan sent *two* sisters, in order that the emperor might take his choice. This alliance with so mighty a continental potentate, is not an instance of solitary import among the facts that might be adduced to shew that England was not a country of such slight importance during the Saxon epoch, as the idolizers of Norman descent and Norman institutions would endeavour to persuade us. Even before the union under one dominion, several of the princes of the respective states of the Heptarchy were of consequence enough to have their alliances and their intercourses with the most potent sovereigns of the continent. Egbert, (who afterwards succeeded to the West Saxon throne) during the twelve years that he was exiled by the jealousy of his predecessor Bertric, was honourably received in the court of Charlemagne; and seems to have laid under his auspices the foundations of that superiority of character, which ultimately raised him to such distinguished power and greatness.

† Some antiquaries would indeed persuade us, that the earlier

The reader, however, who is habituated to look in history for the entertainment of a connected narrative, embellished by the style and the imagination of the historian, in which facts and illustrations arise out of each other, like the incidents and episodes of a novel, will derive but little either of amusement or information from the work before us. It presents neither flourishing periods nor amplifying disquisitions. It affects not to define the spirit, or describe the influences of institutions, to detail the forms or explain the theories of government. He who would benefit by the perusal of such works, must bring to them a comparing and inductive mind; and be satisfied with finding in them the materials of thinking; not the ready-made notions that are to save him from the trouble of thought. The facts present themselves, isolated as it were; generally in brief paragraphs and chronological order; rarely in connexion and detail: and not unfrequently it happens, that what is most amplified is that which to the readers of the present day will appear least interesting. Thus, while the important events of upwards of two hundred years, from the first arrival of Hengist and Horsa,—including the establishment, the conflicts, and the revolutions of seven kingdoms,—are compressed into the brief compass of little more than five hundred lines, more than a hundred of which are devoted to genealogical details, we have, immediately after, considerably more than three fourths of the same space occupied by the consecration of the abbey of Medeshamstede (Peterborough), and the successive endowments thereof in the years 655, 656, and 675, by the successive kings of Wessex, Peada, Wulfhere, and Ethelred. It is to be observed, however, that the whole of these monkish details are evidently of a later date, and to be ascribed to the Norman interpolators. The old Saxon chroniclers seem to have treated with equal brevity the affairs of the church and of the state. Brief, however, as their statements are, they are frequently pregnant with conclusions that may correct the mis-statements

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parts of the *Chronicle* are copied from the ecclesiastical history of Bede. But not to dwell upon the satisfactory evidence by which this hypothesis is overthrown, it may suffice to say, that this would not at all affect the authenticity of the record. The sedateness and fidelity of Bede are universally acknowledged; and he has been particularly careful to inform us of the sources from which he derived his intelligence;—many of them by name; and there seems every reason to believe, that among "the preceding records (*scriptis priorum*)" to which he occasionally refers, and whose existence had been acknowledged by his historical predecessor, Nennius, are to be reckoned the *Anglo-Saxon Annals, or early Chronicles of Wessex, of Kent, and other provinces of the Heptarchy.*

of more specious historians, and elucidate the character, the condition, and the institutions of those early ages, in which the foundations were laid of every thing that constitutes the glory and happiness of the English name.

As we travel onward, the notices of more important occurrences become progressively more circumstantial. From the time of Alfred, in particular, whose pervading mind gave impulse and direction to every thing that was connected with the intellect, as well as the political welfare of his country, history begins to assume a more intelligent aspect. It seems likely, as we have already suggested, that even his own hand may occasionally be traced in the record. The authenticity of the facts related of him in the *Chronicle* is, at least, corroborated by the testimony of his contemporary biographer, Bishop Asser.

From this time to the death of Harold, and through the four succeeding Norman reigns, an increasing flood of light continues to be poured in these annals, which may enable us, much better than the glossing pages of more popular historians, not only to comprehend the circumstances that prepared the way for the great change in the dynasty and the destinies of the nation, but to appreciate the comparative merits of the Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-Norman periods.

It is not, however, to be supposed, that in a compilation of the labours of a series of successive annalists, many of whom must be referred to periods of such high antiquity, every species of information it affects to transmit should be equally accurate. The *Chronicle*, as it now stands, commences with a brief description, copied from the venerable Bede, of the island of Britain: which is said (in conformity, however, with Pliny and all the best authorities of those times) to be "eight hundred miles long, and two hundred broad;" while modern admeasurement has ascertained its length to be but about five hundred and fifty, and its breadth, at the widest part, to be about two hundred and ninety miles. The want of statistical knowledge in this particular, however, does not invalidate the tradition which follows—though the Caledonian antiquary may perhaps not be satisfied with so ancient an authority, which treats the Highland Scots as a colony from Ireland, instead of the Irish as a colony from them.

"The first inhabitants were the Britons, who came from Armenia [*De tractu Armoricano*, says Bede: and so also says Ælfred], and first peopled Britain." [Geoffrey of Monmouth, and, after him historians who should have looked for better authorities, derive the Britons of Armorica from our island Britons.] "Then happened it, that the Picts came south from Scythia, with long ships, not many; and, landing first in the northern part of Ireland, they told the Scots that

they must dwell there. But they would not give them leave; for the Scots told them that they could not all dwell there together; 'But,' said the Scots, 'we can nevertheless give you advice. We know another island here to the east. There you may dwell, if you will; and whosoever withstandeth you, we will assist you, that you may gain it.' Then went the Picts and entered this land northward. Southward the Britons possessed it, as we before said. And the Picts obtained wives of the Scots, [of Ireland,] on condition that they chose their kings always on the female side; which they have continued to do, so long since. And it happened, in the run of years, that some party of Scots went from Ireland into Britain, and acquired some portion of this land. Their leader was called Reoda, from whom they are named Dalreodi (*or Dalreathians.*)"—Dalreadingas, Ælfred calls them —that is, holders of the portion of Reada.

It then proceeds to give us a brief account of the two expeditions of Cæsar against this island; the former of which, at least, may seem not entirely to discountenance the suggestion of Pope ——

> "Ask why from Britain Cæsar made retreat?
> Cæsar perhaps might tell you, he was beat."

"Sixty winters ere that Christ was born, Caius Julius, Emperor of the Romans, with eighty ships, sought Britain. There he was first beaten in a dreadful fight, and lost a great part of his army. Then he let his army abide with the Scots, and went south into Gaul. There he gathered six hundred ships, with which he went back into Britain. When they first rushed together, Cæsar's tribune, whose name was Labienus, was slain. Then took the Welsh sharp piles, and drove them with great clubs into the water, at a certain ford of the river, called Thames. When the Romans found that, they would not go over the ford. Then fled the Britons to the fastnesses of the woods; and Cæsar, having after much fighting gained many of the chief towns, went back into Gaul."

From this time to the invitation of the Saxons, or more properly the Jutes and Angles, by Wyrtgeorne (or Vortigern) we have brief chronological notices of some of the principal events of general history, with an occasional seasoning of legendary marvels and miracles, for which no scribe of the days of our pagan ancestors will, of course, be regarded as responsible: such, for example, as—

"A. D. 448. This year John the Baptist shewed his head to two monks, who came from the eastern country to Jerusalem for the sake of prayer, in the place that whilom was the palace of Herod."

Nor did the chroniclers, in succeeding centuries, forego, all

at once, their attachment to the marvellous, or neglect to travel into foreign countries in quest of it: for we find it recorded—

"A. D. 797. This year the Romans cut out the tongue of Pope Leo, put out his eyes, and drove him from his see; but soon after, by the assistance of God, he could see and speak, and became Pope as he was before."

Nor was Saxon England, it seems, excluded from its share of miraculous visitations: for to say nothing of prophetic comets, ominous eclipses, and portentous meteors,—and "immense sheets of light rushing through the air, and whirlwinds and fiery dragons flying across the firmament,"

"A. D. 616. Cadbald [king of Kent] renounced his baptism, and lived in a heathen manner; so that he took to wife the relict of his father. Then Laurentius, who was Archbishop of Kent, meant to depart southward over sea, and abandon every thing. But there came to him in the night the apostle Peter, and severely *swinged* him, because he would so desert the flock of God. And he charged him to go to the king, and teach him the right belief. And he did so; and the king returned to the right belief."

Probably not without apprehension that the apostle might otherwise pay him a similar visit. It is remarkable, however, that both Bede and Alfred record this matter as a *vision*, or *dream;* and the relation of it, as a matter of fact, is to be ascribed to the Norman interpolators of the Saxon annals. We suspect, however, that a Saxon monk could be a little tricksically superstitious sometimes, as well as a Norman or Italian. Even the venerable Bede, though he makes no actual miracle of *this* adventure, has his mysterious apparitions and supernatural interventions: as may be seen in his account of the conversion of his hero Edwin the Great, of Northumbria.* Be this as it may, the interspersion of a few superstitious passages of this description no more impeaches the general authenticity of these annals, than the prodigies and auguries detailed by Livy detract from the general credibility of the political and military events recorded by that prince of historians.

The *Saxon Chronicle*, properly speaking, commences at the year 449: in which year—

"Hengist and Horsa, invited by Wurtgeorne, King of the Britons,

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* It is, however, worthy of remark, that almost all the passages that magnify the power of the clergy and the see of Rome, or seem subservient to the purposes of monastic fraud and usurpation, bear in their very style and language the evident marks of Normo-monastic interpolation.

to his assistance, landed in Britain, in a place that is called Ipwinesfleet; first of all to support the Britons, but they afterwards fought against them. The King directed them to fight against the Picts; and they did so; and obtained the victory wheresoever they came. They then sent to the Angles, and desired them to send more assistance. They described the worthlessness of the Britons, and the richness of the land. Then they sent them greater support. Then came the men from three powers of Germany; the Old Saxons, the Angles, and the Jutes. From the Jutes are descended the men of Kent, the Wightwarians, (that is, the tribe that now dwelleth in the Isle of Wight,) and that kindred in Wessex that men yet call the kindred of the Jutes. From the Old Saxons came the people of Essex, and Sussex, and Wessex. From Anglia, which has ever since remained waste between the Jutes and the Saxons, came the East Angles, the Middle Angles, the Mercians, and all of those north of the Humber. Their leaders were two brothers, Hengist and Horsa; who were the sons of Wihtgils; Wihtgils was the son of Witta, Witta of Wecta, Wecta of Woden. From this Woden arose all our royal kindred, and that of the South-humbrians also."

This distinction, by the way, between *our* royal kindred *(ure cyne-cynn,)* and that (*those*) of the South-humbrians, (notwithstanding the hypothesis that Bede copied from the Saxon Chroniclers, rather than the *Chronicle* from him,) seems to reveal the hand of that venerable historian. For he was himself a Northumbrian; and, that principality or kingdom embracing the whole Anglo-Saxon territory, from the Humber to the Firths of Forth and Clyde, it was natural for him to refer to the two denominations of North-humbrians and South-humbrians, as including all the states of the Saxon Heptarchy. And certain it is, that all the genealogies of all the founders of the respective kingdoms agree, in tracing the descents of those respective chieftains from this identical Woden. And it may be observed by the way, that it is an additional argument against the supposition of any part of the *Chronicle*, as it now stands at least, being assignable to contemporary annalists prior to the conversion of the Saxons, that in none of those genealogies, nor in any part of the existing annals, is there any attempt to confound this universal progenitor of Heptarchic royalty (whoever he was) with the elder, or deified Woden:— an ancestral distinction which the Pagan chieftains themselves would inevitably affect, and which no Pagan, scald or genealogist, would probably have failed to insinuate. This want of Pagan record, in one point of view, is particularly to be lamented, as it deprives us of all demonstrable traces of the particular rites and superstitions of our primitive ancestors. Perhaps, however, the darkness resulting from this privation is not impenetrable. Those ancestors were, in fact, a Scandi-

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navian people, and brought with them the names, at any rate, of Scandinavian deities; several of which continue yet to be chronicled in our calendar. The presumption is, therefore, pretty strong, that they brought with them also the Scandinavian religion and Scandinavian rites; and that, if we would be acquainted with the superstitions of our Anglo-Saxon progenitors, we must seek them in the Danish and Norwegian Eddas. Thus Sunday is the day of the sun, and Monday of the moon; Tuesday is the day of Tucer, the god of hunting and archery; or, according to some, of Tuisco, the god of justice; Wednesday, the day of Woden, the god of war,—the All-father, or supreme god of the Edda; Thursday, the day of Thor, the god of thunder; Friday, the day of Friga, or Frea, the goddess of love and marriage; Saturday, the day of Satur, the god of fruits. So Easter is the season of the festival of Eoster,—the Scandinavian Flora, or goddess of the spring; and Christmas continued for centuries beyond the Saxon era, not only in popular language, but even in parliamentary and judicial record, to be called Yule-tide, (and the twelfth-cake a yule-cake—such coincidence was there between the Christian and the Pagan festivals!)—from its being the season of the festival of Yule, the Scandinavian deity supposed to preside over the extinction and renovation of the sun, or transition of the solar year. The name is not even yet forgotten in some of the northern counties: and other instances might be adduced, in which popular and provincial phraseology still continues to illustrate the proposition, that the rude, but sublime superstitions of the northern mythology were once the established religion of England.

But it is time to return to the subject matter of the *Chronicle;* and give the reader a more particular idea of the style and import of the work itself. For this purpose we shall select a few passages from the time of the Heptarchy, that may illustrate, in some degree, the state of society during that turbulent period; and first in what relates to the assumptions of the Romish church.

We have already noticed the importance given to the endowment and consecration of the Abbey of Medeshamstede (Peterborough.) The passages themselves, curious as they are, are much too long to be given entire; but a portion of the last of them will illustrate, at once, the comparative particularity with which the monkish chroniclers treated the affairs of the church and of the state, and the arrogance of papal assumption over a converted—that is to say, a spiritually subjugated nation.

"A.D. 675. This year Wulfhere, [King of Mercia,] the son of Penda, and Escwin, the son of Cenfus, fought at Bedwin. The same

year died Wulfhere, and Ethelred succeeded to the government. In his time sent he to Rome Bishop Wilfrid to the pope, that then was, called Agatho, and told him by word and by letter, how his brothers, Peada and Wulfhere, and the Abbot Saxulf, had wrought a minster, called Medhamsted; and that they had freed it, against king and against bishop, from every service; and he besought him, that he would confirm it with his writ and with his blessing. And the pope sent then his writ to England, thus saying: 'I, Agatho, Pope of Rome, greet well the worthy Ethelred, King of the Mercians, and the Archbishop Theodorus of Canterbury, and Saxulf, the Bishop of the Mercians, who before was abbot, and all the abbots that are in England; God's greeting and my blessing. I have heard the petition of King Ethelred, and of the Archbishop Theodorus, and of the Bishop Saxulf, and of the Abbot Cuthbald; and I will it, that it in all wise be as you have spoken it. And I ordain, in behalf of God, and of St. Peter, and of all saints, and of every hooded head, that neither king, nor bishop, nor earl, nor any man whatever, have any claim, or gable, or gild, or levy, or take any service of any kind from the Abbey of Medhamsted. I command also, that no shire bishop be so bold as to hold an ordination or consecration within this abbacy, except the abbot intreat him, nor have there any claim to proxies, or synodals, or any thing whatever of any kind. And I will, that the abbot be holden for legate of Rome over all that island; and whatever abbot is there chosen by the monks, that he be consecrated by the Archbishop of Canterbury. I will and decree, that whatever man may have made a vow to go to Rome, and cannot perform it, either from infirmity, or for his Lord's need, or from poverty, or from any other necessity of any kind whatever, whereby he cannot come thither, be he of England, or of whatever other island he be, he may come to that Minster of Medhamsted, and have the same forgiveness of Christ and St. Peter, and of the abbot, and of the monks, that he should have if he went to Rome. Now bid I thee, brother Theodorus, that thou let it be proclaimed through all England, that a synod be gathered, and this writ be read and observed. Also I tell thee, Bishop Saxulf, that as thou desirest it, that the minster be free, so I forbid thee, and all the bishops that after thee come, from Christ and from all his saints, that ye have no demand from that minster, except so much as the abbot will. Now will I say in a word, that whoso holdeth this writ and this decree, then be he ever dwelling with God Almighty in the kingdom of heaven. And whoso breaketh it, then be he excommunicated, and thrust down with Judas, and with all the devils in hell, except he come to repentance. Amen!'—This writ sent the Pope Agatho, and a hundred and twenty-five bishops, by Wilfrid, Archbishop of York, to England. This was done after our Lord's nativity, 680, the sixth year of King Ethelred. Then the king commanded the Archbishop Theodorus, that he should appoint a General Wittenmoot at the place called Hatfield. When they were there collected, then he allowed the letter to be read that the pope sent thither; and all ratified and confirmed it. Then said the king: 'All things that my brother Peada, and my brother Wulfhere, and my sisters Kyneburga and Kyneswitha, gave and granted to St. Peter and

the abbot, these I will may stand; and I will in my day increase it, for their souls and for my soul. Now give I St. Peter to-day into his minster, Medhamsted, these lands, and all that thereto lyeth; that is, Bredon, Repings, Cadney, Swineshead, Hanbury, Lodeshall, Scuffanhall, Cosford, Stratford, Wattleburn, Lushgard, Ethelhun-island, Bardney. These lands I give St. Peter just as freely as I possessed them myself; and so, that none of my successors take any thing therefrom. Whoso doeth it, have he the curse of the Pope of Rome, and the curse of all bishops, and of all those that are witnesses here. And this I confirm with the token of Christ.' "

Then follow the attestations of the bishops, &c. present at the ceremony, the confirmation of Ostritha, Ethelred's queen, with the curses of the abbot, &c. against all who infringe the holy charter.

In like arrogant manner, under date 694, does another Norman interpolation, in the name of "Wihtred, earthly king, urged on by the heavenly king, and with the spirit of righteousness annealed,"—"forbid all succeeding kings, and aldermen, and all laymen, ever, any lordship over churches, and over all their appurtenances," and dispose of, and divide all power and prerogative between kings and bishops. "Kings," says the interpolator, "shall appoint earls and aldermen, sheriffs and judges; but the archbishop shall consult and provide for God's flock; bishops, and abbots, and abbesses, and priests, and deacons, he shall choose and appoint." It is apparent, however, that during the Saxon epoch, some part of the prerogative thus trafficked by the Norman ecclesiastic so absolutely to the king, was asserted and exercised by the people—even after the consolidation of the power of the crown by the union of the entire Heptarchy under one head, and the innovations which had been partially introduced by Danish usurpation, and by Norman intercourse and alliance.

"A.D. 1055. This year died Earl Siward, at York; and his body lies within the minster at Galmanho, (Bootham-bar,) which he had himself ordered to be built and consecrated, in the name of God and St. Olave, to the honour of God and all his saints." [His own son, Osburn, and his sister's son, Sihward, had been slain the year before in Scotland, in the battle against Macbeth; and the earldom, it seems, had become vacant.] "The king (Edward the Confessor) gave the earldom, which Earl Siward formerly had, to Tostige, son of Earl Godwin," [i. e. the brother of that Harold, afterwards slain at the battle of Hastings.] This appointment by royal authority, however, seems never to have been quietly recognised by the district; and "A.D. 1065, all the Thanes in Yorkshire and in Northumberland gathered themselves together at York, and *outlawed* their Earl Tostige, slaying all the men of his clan that they could reach, both Danish and English, and took all his weapons in York, with gold and silver, and all the money that

they could any where there find. They then sent after Morkar, son of Earl Elgar, [between whom and Harold there had long been a factious rivalry, that had harassed the country with the ravages of civil war,] and *chose* him for their earl. He went south with all the shire, and with Nottinghamshire, and Derbyshire, and Lincolnshire, till he came to Northampton, where his brother Edwin came to meet him with the men that were in his earldom. Many Britons also came with them. Harold also there met them, on whom they imposed an errand to King Edward, sending also messengers with him, and *demanding that they might have Morcar* for their earl." [*Bædon that hi moston habban Morkere heomto Eorle*,—bidding that they *must* have, &c.] "This the king granted, and sent back Harold to them, to Northampton, on the eve of St. Simon and St. Jude, and announced to them the same, and confirmed it by hand, and renewed there the laws of Knute."

"Then Earl Tostige and his wife, and all they who acted with them, went south over sea with him to Earl Baldwin, who received them all; and they were there all the winter."

One more extract from the genuine *Chronicle*, and we have done with the Saxon clergy.

"A.D. 1056. The worthy Bishop Athelstan died on the 4th before the ides of February, and his body lies at Hereford. [In his new church which he had built from the foundation.] To him succeeded Leofgar, who was Earl Harold's mass priest. He wore his knapsack in his priesthood, until he was a bishop. He abandoned his chrism and his rood,—his ghostly weapons,—and took to his spear and his sword, after his bishophood, and so marched to the field against Griffin, the Welsh king. But he was there slain, and his priests with him, and Elnoth, the sheriff, and many other good men with them."

This, as the translator observes, was no uncommon thing among the Saxon clergy, bishops, and all. The tone of elevated diction, in which the writer (a monastic) describes the military enterprise of Leofgar and his companions, testifies his admiration. The Latin historians [Norman monks] have omitted most of these interesting particulars; but Matthew of Westminster eulogises the bishop as a lover of the clergy, a sustainer of the poor, the defender of widows and orphans, the upholder of the oppressed, and a pattern of saintly chastity; no faint commendation for one who was at once a priest and a soldier. Wulfstan, however, Archbishop of York in 948, &c. the perpetual fomenter and joint leader of the troubles, perjuries, and insurrections, in Northumbria, during the time of Edward the Elder, and some other of the martial bishops and clergy of that and succeeding ages, will scarcely be considered as entitled to equal praise. We turn back, however, to the period of the Heptarchy

for one interesting extract, (not ill adapted, perhaps, for dramatic effect,) which will place in a conspicuous point of view not only the turbulent spirit of the times, but the lax principle of regal tenure and succession to which we have previously alluded. And it is the more particularly entitled to distinguished notice, not only because "the minuteness of the narrative, combined with the simplicity of it, proves that it was written at no great distance of time from the event;" but because "it is the first narration of any length that occurs in the older MSS. of the *Saxon Chronicle*."

"A.D. 755. This year Cynewulf, with the consent of the West-Saxon council, deprived Sebright, his relative, for unrighteous deeds, of his kingdom, except Hampshire; which he retained, until he slew the alderman who remained the longest with him. Then Cynewulf drove him to the forest of Andred, where he remained, until a swain stabbed him at Privett, and revenged the Alderman Cumbra. The same Cynewulf fought many hard battles with the Welsh; and, about one and thirty winters after he had the kingdom, he was desirous of expelling a prince called Cyneard, who was the brother of Sebright. But he having understood that the king was gone, thinly attended, on a visit to a lady at Merton, rode after him, and beset him therein; surrounding the town without, ere the attendants of the king were aware of him. When the king found this, he went out of doors, and defended himself with courage; till, having looked on the etheling, he rushed out upon him, and wounded him severely. Then were they all fighting against the king, until they had slain him. As soon as the king's thanes in the lady's bower heard the tumult, they ran to the spot, whoever was then ready. The etheling immediately offered them life and rewards; which none of them would accept, but continued fighting together against him till they all lay dead, except one British hostage, and he was severely wounded. When the king's thanes that were behind heard in the morning that the king was slain, they rode to the spot, Osric, his alderman, and Wiverth, his thane, and the men that he had left behind; and they met the etheling at the town where the king lay slain. The gates, however, were locked against them, which they attempted to force; but he promised them their own choice of money and land, if they would grant him the kingdom; reminding them, that their relatives were already with him, who would never desert him. To which they answered, that no relative could be dearer to them than their lord, and that they would never follow his murderer. Then they besought their relatives to depart from him safe and sound. They replied, that the same request was made to their comrades that were formerly with the king, and we are as regardless of the result, they rejoined, as our comrades who with the king were slain. Then they continued fighting at the gates, till they rushed in, and slew the etheling and all the men that were with him; except one, who was the godson of the alderman,

and whose life they spared, though he was often wounded. This same Cynewulf reigned one and thirty winters. His body lies at Winchester, and that of the etheling at Axminster. Their paternal pedigree goeth into a direct line to Cerdic."

But the subject connected with the Saxon Heptarchy, which historical criticism is perhaps most called upon to elucidate, is that of the accession of Egbert to the throne of Wessex, and the real extent of that supremacy or influence which he ultimately obtained over the other kingdoms. Our popular historians have, without exception, agreed to consider him as having put a final end to the federal government (if federal it may be called) of the Anglo-Saxons, and to have permanently united the states of the Heptarchy into one consolidated kingdom; and some of them have even amused us with a pompous romance of his coronation at Winchester, as king of all England. Nothing, however, can be more certain, than that no such title was ever accorded to, or assumed by him, in any public act, of which there is any document remaining. Nor was any such power of united domination bequeathed by him to his posterity, or enjoyed by that posterity during the three successive generations.

Alfred the Great, in his will, still extant, calls himself, and in the introduction to his laws is stiled, not King of England (and of England most assuredly he never was king), but King of the West Saxons: nor does the title ever appear to have been assumed, or virtually to have belonged to any Saxon sovereign, prior to the great Athelstan, the *illegitimate* grandson of that illustrious hero and legislator.

With respect to Egbert, the notices in the *Chronicle* are, as usual, brief and detached, but they are such as, together with the few to the same purpose that occur in the succeeding reigns, will not only place this subject in the clearest point of view, but throw an instructive light upon occurrences of higher antiquity, which are worthy of more notice than has been yet bestowed upon them.

Egbert, as it is well known, ascended the throne of Wessex in the year 800, upon the death of his jealous predecessor, Beorhtric — the mention of whose *forthferde* (departure — the usual phrase, on such occasions, of our *barbarous* ancestors!) is preceded, as usual, by omens and portents of the sky.

The first notice of his accumulation of power over the other states is as follows.—

"A. D. 823. This year a battle was fought between the Welsh in Cornwall and the people of Devonshire, a Camelford; and in the course of the same year, Egbert, King of the West Saxons, and

Bernwulf, King of Mercia, fought a battle at Wilton, in which Egbert gained the victory, but there was great slaughter on both sides. Then sent he his son Ethelwulf into Kent, with a large detachment from the main body of the army, accompanied by his bishop, Elstan, and his alderman, Wulfherd; who drove Baldred, the king, northward over the Thames. Whereupon the men of Kent immediately submitted to him; as did also the inhabitants of Surrey, and Sussex, and Essex; who had been unlawfully kept from their allegiance by his relatives. The same year, also, the King of the East Angles and his subjects besought King Egbert to give them peace and protection against the terror of the Mercians; whose king, Bernwulf, they slew in the course of the same year."

Thus far it is evident, that nothing in reality was added by Egbert to the dominion of Wessex, except the protective *superiority* over the kingdom of the East Angles; for Surrey and Sussex (the kingdom of the South Saxons), seem to have been incorporated with the West Saxons by Ina in 725. They had been reduced to a state of dependence by his predecessor Ceadwulla in 688. Nor had Ina, on the death of their tributary king, Authum, permitted the throne to be filled again, but had driven Ealdbert, their Etheling, into exile (probably on the disturbances in 722); and on the renewal of insurrection in 725 had defeated and slain him. They had revolted again, it is true, during the troubles and disorders in Wessex, arising out of the tyranny and deposition of Sigebryht; but seem to have been subdued by Cynewulf—for we hear no more of their former king, Osmond, or any successor to him afterwards.

And as for Essex (that petty kingdom, the alternate prey of the neighbouring states of Wessex, Kent, and Mercia), we have no record of its distinct existence, either in the *Chronicle* or elsewhere, after the accession of Swithred in 746,—save that in 799 it is briefly mentioned, that "Siru, King of the East Saxons, went to Rome;" and from the language of the passage we have quoted, it seems evident, that his kingship had been merely tributary, or dependent. We find, however, that in 827 "King Ecgbright conquered the Mercian kingdom, and all that is *south of the Humber*. And he was the eighth king (eahtetha cyning) who was the *Bret-walda*." We give the word exactly as it stands in the *Chronicle*, using only the modern instead of the Saxon characters; and we quote, in the same way, the different modes in which it is written in various MSS.—as Bryten-wealda, Briten-walda, Bryten-weald, Bretean-wœlda,—which Mr. Ingram, somewhat too largely, and we might say hypothetically, translates "sovereign of all the British dominions." Surely the conquest, however absolute, of all the Saxon states, *south of the Humber*, would not render the King of Wessex *sovereign of all the British dominions*, or

even of the entire Heptarchy. And though we should admit (what indeed is very probable) that Wales was in a state of, at least, comparative subjugation; and adopt the statement of Rapin (apparently confirmed, indeed, by the concluding paragraph of the passage from which we have digressed) that "Andred and the Northumbrians, unable to make head against him, submitted to him, and accepted the same terms granted to the Mercians and East Anglians," this would, after all, not make him King of England; or vest him with any other authority than that which had been enjoyed at different periods by several precedent princes of the Heptarchy. The *Saxon Chronicle*, indeed, in the very passage we are referring to (whatever may be the just and adequate translation of the title *Bryten-wealda* — wielder, or chief potentate of Britain, we should say;) so far from adorning him with the comprehensive title of King of England, or of having effected the final dissolution of the Heptarchy, expressly puts him on the same footing with seven precedent potentates: one of whom, Edwin the Great, of Northumbria, perhaps possessed a larger, and has been celebrated for a more benignant dominion than himself.

"Ella, King of the South Saxons (continues the *Chronicle*), was the first who possessed so large a territory; the second was Ceawlin, King of the West Saxons; the third was Ethelbert, King of Kent; the fourth was Redwald, King of the East-Angles; the fifth was Edwin, King of the Northumbrians; the sixth was Oswald, who succeeded him; the seventh was Oswry, the brother of Oswald; the eighth was Egbert, King of the West-Saxons. This same Egbert led an army against the Northumbrians, as far as Dore, where they met him, and offered terms of obedience and subjection, on the acceptance of which they returned home."

Yet it has never entered into the imagination of any of our historians to deck any one of the seven precedent chiefs of the Heptarchy with the titles either of sovereigns of all the British dominions, or Kings of England: although the extent of the authority of Edwin, in particular, has been sufficiently attested, and the good purposes to which he applied it, by the venerable Bede and other ancient writers of our annals, in terms that ought to have endeared him to remembrance: being the first of our Saxon kings commemorated for the virtues of civil government, and the strict execution of justice. Rapin, indeed, and Hume (who in this part of his history seems merely to have abridged him, and never even to have looked into the authorities he pretends to quote) seem to confine the influence of these virtues to his own Northumbrian dominions—which stretched, however, from Edinburgh and the Lothians to the

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banks of the Humber; but elder authorities expressly say, that during his reign a child with a purse of gold in its hand, or an unprotected virgin, might have passed from one extremity of the *island* to the other, without any danger of violence or robbery.

But whatever might be the comparative ascendency of these respective princes, or successive chiefs of the Saxon confederacy, the *Saxon Chronicle* puts it out of all doubt, that Egbert bequeathed no undivided sovereignty over Saxon England to his posterity; and, in fact, that his own actual kingdom only extended over the principalities of Wessex, Kent, Essex, and Sussex, as the following quotations will sufficiently show.

"A. D. 836. This year died King Egbert; him Offa, King of Mercia, and Beorhtric, the West-Saxon king, drove out of England into France three years before he was king.* Beorhtric was assisted by Offa, because he had married his daughter. Egbert having afterwards returned, reigned thirty-seven winters and seven months. Then Ethelwulf, the son of Egbert, succeeded to the West-Saxon kingdom; and he gave his son Athelstane the kingdoms of Kent, and Essex, and Surrey, and Sussex."

Thus Mercia, East Anglia, and Northumbria, it is evident, still continued to be separate kingdoms; and, on the demise of Egbert, seem even to have regained their independence. Accordingly, A.D. 853, during the reign of Æthelwulf, we find the

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* There seems to be some error here, probably of transcription, three for twelve: for Offa died in 794, *six years* "before Egbert was king," and could not be assistant in driving that prince out of England into France, three years after his own demise. Besides the circumstance seems, as related in the *Chronicle*, to stand in some connexion with the matrimonial alliance between the two kings of Wessex and Mercia; and it was in the year 787 that the marriage took place between Beorhtric and Eadburhge, the daughter of Offa, so that Rapin seems to be right, though he quotes not his authority, (and it is evident that his researches never ascended to the Saxon original records) in assigning the period of twelve years to the exile of Egbert. We should add, that the context clearly shows that the passage we have quoted ought to be translated as we have rendered it, "Beorhtric *was* assisted *by* Offa, not as Mr. Ingram (with all due submission to his superior knowledge of the Saxon language) has it, that "Bertric assisted Offa," &c. for it was Bertric, not Offa, who had motive for the persecution of this young hero: though the marriage of the daughter of Offa to the West-Saxon king might naturally enough dispose him to refuse that refuge, which it seems was sought, to the object of the jealousy of his son-in-law.

king of the former of these states, treating with the Mercian as upon equal terms.

"This year, Burhead, King of Mercia, with his council, besought King Æthelwulf to assist him to subdue North Wales, and made all the inhabitants submit *to him*." And again. "Burhead, the Mercian king, about this time, received in marriage the daughter of Æthelwulf, the West-Saxon king."

Again, on the death of Æthelwulf (in 857) we are told, that "two of his sons divided the kingdom. Æthelbald became King of Wessex; and Æthelbert, King of Kent, Essex, Surrey, and Sussex." And when Ethelbald died (A.D. 860), Æthelbert, his brother, succeeded to the whole kingdom, and held it in good order and great tranquillity :"—that is to say, to the four heptarchic states of Wessex, Sussex, Kent, and Essex, now (and not till now) permanently united, and included under the denomination of the West-Saxon kingdom. In which extended sense the language of the *Chronicle* is obviously to be understood, when it says—"A. D. 866. This year Æthelred, brother to Æthelbert, took the West-Saxon government." And, again, (A. D. 871) when it specifies, "Then Ælfred, his brother, the son of Æthelwulf, *took the kingdom of Wessex*."—"The same year," says the same authority, "the *West-Saxons* made peace with the Danes."

Thus, at the apparently inauspicious accession of our immortal Alfred (for nine general battles, besides skirmishes, were fought that year in the kingdom south of the Thames, and nine earls and one king were slain) the territory which had constituted the Anglian or Saxon Heptarchy was still indisputably divided into four kingdoms—namely, the West-Saxon, the Mid-Saxon, or Mercian; and the Northumbrian and East-Anglian, then in subjugation to the Danes.

The result of the long and arduous struggle with the Danish invaders, however, evidently extended, in no small degree, the influence of the West-Saxon sceptre over the Mercian state. That kingdom, in the general wreck and calamity, having been completely trampled, and its sceptre broken by the northern marauders, Alfred, the ultimate deliverer, would naturally assume an authority over the realm he had liberated from a foreign yoke. And, accordingly, we find, that when (A. D. 886) the defeated army of the northmen "that before were bent eastward, went back again [over seas] to the west, and, proceeding upwards along the Seine, [laid siege to, and] fixed their winter-quarters in the city of Paris,* King Alfred

* See Télibien, *Histoire de la Ville de Paris*, l. iii, and the barbarous Latin hexameters of Abbo, abbot of Fleury.

having fortified the city of London, and committed it to the care of Alderman Æthered, the whole English nation turned to him, except that part of it which was held captive by the Danes."—For it was the army of fresh invaders, and not the long-settled Danes of Northumbria and East-Anglia, that were thus completely vanquished and driven out of the island. And although the same authority, in noticing the death of Alfred, A.D. 901, "six nights before the mass of All Saints," again observes, that "he was king of all the English nation, except that part which was under the power of the Danes," yet was he so far from assuming the title of King of England, that his laws and institutions, to the last, designate him only (like his ancestors) by the modest appellation of King of the West Saxons.

And to the same title succeeded his scarcely less illustrious son, the heroic Edward the Elder. Nor did that gallant and enterprising prince entirely submerge, in the first instance, the Mercian kingdom in that of Wessex; but suffered it to be governed as a separate, though probably, in some degree, dependent state by his amazonian sister, Æthelfleda: who, as "*Lady (hlæfdge)* of all the Mercians," (such was the feminine of the regal title—for *cwen*, or queen, signified, in reality, only a companion) exercised in her own person all the rights of sovereignty; built her fortresses and waged her wars both against the Northumbrians, and those who disputed her sway; "sent her army into Wales (A. D. 916), stormed Brecknock; and there took the king's wife, with some four and thirty others;" and "with the help of God" took the town of Derby "where were slain four of *her* thanes," and

"A.D. 920, with God's assistance, the town of Leicester; where the greater part of the army that belonged thereto submitted *to her*. And the Yorkists had also promised and confirmed, some by agreement and some by oaths, that they would be in her interest. But very soon after they had done this, she departed, twelve nights before Midsummer, at Tamworth, the eighth year that she was holding the government of the Mercians *with right dominion*."

And now, and not till now, does Mercia seem to have become extinct as a separate kingdom:—for

"This year, also, was the daughter of Æthered, lord of the Mercians, deprived of all authority over the Mercians, and led into Wessex, three weeks before mid-winter. Her name was Hælfwina."

At this time, indeed, was the Saxon kingdom rapidly hastening to consolidation. For, (Edward having already triumphed over the hostile pretensions and attempts of "Prince Æthelwald, the son of his paternal uncle;" and that prince,

with a great number of his Danish allies, having been slain in the sanguinary and otherwise doubtful conflict of A.D. 905, and Eowils and Healfden, kings of Northumbria and East Anglia, having also been slain, with many thousands of their men, A.D. 911,) the politic victor pursued his advantages over the Danes of East Anglia; while,

"A.D. 921, Earl Thurferth and the captains of all the army northward of the Welland returned to him, and sought him for their lord and protector;" as did also "all the population of Mercia (both Danish and English), who before were subject to Æthælfleda. And the kings in North-Wales, Howel and Cledauc, and Jeothwel, and all the people of North-Wales sought him for their lord."* And although "King Reynold [the Dane] won York," yet we find that in 924, "The King of Scotland, with all his people, chose him as father and lord; as did [this same] Reynold, the son of Eadulf, and all that dwell in Northumbria, both English and Danish, both Northmen and others; also the King of the Strathclydwallians [the Strathclwd Britons], and all his people."

Here were, indeed, something like the foundations laid of a general sovereignty; and the superstructure proceeds accordingly.

"A.D. 925, This year died King Edward at Farndon in Mercia; and Ælward, his son,† died very soon after in Oxford. Their bodies lie at Winchester. And Æthelstan [though an illegitimate offspring] *was chosen king in Mercia*, and consecrated at Kingston. He gave his sister to Otho, son of the king of the Old-Saxons" [Otho the Great, Emperor of Germany]. And "this year King Æthelstan and Sithric, King of the Northumbrians, came together at Tamworth, the sixth day before the calends of February; and Æthelstan gave away his [other] sister to him."

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* This magnanimous prince, whose exploits have hitherto been too generally passed over with a careless hand, was not merely a warrior, whose power was exerted only to vanquish and destroy; he seems to have been equally attentive to consolidate and restore.

"A.D. 923. This year went King Edward with an army, late in the harvest, to Thelwall [on the borders of Cheshire]; and ordered the borough to be repaired, and inhabited, and manned. And he ordered another army, also, from the population of Mercia, the while he sat there, to go to Manchester in Northumbria, to repair and man it." And in the ensuing year he repaired also Nottingham, "and the bridge over the Trent betwixt the two towns."

† Another legitimate son, however, of the great Edward followed the illegitimate successor to the Scottish wars; and his exploits there are celebrated, together with those of the king, in the strains of Saxon poetry.

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So that even yet the supremacy amounted not to an undivided sovereignty. However, in the ensuing year, we find that

"Æthelstan took to the kingdom of Northumbria, and governed all the kings that were in this island: first, Howell, king of West Wales; and Constantine, king of the Scots; and Owen, king of Monmouth; and Aldred, the son of Eadulf, of Bamburgh. And with covenants and oaths, they ratified their agreement in the place called Emmet, on the fourth day before the ides of July; and renounced all idolatry, and afterwards returned in peace."

This was an extent of consolidated sovereignty which had never before been so unequivocally enjoyed by any single potentate in this island. The whole, however, of this extended dominion did not, as is notorious, remain undisputed, either in Æthelstan or his successors; and, indeed, his after wars with the King of Scots, especially in 938, furnish the subject of what may be called a noble contemporary ode; an almost literal version of which, in something like the original rhythmus, will be found in Mr. Ingram's translation of the work we are reviewing. Æthelstan, however, as has been ascertained by authentic documents, assumed (and, we repeat it, was the first of our Saxon ancestors who did assume) the title of King of England; and bequeathed to his successors, at least, the undivided sovereignty of what had heretofore constituted the states of the Saxon Heptarchy. To him, therefore, and not to Egbert, is to be assigned the honour of founding what has since been called the English Monarchy.

We have dwelt so largely upon this subject, so erroneously represented in our popular histories, that we have neither time nor space for the quotation of those many valuable passages, obviously from the pens of contemporary annalists, which might rectify other misapprehensions. Of these, there are many in this work, which might place in a clearer point of view the circumstances that prepared the way for the Norman conquest, and bring into fair comparison the comparative bearings of the Norman and Saxon systems upon the character and condition of the people. But, for satisfaction upon these subjects, we must refer the student to the Saxon annals themselves, and to the archives and documents by which those annals may be illustrated.

We cannot, however, take leave of this long article, without a farewell quotation of one highly interesting extract: the character of William the First, from the pen of a contemporary and near observer.

"A. D. 1087.—In the one-and-twentieth year after William began to govern and direct England, as God granted him, was a very

heavy and pestilent season in this land. Such a sickness came on men, that full nigh every other man was in the worst disorder, that is, in the diarrhœa; and that so dreadfully, that many men died in the disorder. Afterwards came, through the badness of the weather, as we before mentioned, so great a famine over all England, that many hundreds of men died a miserable death through hunger.* Alas! how wretched and how rueful a time was there! when the poor wretches lay, full nigh driven to death prematurely, and afterwards came sharp hunger, and dispatched them withal! Who will not be penetrated with grief at such a season? or who is so hard-hearted as not to weep at such misfortune? Yet such things happen for folk's sins, that they will not love God and righteousness. So it was in those days, that little righteousness was in this land with any men but with the monks alone, wherever they fared well. The king and the head men loved much, and over much, covetousness in gold and in silver; and recked not how sinfully it was got, provided it came to them. The king let his land at as high a rate as he possibly could; then came some other person, and bade more than the former one gave, and the king let it to the men that bade him more. Then came the third, and bade yet more; and the king let it so hard to the men that bade him most of all: and he recked not how very sinfully the stewards got it of wretched men, nor how many unlawful deeds they did; but the more men spake about right law, the more unlawfully they acted. They erected unjust tolls, and many other unjust things they did, that are difficult to reckon."

"He died in Normandy, on the next day after the nativity of St. Mary, and he was buried at Caen, in St. Stephen's minster, which he had formerly reared, and afterwards endowed with manifold gifts. Alas! how false and how uncertain is this world's weal! He that was before a rich king, and lord of many lands, had not then of all his land more than a space of seven feet! and he that was whilom enshrouded in gold and gems, lay there covered with mould!"†

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* *Query.* What was the proportion of this famine, thus attributed to mere badness of the weather, which ought in justice to be ascribed to that desolation of homesteds, pastures, farms, and villages, so extensively made by this Norman lover of harts and hinds and boars, and beasts of all chace, to extend his parks and forests? How much to the rude trampling of the native peasantry and cultivators of the soil, beneath the armed hoofs of those sons of rapine and military violence, who left the high roads and fastnesses of France and Normandy for the more permanent spoil of Saxon England, and brought with them the same improvident contempt of industry and the industrious, which had accompanied them in their former scenes of pillage and depredation?

† Who would not imagine that Shakspeare had been looking into this page of the *Saxon Chronicle*, when he put those fine lines into the mouth of the expiring Warwick, in the fifth act of the third part of *Henry the Sixth?*—

" If any person wishes to know what kind of man he was, or what honour he had, or of how many lands he was lord, then will we write about him as well as we understand him; *we who often looked upon him, and lived some time in his court.* This King William, then, that we speak about, was a very wise man, and very rich; more splendid and powerful than any of his predecessors were. He was mild to the good men that loved God (the monks and priests), and beyond all measure severe to the men that gainsayed his will. On that same spot where God granted him that he should gain England, he reared a mighty minster, and set monks therein, and well endowed it.—In his days was the great monastery in Canterbury built, and also very many others over all England. This land was moreover well filled with monks, who modelled their lives after the rule of St. Benedict. But such was the state of Christianity in his time, that each man followed what belonged to his profession—he that would. He was also very dignified. Thrice he bare his crown each year, as oft as he was in England. At Easter, he bare it in Winchester; at Pentecost, in Westminster; at midwinter, in Gloucester. And then were with him all the rich men over all England; archbishops and diocesan bishops, abbots and earls, thanes and knights. So very stern was he also, and hot, that no man durst do any thing against his will. He had earls in his custody, who acted against his will. Bishops he hurled from their bishoprics, and abbots from their abbacies, and thanes into prison. At length, he spared not his own brother Odo, who was a very rich bishop in Normandy. At Baieux was his episcopal stall; and he was the foremost man of all to aggrandize the king. He had an earldom in England; and when the king was in Normandy, then was he the mightiest man in this land, him he confined in prison.

" But amongst other things is not to be forgotten, that good peace that he made in this land; so that a man of any account might go over his kingdom unhurt with his bosom full of gold. No man durst stay another, had he never so much evil done to the other; and if any churl lay with a woman against her will, he soon lost the limb that he played with. He truly reigned over England; and by his capacity so thoroughly surveyed it, that there was not a hide of land in England that he wist not who had it, or what it was worth, and afterwards set it down in his book. The land of the Britons was in his power; and he wrought castles therein; and ruled Anglesey withal. So also he subdued Scotland by his great strength. As to Normandy, that was his native land; but he reigned also over the earldom called

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" Lo! now my glory smear'd in dust and blood!
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
Even now forsake me; and, of all my lands,
Is nothing left me but my body's length!
Why what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?
And, live we how we can, yet die we must."

Maine; and if he might have yet lived two years more, he would have won Ireland by his valour, and without any weapons. Assuredly in his time had men much distress, and very many sorrows. Castles he let men build, and miserably swink the poor. The king himself was so very rigid; and extorted from his subjects many marks of gold, and many hundred pounds of silver; which he took of his people, for little need, by right and by unright. He was fallen into covetousness, and greediness he loved withal. He made many deer parks; and he established laws therewith; so that whosoever slew a hart, or a hind, should be deprived of his eyesight. As he forbade men to kill the harts, so also the boars; and he loved the tall deer as if he were their father. Likewise he decreed by the hares, that they should go free. His rich men bemoaned it, and the poor men shuddered at it. But he was so stern, that he recked not the hatred of them all; for they must follow withal the king's will, if they would live, or have land, or possessions, or even his peace. Alas! that any man should presume so to puff himself up, and boast over all men. May the almighty God show mercy to his soul, and grant him forgiveness of his sins!"

If such be the picture drawn of this founder of the Norman dynasty, by the priesthood whom he so favoured, what would be the account accumulated against him by that Saxon laity whom he so unmercifully oppressed.

We lament that our limits do not allow us to bring together, in a connected point of view, those many detached passages and notices of facts, scattered through this invaluable record, which might not only be highly interesting in a literary and antiquarian point of view; but might place in a new and unexpected light the arts, the commerce, the internal and external resources, and the wealth even in the precious metals of our supposed ignorant and barbarous forefathers. But these are subjects for which a few lines or paragraphs would not suffice; and here accordingly we must take our reluctant leave of the steadiest and most authentic of all our historical guides, the *Saxon Chronicle*.

ART. II.—*The Poetical Works of Mr.* Samuel Daniel, *Author of the English History; to which is prefixed, Memoirs of his Life and Writings.* 2 *vols.* 12*mo.* *London,* 1718.

We learn little more from the Memoir prefixed to this edition of Daniel's Poems, than that he was the son of a music master; was born at Taunton, in Somersetshire, about the middle of Queen Elizabeth's reign; was groom of the privy-

chamber to the consort of James I.; that he died at an advanced age; was a most exquisite poet and an unrivalled historian. This information, which the editor has dignified with the title of "Memoirs," is nearly all that is known of the author. He appears, from his *Apology for Rhyme*, addressed to William, Earl of Pembroke, to have been educated under the patronage of that family. Speaking of his application to the study of poetry, he says:

> "Having been first encouraged and framed thereunto by your most worthy and honourable mother, and received the first notion for the formal ordering of those compositions at Wilton, which I must ever acknowledge to have been my best school, and thereof always am to hold a feeling and grateful memory. Afterward, drawn farther on by the well-liking and approbation of my worthy lord, the fosterer of me and my muse, I adventured to bestow all my whole powers therein, perceiving it agreed so well, both with the complection of the times, and my own constitution, as I found not wherein I might better employ me."

He was entered a commoner of Magdalene Hall, Oxford, which he quitted at the end of three years, without taking a degree. His poetical works consist of fifty-seven sonnets: *The Complaint of Rosamond, The Letter of Octavia to Mark Antony; Hymen's Triumph*, and *The Queen's Arcadia*, two pastoral tragi-comedies; *Cleopatra* and *Philotas*, two tragedies; *The History of the Civil War; Musophilus, or a General Defence of Learning;* and some epistles and miscellaneous poems. The sonnets were his first compositions, and were well received, but the reputation he gained by them he lost by his historical poem: falling from public favor to neglect, in his lifetime. With a longing after fame, Daniel saw that reputation gradually sinking into indifference and decay, and himself passing from the power of delighting, and the receipt of homage, to the censure of the critic, and the forgetfulness of the public. Finding his dearest hopes thus dying away, well might he exclaim, in the bitterness of his sorrow:

> "But years have done this wrong,
> To make me write too much and live too long."

His favorite and most elaborate work is, *The History of the Civil Wars between the Houses of York and Lancaster;* the unfinished state of which he frequently laments. He spent many years in the composition of this poem, on which his hopes of fame chiefly depended; but which only affords another proof of the incapacity of authors to judge of their own productions. The subject itself was ill chosen, and this

defect is, by no means, counterbalanced by the excellence of the execution. The author has, in fact, confined himself to the dry narrative of history, into which he has occasionally, though seldom, attempted to infuse a portion of the spirit of poetry; but he has failed in awakening any feeling of pathos or sympathy. It has been generally said, indeed, by those who have touched on Daniel, that pathetic passages are dispersed through his poem of *The Civil War*. We have looked for them in vain, and if we were to form our judgement of his poetical powers from this work alone, we should be disposed to concur in the much reprehended opinion of Ben Jonson, that he was not a poet. Eulogy, it seems, as well as censure, is frequently bestowed on the faith of common rumour; they descend unquestioned from one generation to another, until some prying critic chooses to read and judge for himself. Nothing, in fact, can be more tiresomely monotonous, more dry and antipoetical, than this rhyming chronicle. The merit of simple diction and harmonious cadence cannot be denied; the presence of good sense and unexceptionable fidelity, and the absence of any thing positively offensive against good taste, must be allowed it. Beyond this praise we cannot go, for it is embellished neither with beauty of description, nor the rapid narrative of passion. It is a fraud upon the reader to hold it out as a poem, and it is a round-about way to get at the facts of history.

His dramas are equally jejune and unimpassioned. Daniel's genius certainly was not calculated for dramatic composition: indeed we learn, from the Dedication to *Cleopatra*, that if he had followed his own inclination, he would have been contented to sing of *Delia;* but he was induced, by Mary, Countess of Pembroke, to cultivate an acquaintance with the tragic muse; "To sing of state, and tragic notes to frame." Because he had succeeded in writing agreeable sonnets, it was taken for granted that he must be capable of higher things. Without the solicitation or encouragement of friends, he would, probably, never have attempted so high a flight; for as he says of himself, "irresolution and a self-distrust were the most apparent faults of his nature." He was, indeed, as modest in his estimation of himself, as he was amiable in his disposition and blameless in his writings. Tragedy, however, he tried, and failed. Adhering, in a great measure, to the form of the Greek tragedy, but destitute of its poetry, his plays have not the spirit-stirring dialogue, the interest, or the reality of the modern drama. He was, apparently, afraid of trusting himself too far with dialogue, lest he should mismanage it; and he has, therefore, thrown almost the whole of his tragedies into the shape of narrative, and that too sufficiently long and

tiresome. They consist in the representation of a single event, and are written in alternate rhymes, a mode of composition which he afterwards thought was not so well calculated for dramatic works as blank verse.

"I must confess," he says, in his *Apology*, "my adversary hath wrought this much in me, that I think a tragedy would, indeed, best comport with blank verse, and dispense with rhyme, saving in the chorus, or where a sentence shall require a couplet."

As to his pastoral dramas; *The Queen's Arcadia*, which was presented to her majesty, by the University of Oxford, in 1605, is a satire on the vices and follies of the times, shadowed under that name; a design singularly ill-calculated for dramatic representation, and it is, in fact, a very puerile performance. *Hymen's Triumph* is more dramatic, both in construction and character; but almost the only scene susceptible of genuine passion (and which is related by a spectator) is totally spoiled. There is a quiet charm about the *Complaint of Rosamond*, without its being distinguished by any very poetical imagery or poetic touches; but *Cleopatra's Letter* is intolerably dull—if it had been sent to a man kept from home by weaker ties than Mark Antony, it would never have brought him back. In praise of his minor pieces little can be said, except of those which will be quoted in the course of this article. So that, after all, Daniel's fame must depend upon what first introduced him to the world as a poet—his sonnets. These productions, unfortunately, all turn on the passion of love; and many of them of love in its coldest aspect and most metaphysical character. We say unfortunately; for Daniel, though generally timid and unaspiring, is sometimes spirited into nobleness and elevated into enthusiasm. These, it is true, occur only at long intervals, and appear rather the consequence of a lucky disposition of mind—a brief inspiration, than of general power. But his sonnets were the first, and in point of diction and rhythm, are the most finished of his works; and being written in the first working of his mind and May of his blood, have more of the essence of poetry than his later productions; and if they had been on different subjects, would have been much more likely to have realized the author's aspirations after fame than his present productions.

We shall commence our extracts with a few of the sonnets distinguished by their simplicity and elegance.

VI.

"Fair is my love, and cruel as she's fair;
Her brow-shades frowns, altho' her eyes are sunny;

Her smiles are lightning, tho' her pride, despair;
And her disdains are gall, her favours honey.
A modest maid, deck'd with a blush of honour;
Whose feet do tread green paths of youth and love!
The wonder of all eyes that look upon her:
Sacred on earth; design'd a saint above!
Chastity and Beauty, which were deadly foes,
Live reconciled friends within her brow:
And had she pity to conjoin with those,
Then who had heard the plaints I utter now;
For had she not been fair, and thus unkind,
My muse had slept, and none had known my mind.

XII.

My spotless love hovers with purest wings,
About the temple of the proudest frame;
Where blaze those lights fairest of earthly things,
Which clear our clouded world with brightest flame.
M' ambitious thoughts confined in her face,
Affect no honour, but what she can give:
My hopes do rest in limits of her grace,
I weigh no comfort, unless she relieve.
For she that can my heart imparadise,
Holds in her fairest hand what dearest is;
My fortune's wheels the circle of her eyes,
Whose rolling scarce deigns once a turn of bliss.
All my life's sweet consists in her alone;
So much I love the most unloving one.

XXIV.

These sorrow'ng sighs, the smoak of mine annoy;
These tears which heat of sacred flame distils;
Are those due tributes, that my faith doth pay
Unto the tyrant, whose unkindness kills.
I sacrifice my youth and blooming years
At her proud feet, and she respects not it:
My flow'r untimely's wither'd with my tears,
And winter woes, for spring of youth unfit.
She thinks a look may recompense my care,
And so with looks prolongs my long-look'd ease:
As short that bliss, so is the comfort rare;
Yet must that bliss my hungry thoughts appease.
Thus she returns my hopes so fruitless ever;
Once let her love indeed, or else look never.

XXXV.

I once may see when years shall wreck my wrong,
When golden hairs shall change to silver wire;
And those bright rays that kindle all this fire,
Shall fail in force, their working not so strong:
Then beauty, (now the burthen of my song,)
Whose glorious blaze the world doth so admire,
Must yield up all to tyrant Time's desire;
Then fade those flow'rs that deck'd her pride so long;
When if she grieve to gaze her in her glass,
Which then presents her winter-wither'd hue;
Go you, my verse; go tell her what she was:
For what she was, she best shall find in you.
Your fi'ry heat lets not her glory pass,
But (phœnix-like) shall make her live anew.

XXXVI.

Look, Delia, how w' esteem the half-blown rose,
The image of thy blush, and summer's honour!
Whilst yet her tender bud doth undisclose
That full of beauty, time bestows upon her.
No sooner spreads her glory in the air,
But straight her wide-blown pomp comes to decline;
She then is scorn'd, that late adorn'd the fair:
So fade the roses of those cheeks of thine!
No April can revive thy wither'd flow'rs,
Whose springing grace adorns thy glory now:
Swift speedy Time, feather'd with flying hours,
Dissolves the beauty of the fairest brow.
Then do not thou such treasure waste in vain;
But love now, whilst thou may'st be lov'd again.

XXXVII.

Beauty, sweet love, is like the morning dew,
Whose short refresh upon the tender green,
Chears for a time, but till the sun doth shew;
And straight 'tis gone, as it had never been.
Soon doth it fade that makes the fairest flourish;
Short is the glory of the blushing rose:
The hue which thou so carefully dost nourish,
Yet which at length thou must be forc'd to lose.
When thou, surcharg'd with burthen of thy years,
Shalt bend thy wrinkles homeward to the earth;
And that in beauty's lease expir'd, appears
The date of age, the calends of our death.

But ah! no more; this must not be foretold:
For women grieve to think they must be old."

The next is in a nobler spirit.

XXXII.

" And yet I cannot reprehend the flight,
Or blame th' attempt presuming so to soar;
The mounting venture for a high delight,
Did make the honour of the fall the more.
For who gets wealth, that puts not from the shore?
Danger hath honour; great designs their fame:
Glory doth follow; courage goes before.
And tho' th' event oft answers not the same,
Suffice that high attempts have never shame.
The mean observer, whom base safety keeps,
Lives without honour, dies without a name,
And in eternal darkness ever sleeps.
And therefore, Delia, 'tis to me no blot,
To have attempted, tho' attain'd thee not."

Nothing can be more delicately tender than the sentiment in the following sonnet, which is also exquisitely mellifluous.

XLVIII.

" I must not grieve, my love, whose eyes would read
Lines of delight, whereon her youth might smile;
Flowers have time before they come to seed,
And she is young, and now must sport the while.
And sport, sweet maid, in season of these years,
And learn to gather flow'rs before they wither;
And where the sweetest blossom first appears,
Let love and youth conduct thy pleasures thither.
Lighten forth smiles to clear the clouded air,
And calm the tempest which my sighs do raise:
Pity and smiles do best become the fair;
Pity and smiles must only yield thee praise.
Make me to say, when all my griefs are gone,
Happy the heart that sigh'd for such a one."

We should be guilty of an injustice to Daniel, if, after what we have said, we should omit to give an extract from his *Civil War;* and we shall select a favorable one—one which is characterized by an earnestness of feeling not very usual with him. It occurs in the part which relates to the civil wars in the reign of Richard the Second, and is the deprecation of the " grave religious fathers" against these broils.

" And O! what do you now prepare, said they;
Another conquest, by these fatal ways?

What, must your own hands make yourselves a prey
To desolation, which these tumults raise?
What Dane, what Norman, shall prepare his way,
To triumph on the spoil of your decays?
That which nor France, nor all the world could do,
In union, shall your discord bring you to?

Conspire against us, neighbour-nations all,
That envy at the height whereto w' are grown:
Conjure the barb'rous North, and let them call
Strange fury from far distant shores unknown;
And let them all together on us fall,
So to divert the ruin of our own;
That we, forgetting what doth so incense,
May turn the hand of malice to defence.

Calm these tempestuous spirits, mighty Lord;
This threat'ning storm, that over-hangs the land:
Make them consider, e'er they unsheath the sword,
How vain is th' earth, this point whereon they stand;
And with what sad calamities is stor'd
The best of that, for which th' ambitious band
'Labour the end of labour, strife of strife,
Terror in death, and horror after life.'

Thus they in zeal, whose humbl'd thoughts were good,
Whilst in this wide-spread volume of the skies,
The book of Providence disclosed stood,
Warnings of wrath, foregoing miseries,
In lines of fire, and characters of blood;
There fearful forms in dreadful flames arise,
Amazing comets, threat'ning monarchs' might,
And new-seen stars, unknown unto the night."

Our next extracts will be from *The Complaint of Rosamond*, whose ghost appears to the poet, and giving him to understand that Charon denies her a passage to the Elysian fields, "Till lovers' sighs on earth shall it deliver," prevails upon him to write the story of her wrongs and the ruin of her youth, in order to propitiate the surly boatman. This he has done in the form of a complaint. Beauty, the springe which caught the king, and caused Rosamond's ruin, is thus apostrophized:

"Ah Beauty! Syren, fair enchanting good,
Sweet silent rhetoric of persuading eyes;
Dumb eloquence, whose power doth move the blood,
More than the words or wisdom of the wise;

Still harmony, whose diapason lies
Within a brow; the key which passions move
To ravish sense, and play a world in love.

What might I then not do, whose power is such?
What cannot women do that know their power?
What women know it not (I fear too much)
How bliss or bale lies in their laugh or lour?
Whilst they enjoy their happy blooming flower,
Whilst Nature decks them in their best attires
Of youth and beauty, which the world admires.

Such once was I,—my beauty was mine own;
No borrowed blush, which bankrupt beauties seek,
That new-found shame, a sin to us unknown;
Th' adulterate beauty of a falsed cheek,
Vile stain to honour and to women eke;
Seeing that time our fading must detect,
Thus with defect to cover our defect.

Far was that sin from us, whose age was pure,
When simple beauty was accounted best;
The time when women had no other lure
But modesty, pure cheeks, a virtuous breast,
This was the pomp wherewith my youth was blest:
These were the weapons which mine honour won,
In all the conflicts which mine eyes begun."

Daniel has shewn more judgement in the management of his pathetic powers in the following extract, than perhaps in any of his poems. The king meets the funeral procession of the fair Rosamond, whom his jealous queen had poisoned.

"Judge those whom chance deprives of sweetest treasure,
What 'tis to lose a thing we hold so dear?
The best delight wherein our soul takes pleasure,
The sweet of life, that penetrates so near.
What passions feels that heart, inforc'd to bear
The deep impression of so strange a sight,
That overwhelms us, or confounds us quite?

Amaz'd he stands, nor voice nor body stirs;
Words had no passage, tears no issue found,
For sorrow shut up words, wrath kept in tears;
Confus'd effects each other do confound;
Opprest with grief, his passions had no bound.
Striving to tell his woes, words would not come;
For light cares speak, when mighty griefs are dumb.

XUM

At length extremity breaks out a way,
Thro' which, th' imprison'd voice with tears attended,
Wails out a sound that sorrows do bewray;
With arms across, and eyes to heaven bended,
Vapouring out sighs that to the skies ascended;
Sighs (the poor ease calamity affords)
Which serve for speech, when sorrow wanteth words.

O heavens! (quoth he) why do mine eyes behold
The hateful rays of this unhappy sun?
Why have I light to see my sins controll'd,
With blood of mine own shame thus wildly done?
How can my sight endure to look thereon?
Why doth not black eternal darkness hide
That from mine eyes, my heart cannot abide?

What saw my life wherein my soul might joy?
What had my days, whom troubles still afflicted,
But only this, to counterpoise annoy?
This joy, this hope, which death hath interdicted;
This sweet, whose loss hath all distress inflicted;
This, that did season all my sour of life,
Vex'd still at home with broils, abroad in strife.

Vex'd still at home with broils, abroad in strife;
Dissension in my blood, jars in my bed;
Distrust at board, suspecting still my life,
Spending the night in horror, days in dread;
(Such life hath tyrants, and this life I led.)
These miseries go mask'd in glittering shows,
Which wise men see, the vulgar little knows.

Thus, as these passions do him overwhelm,
He draws him near my body to behold it;
And as the vine married unto the elm,
With strict embraces, so doth he enfold it:
And as he in his careful arms doth hold it,
Viewing the face that even death commends,
On senseless lips, millions of kisses spends.

Pitiful mouth (saith he) that living gavest
The sweetest comfort that my soul could wish:
O be it lawful now, that dead thou havest
This sorrowing farewell of a dying kiss.
And you fair eyes, containers of my bliss,
Motives of love, born to be matched never,
Entomb'd in your sweet circles, sleep for ever.

Ah! how, methinks I see death dallying seeks,
To entertain itself in Love's sweet place;
Decayed roses of discoloured cheeks,
Do yet retain dear notes of former grace:
And ugly death sits fair within her face;
Sweet remnants resting of vermillion red,
That death itself doubts whether she be dead."

This passage from *Hymen's Triumph*, descriptive of early love, is worth a place here:

"Ah, I remember well (and how can I
But evermore remember well) when first
Our flame began, when scarce we knew what was
The flame we felt; when as we sat and sigh'd
And look'd upon each other, and conceiv'd
Not what we ail'd, yet something we did ail;
And yet were well, and yet we were not well,
And what was our disease we could not tell.
Then would we kiss, then sigh, then look: And thus
In that first garden of our simpleness
We spent our childhood: But when years began
To reap the fruit of knowledge; ah, how then
Would she with graver looks, with sweet stern brow,
Check my presumption and my forwardness;
Yet still would give me flowers, still would me show
What she would have me, yet not have me know."

And there is something of passion in the answer which Thirsis returns to Palæmon's consolatory advice, that it is a shame to waste his youth in mourning his lost Silvia, when there are other nymphs as fair as she, from whom he may make his choice.

"As fair and sweet as she? Palæmon, peace:
Ah, what can pictures be unto the life?
What sweetness can be found in images?
Which all nymphs else besides her seem to me.
She only was a real creature, she,
Whose memory must take up all of me.
Should I another love, then must I have
Another heart, for this is full of her,
And evermore shall be: Here is she drawn
At length, and whole; and more, this table is
A story, and is all of her; and all
Wrought in the liveliest colours of my blood;

And can there be a room for others here?
Should I disfigure such a piece, and blot
The perfect'st workmanship that Love e'er wrought?
Palæmon, no; ah, no, it cost too dear,
It must remain entire whilst life remains,
The monument of her and of my pains."

The Ode at the end of this drama, is both harmonious in versification and poetical in imagery.

Now each creature joys the other,
Passing happy days and hours,
One bird reports unto another,
In the fall of silver showers,
Whilst the earth (our common mother)
Hath her bosom deck'd with flowers.

Whilst the greatest torch of heaven,
With bright rays warms Flora's lap,
Making nights and days both even,
Cheering plants with fresher sap:
My field of flowers quite bereaven,
Wants refresh of better hap.

Echo, daughter of the air,
(Babbling guest of rocks and hills,)
Knows the name of my fierce fair,
And sounds the accents of my ills.
Each thing pities my despair,
Whilst that she her lover kills.

Whilst that she (O cruel maid)
Doth me and my love despise,
My life's flourish is decay'd,
That depended on her eyes:
But her will must be obey'd,
And well he ends, for love who dies."

The dedication to the Countess of Pembroke, prefixed to *Cleopatra*, is written in Daniel's best style. A portion of it we shall quote, partly because it is personal, and partly for the burst of enthusiasm on the prospect of our language being diffused over other lands.

"And now must I, with that poor strength I have,
Resist so foul a foe in what I may:
And arm against oblivion and the grave,
That else in darkness carries all away,

And makes of all an universal prey;
So that if by my pen procure I shall,
But to defend me, and my name to save,
Then tho' I die, I cannot yet die all.

But still the better part of me will live,
And in that part will live thy rev'rend name,
Altho' thyself dost far more glory give
Unto thyself, than I can by the same,
Who dost, with thine own hand, a bulwark frame
Against these monsters, (enemies of honour)
Which evermore shall so defend thy fame,
As time or they shall never prey upon her.

Those hymns which thou dost consecrate to heav'n,*
Which Israel's singer to his God did frame,
Unto thy voice eternity hath given,
And makes thee dear to him from whence they came;
In them must rest thy venerable name,
So long as Sion's God remaineth honoured;
And till confusion hath all zeal bereaven,
And murther'd faith, and temples ruined.

By this (great lady) thou must then be known,
When Wilton lies low levell'd with the ground:
And this is that which thou may'st call thine own,
Which sacrilegious time cannot confound.
Here thou surviv'st thyself, here thou art found
Of late, succeeding ages, fresh in fame:
This monument cannot be overthrown,
Where, in eternal brass, remains thy name.

O that the ocean did not bound our stile
Within these strict and narrow limits so;
But that the melody of our sweet isle
Might now be heard to Tyber, Arne, and Po:
That they might know how far Thames doth outgo
The music of declined Italy;
And list'ning to our songs another while,
Might learn of thee their notes to purify.

O why may not some after-coming hand
Unlock these limits, open our confines,

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* An allusion to the metrical version of the Psalms by the Countess, which has been lately printed.

And break asunder this imprisoning band,
T' enlarge our spirits, and publish our designs;
Planting our roses on the Appenines?
And to reach Rhine, to Loire, and Rhodanus,
Our accents, and the wonders of our land,
That they might all admire and honour us.

Whereby Great Sidney and our Spenser might,
With those Po singers being equalled,
Enchant the world with such a sweet delight,
That their eternal songs (for ever read)
May show what great Eliza's reign hath bred.
What music in the kingdom of her peace
Hath now been made to her, and by her might,
Whereby her glorious fame shall never cease.

But if that Fortune doth deny us this,
Then Neptune lock up with thy ocean key,
This treasure to ourselves, and let them miss
Of so sweet riches: as unworthy they
To taste the great delights that we enjoy.
And let our harmony, so pleasing grown,
Content ourselves, whose error ever is
Strange notes to like, and dis-esteem our own.

But whither do my vows transport me now,
Without the compass of my course enjoin'd?
Alas! what honour can a voice so low
As this of mine expect hereby to find?
But (madam) this doth animate my mind,
That yet I shall be read among the rest,
And tho' I do not to perfection grow,
Yet something shall I be, tho' not the best."

There is little in this tragedy to attract attention, still less admiration. The only passage which presents itself to our notice as worth transplanting, is part of the relation which Proculeius makes to Octavius Cæsar, of the attempt to obtain possession of the queen's person.

" Ah! what hath Cæsar here to do, said she,
In confines of the dead, in darkness lying?
Will he not grant our sepulchres be free,
But violate the privilege of dying?
What, must he stretch forth his ambitious hand
Into the right of death, and force us here?

Hath misery no covert where to stand
Free from the storm of pride, is't safe no where?
Cannot my land, my gold, my crown suffice,
And all what I held dear, to him made common;
But that he must in this sort tyrannize
Th' afflicted body of a woeful woman?
Tell him my frailty, and the gods have given
Sufficient glory, could he be content:
And let him now with his desires make even,
And leave me to this horror, to lament.
Now he hath taken all away from me,
What must he take me from myself by force?
Ah, let him yet (in mercy) leave me free
The kingdom of this poor distressed corse."

We now come to the minor poems, the best of which is an *Epistle to The Lady Margaret, Countess of Cumberland.* It is written in a high tone of didactic moralization, and is pregnant with the spirit of philosophy and humanity. We prefer this poem to any thing Daniel has written. It shews more judgement in the selection of topics—is more free, spirited, and disengaged than any other. We should have been glad if he had written more of the same kind.

" He that of such a height hath built his mind,
And rear'd the dwelling of his thoughts so strong,
As neither fear nor hope can shake the frame
Of his resolved pow'rs; nor all the wind
Of vanity or malice pierce to wrong
His settled peace, or to disturb the same:
What a fair seat hath he, from whence he may
The boundless wastes and wilds of man survey?
And with how free an eye doth he look down
Upon those lower regions of turmoil?
Where all the storms of passions mainly beat
On flesh and blood: where honour, pow'r, renown,
Are only gay afflictions, golden toil;
Where greatness stands upon as feeble feet,
As frailty doth; and only great doth seem
To little minds, who do it so esteem.
He looks upon the mighti'st monarchs' wars
But only as on stately robberies;
Where evermore the fortune that prevails
Must be the right: the ill-succeeding mars
The fairest and the best-fac'd enterprize.
Great pirate Pompey lesser pirates quails:

Justice, he sees, (as if seduced) still
Conspires with pow'r, whose cause must not be ill.
He sees the face of right t'appear as manifold
As are the passions of uncertain man;
Who puts it in all colours, all attires,
To serve his ends, and make his courses hold.
He sees, that let deceit work what it can,
Plot and contrive base ways to high desires,
That the all-guiding Providence doth yet
All disappoint, and mocks this smoke of wit.
Nor is he mov'd with all the thunder-cracks
Of tyrants' threats, or with the surly brow
Of pow'r, that proudly sits on others' crimes;
Charg'd with more crying sins than those he checks.
The storms of sad confusion, that may grow
Up in the present for the coming times,
Appal not him; that hath no side at all,
But of himself, and knows the worst can fall.
Altho' his heart (so near ally'd to earth)
Cannot but pity the perplexed state
Of troublous and distress'd mortality,
That thus make way unto the ugly birth
Of their own sorrows, and do still beget
Affliction upon imbecility:
Yet seeing thus the course of things must run,
He looks thereon not strange, but as fore-done.
And whilst distraught ambition compasses,
And is encompass'd; whilst as craft deceives,
And is deceiv'd; whilst man doth ransack man,
And builds on blood, and rises by distress;
And th' inheritance of desolation leaves
To great-expecting hopes: he looks thereon
As from the shore of peace, with unwet eye,
And bears no venture in impiety.
Thus, madam, fares that man, that hath prepar'd
A rest for his desires; and sees all things
Beneath him; and hath learn'd this book of man,
Full of the notes of frailty; and compar'd
The best of glory with her sufferings:
By whom, I see, you labour all you can
To plant your heart; and set your thoughts as near
His glorious mansion as your pow'rs can bear.
Which, madam, are so soundly fashioned
By that clear judgement, that hath carry'd you
Beyond the feeble limits of your kind,

As they can stand against the strongest head
Passion can make; inur'd to any hue
The world can cast; that cannot cast that mind
Out of her form of goodness, that doth see
Both what the best and worst of earth can be.
Which makes, that whatsoever here befals,
You in the region of yourself remain:
Where no vain breath of th' impudent molests,
That hath secur'd within the brazen walls
Of a clear conscience, that (without all stain)
Rises in peace, in innocency rests;
Whilst all what malice from without procures,
Shews her own ugly heart, but hurts not yours.
And whereas none rejoice more in revenge
Than women use to do; yet you well know,
That wrong is better check'd by b'ing contemn'd
Than being pursu'd; leaving to him t' avenge,
To whom it appertains. Wherein you show
How worthily your clearness hath condemn'd
Base malediction, living in the dark,
That at the rays of goodness still doth bark.
Knowing the heart of man is set to be
The centre of this world, about the which
These revolutions of disturbances
Still roll, where all th' aspects of misery
Predominate; whose strong effects are such
As he must bear, being pow'rless to redress;
And that unless above himself he can
Erect himself, how poor a thing is man!
And how turmoil'd they are that level lie
With earth, and cannot lift themselves from thence;
That never are at peace with their desires,
But work beyond their years; and ev'n deny
Dotage her rest, and hardly will dispense
With death. That when ability expires,
Desire lives still—So much delight they have
To carry toil and travel to the grave.
Whose ends you see, and what can be the best
They reach unto, when they have cast the sum
And reck'nings of their glory. And you know,
This floating life hath but this port of rest,
A heart prepar'd, that fears no ill to come.
And that man's greatness rests but in his show,
The best of all whose days consumed are
Either in war, or peace-conceiving war.

This concord, madam, of a well-tun'd mind
Hath been so set by that all-working hand
Of Heav'n, that tho' the world hath done his worst
To put it out by discords most unkind;
Yet doth it still in perfect union stand
With God and man, nor ever will be forc'd
From that most sweet accord, but still agree
Equal in fortunes, in equality.
And this note (madam) of your worthiness
Remains recorded in so many hearts,
As time nor malice cannot wrong your right
In th' inheritance of fame you must possess:
You that have built you by your great deserts
(Out of small means) a far more exquisite
And glorious dwelling for your honour'd name,
Than all the gold that leaden minds can frame."

Daniel has executed an elegant translation from Marino—a description of beauty, with which we shall conclude our extracts.

I.

" O beauty, beams, nay, flame
Of that great lamp of light,
That shines awhile with fame,
But presently makes night!
Like winter's short-liv'd bright
Or summer's sudden gleams;
How much more dear, so much less-lasting beams.

II.

Wing'd Love away doth fly,
And with it time doth bear;
And both take suddenly
The sweet, the fair, the dear.
A shining day and clear
Succeeds an obscure night,
And sorrow is the hue of sweet delight.

III.

With what then dost thou swell,
O youth of new-born day!
Wherein doth thy pride dwell,
O beauty made of clay!
Not with so swift a way

The headlong current flies,
As do the sparkling rays of two fair eyes.

IV.

Do not thyself betray
With wantonizing years;
O beauty, traitor gay!
Thy melting life that wears,
Appearing, disappears;
And with thy flying days
Ends all thy good of price, thy fair of praise.

V.

Trust not, vain creditor,
Thy apt-deceived view,
In thy false counsellor,
That never tells thee true.
Thy form and flatter'd hue,
Which shall so soon transpass,
Is far more fair than is thy looking-glass.

VI.

Enjoy thy April now,
Whilst it doth freely shine;
This lightning flash and show,
With that clear spirit of thine,
Will suddenly decline;
And you fair murth'ring eyes
Shall be love's tombs, where now his cradle lies.

VII.

Old trembling age will come
With wrinkl'd cheeks and stains,
With motion troublesome;
With skin and bloodless veins,
That lively visage reaven,
And made deform'd and old,
Hates sight of glass it lov'd so to behold.

VIII.

Thy gold and scarlet shall
Pale silver-colour be,
Thy row of pearls shall fall
Like wither'd leaves from tree;

And thou shalt shortly see
Thy face and hair to grow
All plough'd with furrows, over-swol'n with snow.

IX.

That which on Flora's breast,
All fresh and flourishing,
Aurora newly drest
Saw in her dawning spring;
Quite dry and languishing,
Depriv'd of honour quite,
Day-closing Hesperus beholds at night.

X.

Fair is the lilly, fair
The rose, of flowers the eye!
Both wither in the air,
Their beauteous colours die;
And so at length shall lie,
Depriv'd of former grace,
The lillies of thy breasts, the roses of thy face.

XI.

What then will it avail,
O youth advised ill!
In lap of beauty frail
To nurse a wayward will,
Like snake in sun-warm hill?
Pluck, pluck betime thy flow'r,
That springs, and parcheth in one short hour."

ART. III.—*God's Plea for Nineveh; or, London's Precedent for Mercy. Delivered in certain Sermons within the City of London. By* Thomas Reeve, *Bachelor in Divinity.*

Woe unto thee, oh Jerusalem, wilt thou not be made clean? when shall it once be? *Jer.* 13. 27.

Return, return, oh Shulamite: Return, return, that we may look upon thee. *Cant.* 6. 13.

Then said he to the dresser of the vineyard, behold this three years I come seeking for fruit on this fig-tree, and find none; cut it down,

why cumbreth it the ground? And he answering said unto him, Lord let it alone this year also, till I shall dig about it and dung it; and if it bear fruit, well; and if not, then thou shalt after that cut it down. *Luke* 13. 7, 8, 9.

Let us search and try our ways, and turn again to the Lord. Let us lift up our heart with our hands unto God in the heavens. *Lament.* 3. 40, 41.

Noli negligere, quòd vos prius Dominus peccantes sustinet; quia quantò diutius exspectat, ut emenderis, tantò graviùs judicabit si neglexeris. *Aug. de util. Pæn. ag.* Quot habuit in se oblectamenta, tot habuit holocausta; convertit in numerum virtutum, numerum criminum. *Jeron. hom.* 33 *in Evang.*

London: Printed by William Wilson, *for* Thomas Reeve, *living at the Bunch of Grapes, in Chancery Lane, near Lincoln's Inn.* 1657.

This is a singular theological plant which flourished in the city during the time of the Commonwealth, and partakes a little of the gloominess of the atmosphere in which it vegetated. The author, an apprentice in divinity, a slip of one of the universities, and a preacher of repentance, was a man of great tenacity of purpose and invincible perseverance in action—qualities highly necessary for the production of a work like this. It is dedicated to one Thomas Rich, Esquire, whom Reeve calls his honoured friend, and a very eminent citizen of London. We shall endeavour to give an account of this book, so far as it is possible to describe what is so strange and so irregular. Although we learn from the title page, that the *Plea* was delivered in certain sermons, it is impossible to find any convenient divisions, or stages in it; it is, in fact, a huge discourse, one enormous lecture—the very Leviathan of sermons, on the repentance of Nineveh, as described in the book of Jonah.

"And should not I spare Nineveh, that great city, wherein are more than sixscore thousand persons that cannot discern between their right hand and their left hand; and also much cattle?" *Jonah* 4. 11.

The design is to make London, which is described as a Nineveh in corruption, a Nineveh in repentance: the author has adopted the following ingenious mode of treating his subject.

1. A digging for water, *and should not*
2. A spring-head, *I*
3. The stream which should flow from it, *spare*
4. The channel in which it should run, *Nineveh, that great city, wherein are more than sixscore thousand persons that cannot, &c.*

The last part is, at page 61, subdivided thus :

" Now let us come to the channel ; Nineveh, that great city, &c." in which words there are three things considerable,

1. The name of a place, *Nineveh,*
2. The nature of the place, *that great city,*
3. The description of it, *wherein are more, &c.*

The two last divisions are again subdivided, the second into three and the third into six more divisions. Indeed this part of his text affords him great scope, and he dilates upon it with infinite satisfaction and amazing perseverance through nearly three hundred pages more, dwelling with all possible minuteness upon every topic which is, or can be, in any sort of way connected with the subject. Happy man he is! full of his subject, and his subject full of matter, and his matter full of importance ; but how he could contrive, with all these " appliances and means to boot," to spin out his sermon to such an enormous length is truly surprising. Dr. Isaac Barrow pressed hard against the patience of the citizens of London, when he once preached a sermon of three hours long ; but Thomas Reeve must have preached for three weeks together, before he could have bestowed the full benefit of his text on his auditors ; and the most assiduous, patient, and practised saint or sinner must have been parched up in his *Lecture solstice.* A sermon is in general but a very dry affair, but we entreat our readers not to alarm themselves at the threatening aspect of worthy Thomas Reeve's title page ; the lambent flame of dulness plays not around his head, and flatness and insipidity are strangers to his pages. *God's Plea for Nineveh* is any thing but dull ; it is full of spirit, though of an extravagant kind, and is occasionally, if not eloquent, something very much like it, and would have really been so, if it had been chastened by a better taste. There was a sort of eloquence amongst our nonconforming preachers (and it still prevails in certain classes of them) which may be called physical, arising more from a passionate and vehement temperament than from intellectual power, and which, although despised by the educated and refined, yet produced considerable effect on the persons to whom it was more especially addressed. It is fervid, earnest, and above all, has the appearance of sincerity, of being the result of heart-felt conviction. It abounds generally with imagery ; is garnished with flowers of rhetoric, hastily collected and rudely thrown together ; its passionate tone is made more solemn, and its denunciations more awful, by frequent quotations from holy writ. This species of eloquence, to the uninformed and moody votary, is deeply impressive, overwhelming by its paroxysms and convincing by its vehemence ; it vanquishes the feelings,

but has little to do with the reasoning faculty. To the vehement declamation of this class, Reeve bears a nearer resemblance, than to that bold, rich, and manly eloquence, at once addressed to the heart and the understanding, which distinguishes some of our ancient theologians, and one or two that we could name of our modern preachers. Reeve possessed an ardent disposition, a volubility of language, and a vehemence of expression, which, in conjunction with great information and a tinge of the gloomy spirit of religion, has produced a singular combination both of matter and style. His mode of teaching is more common than eligible; he would lash us into repentance and crush us into goodness. He seems to think the work but half done if he only annihilate sin; there must be some "spiritual contusion." "The penitent," says he, "must be as it were for a while in hell, and feel, though not specifically, yet analogically, some of the torments of the damned, before he can have a sense of inward satisfaction!" Thus he would rather anoint and irritate the wound with caustic, than pour into it balm or soothing oil. Fear, and not reason, is his instrument of conversion, and he uses it like a scalping knife, to revenge and disfigure, rather than to reclaim and amend. He is not the man to entice children from play and old men from the chimney corner, with the sweet food of sweetly uttered knowledge, with words of hope and promises of love; he would drive them into the sanctuary, terrify them with his theological trumpet, blast them with his *pulpit lightning*. "If people would be saved," says he, "they must sit out a threatning sermon, and hear a rebuking priest with patience, saying, with Boniface, to Saint Augustine, 'I receive thy words full of truth with trembling, though every sentence doth seem to scourge me:'" and, indeed, he speaks loud enough and long enough to exercise the patience of the best disposed auditory. "The lion hath roared, who can but fear?" He scatters his denunciations with a prodigal hand, without order or selection, at one time terrible, at another extravagant or puerile; he sometimes startles us with a rapid succession of interrogations, and at others with his quick transition from allusion to allusion—from story to story; his similitudes and illustrations are drawn from homely, and, not unfrequently, striking objects, but then they are ordinarily without justness or propriety in the situations in which they are placed. Reeve's diction is florid and wordy, coarse and indelicate, but occasionally strong and manly; and we sometimes meet with new expressions (for he has a mint in which he can coin words at his own sovereign pleasure) and new combinations of old ones. But he never appears to be satisfied until he has exhausted his epithets, being chiefly solicitous to

give good, heaped-up measure, and caring less for the sentiment than the sound. We must, however, do him the justice to say, that he never forgets that he has to declaim on the subject of repentance; and although, when he commences a paragraph, he is like a man running down a hill, unable to stop himself until he gets to the bottom, yet he invariably returns to the course with unabated vigour, again to run the same race.

Some of our readers may, perhaps, think there is a want of application in comparing the state of London to that of Nineveh, unless worthy Thomas were himself the prophet sent to the former. He treats them, however, throughout his diatribe, as parallel cases, and particularly laments that London did not make her beasts to fast and wear sackcloth, a regulation which he more especially commends in the Ninevites. His subject gives him the opportunity of inveighing against all vices, customs, and fashions; against excessive eating, drinking, and dressing; in short, against almost every thing that can be seen or acted in a city, not excepting even his own vocation. This has produced some curious accounts of the manners and fashions of his day as well as of its vices, our extracts from which, we think, will be found entertaining.

The following passage, in which the author describes the insignificance of man compared with the Deity, is rather fine.

"Indeed man doth bear a name for a very prudent creature; yea some are so famed up for judgement, that they are called sages; but what are these seeing persons to the all-seeing God? no, this shutter of the flesh doth hinder man's light from shining, the form is straightened by the matter; but God being wholly immaterial, a pure spirit, he cannot but transcend man in wisdom. Man doth know all things eternally, for acquisite knowledge is gotten from abroad, and infused knowledge is communicated, but God hath no derivative knowledge; to know any thing, he doth but reflect upon his own essence; those ideas which are conceived to be in God, do contain all intellectual species; therefore, who hath been his counsellor, or taught him at any time? Man's knowledge doth come with much tediousness; for how long is he learning of his lesson? But God's knowledge is instantaneous; He doth understand all things in one, for the intellect being in act, there is an end of further inquiry. God's present intuition is fixed upon every thing that is to be known. Man doth but know things in time, and which do really exist; but God calleth things that are not, as if they were: for whereas his knowledge is measured only with his eternity, what is there from everlasting to everlasting, that is out of the verge of his knowledge? no; *entia*, things that have any being with all the limits of time, he doth understand by the knowledge of vision; and *non entia*, which are not, nor ever shall be, he doth understand by the mirror, that is, by the knowledge of his own unlimited wisdom. Man doth understand but few things, for we do boast of wisdom; but how short principled are we? there is an un-

known land which we have not yet coasted, there is a labyrinth that we want yet a clew to pass through. If wisdom should unlock her great library door, we would think, that we had many authors yet to peruse, yea, Decades and Pandects yet to turn over."

And again, in a bolder and finer tone.

"Oh how is the world potentate-struck? Grandee-inchanted? we are only waiting at man's heels, listening to the thunderclaps of his lips, fearing his cold irons, and strangling gibbets. But hath not man his equal? yes, though man do swell upon the thought of his high deserts, (and great is the haughtiness of this Achillean race,) yet man doth but stand upon the lower ground, he is but an inferior; for wipe thine eyes, chafe thy temples, expostulate with reason, awaken conscience, and see if man be the object to whom all thy regard and reverence ought to be limited. No, if thou canst lift up thine eyelids, pry into the heavens, and behold afar off that great tribunal, where thy last account must pass, thou wilt say thou hast mistaken thy awe, misplaced thy dread. For let there be never such tremebundoes below, yet this earth hath not the face of authority which thou oughtest to stoop unto; no, there is One higher than the highest. It is a dangerous thing to fall under man's displeasure, but it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the everliving God. What are man's fetters to God's chains of darkness? man's executioners to infernal fiends? man's vengeance-corners to God's tormenting tophet? Fear not them then that can kill the body and can go no further, but fear him that can cast both body and soul into hell fire. Let summoning and sentencing man go, and tremble thou at the judging and cursing God. Here fix thine eye, and fasten in thy conscience the doomsday-nail."

* * * * * *

"But, alas! what is all this but loss of breath? but charming in the ears of deaf adders, deaf pulpit-haunters? We may preach ourselves speechless, and our auditors breathless, before we shall sermon-up God's pre-eminence. Where is that effectual teacher, spirit-lipped lecturer, that hath gotten God the precedency, and preferment above man? And yet is not this generally known? is it not the cry in every congregation? the reverberation of the very walls of the sanctuary, the noise in every ear? the principle in every conscience? Do not wise men hear it, and fools understand it? Do not old men learn it, and children confess it, as their known lesson? Doth not common reason instruct us, that if God be great, the greater, the greatest, he should be made superior, supreme? If man must have his due, must not God have his right? Hadst thou?* and should not I? Yes, else never think of God, or speak of God, or avouch a God, if man must be the such, the non-such. How can we walk with God, if we do not consider his power, or acquaint ourselves with our God, if we be strangers

* Referring to the verse in Jonah, preceding the text, "Then the Lord said, thou hast had pity on the gourd," &c.

to his perfections? or stir up ourselves to take hold of our God, if we have no feeling of his greatness? What a creature is man amongst his fellow-creatures? For, oh, that dumb nature doth magnify God, and that we are silent in his praises, that the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handy-work; that one day telleth another, and one night certifieth another, that there is neither speech nor language where their voice is not heard, that their line is gone forth throughout all the earth, and their words unto the end of the world; yea, that tigers and unicorns, stones and rocks, fields and wildernesses, fire and hail, snow and vapours, storms and tempests, mountains and all hills, fruitful trees and all cedars, creeping things, and feathered fowls, do in their kind set out God in his excellencies; and yet that the fool hath said in his heart there is no God, and he that is a little wiser than he (even the reasoning formalist) hath not God in all his thoughts, that he is not made a superior, nor used like a God, for he hath not an eye to look upon him, nor an heart to reach up high enough to him—no, he is far above out of his sight. That people in general do not think of God out of devotion, but conviction; not out of pure honour, but amazing horror. Oh, to such a contemning people, who would ever be a superior? to such an undevout people, who would ever be a God? Here is a strange creed and a worse catechism. Is not every temple a scandal, and every pulpit an infamy to such livers? Deserve they scriptures, or sacraments, the knowledge of God, or so much as to hear his name? Take away God's praises, and what is profession? silence his honour, and what is religion? deprive him of his glory, and what is his Deity?"

Although the preceding extracts are in better taste than the greater part of the volume, they show, in some measure, the peculiar style of the author. A still stronger tincture of it will be found in the succeeding passage, which combines great richness of phraseology with excessively bad taste: it forms part of the section from which the last quotation is taken, and enjoins us to leave all the fairest and most attractive things of the earth, and dwell only upon the glories of God.

"The earth should seem barren, and God fruitful; the sea dry, and God moist; the cedars low, and God high; the mines poor, and God rich; the stars dark, and God bright. Or, if Nature hath any thing in it singular, God should be more fragrant; if the nightingale doth sing pleasantly, God should seem to be more melodious; if the lions do roar, God should be more terrible; if the pearls have lustre, God should have the more splendour; if the air be spacious, God should be infinite; if the marbles be durable, God should be everlasting; if the giants be strong, God should be omnipotent; if princes be majestical, God should have the true crown and sceptre. We should take off our sight, and delight from these things, and our eye-strings and heart-strings should be only towards our God; if we look upon these, we should gaze upon God; if we be affected with these, we

should be ravished with God; we should say, What is a nectarean draught, a delicious banquet, an embroidered garment, an enamelled hanger, a marble statue, a face of beauty, an arm of chivalry, a brain of policy, curious galleries, engraven chimney-pieces, stately balconies, lofty turrets, furnished wardrobes, burnished dining chambers, spacious theatres, precious jaspers, odoriferous perfumes, orient colours? No, we should call these things but the sophistry of judgement, the magic of the senses, cheats to delude under-wits, trifles to please half-sighted naturals. But when we come to look upon Him, who is all magnificence, we should say, What is worth? what is wonder? what is completeness? what is eternity? what is incomprehensibleness? What is God? What is the admirable universe to the incomparable God?"

Reeve is rather declamatory and practical, than speculative: he indulges not in the creation of theories, or the discussion of dogmas—he has matter enough without having recourse to speculation. He has, however, collected together many points of speculation on the subject of sin from the schoolmen, equally singular and unprofitable; but which are so curious, that we shall introduce them here.

"I know there are many curious questions about sin, as whether the sin of Adam, which effectively vitiated whole nature, be greater than the sin against the Holy Ghost, which objectively is not only against the love and truth of God, and that gift and union by which all graces have their influence, but against the eminent goodness of God, by which the divine relation is dissolved, and therefore expressly called the sin unto death: and whether man be obliged to the sins of all his forefathers, as well as to the sins of Adam, because we are baptized into the remission of sins, and not sin; and David (though born of lawful wedlock) saith, 'I was born in iniquity, and in sins hath my mother conceived me.' Or whether a man shall answer only for original sin, and not for other sins, if he do not imitate them, as Jerome holds; and whether the punishments of sin be sin, because they are not only effects of Divine justice, but a contracted depravation, as after precedent sin there doth come a subsequent corruption, and obduration oftentimes. Whether pardoned sins be quite abolished, or whether, upon reiterated transgression, they do not return: whether the preterition of good, or the perpetration of evil, or if ye will, whether the sin of omission, or commission, be the greatest; and whether to the formal deordination of sin, there be absolutely required a complete consent, because he which can resist is not enforced to yield; or a mere nescience, pausing delight or propathy, do not of itself cause sin: and, to be brief, whether a man may not sin in serving God, or sin in his sleep, or sin in thinking of his former sins, or sin in looking upon the sins of others. These and many other intricacies have been propounded concerning sin. But repentance doth answer all these problems, and take away all these scruples; for repentance is a reparation, a purgation, a remedy, a redintegration: I do not say but

XUM

the *macula*, the spot of sin, may remain till the day of judgement, there, to the greater glory of the Redeemer, to be covered with the righteousness of Christ; but the *reatus*, the guilt, is wholly removed: God doth not impute it, nor look upon it as a grievance."

An amusing specimen of worthy Master Reeve's verbiage, will be found in the description of the dresses of the women and men of his time.

"The kings of Egypt were wont to give unto their queens the tribute of the city of Antilla, to buy them girdles; and how much girdles, gorgets, wimples, cowls, crisping-pins, veils, rails, frontlets, bonnets, bracelets, necklaces, slops, slippers, roundtires, sweetballs, rings, ear-rings, mufflers, glasses, hoods, lawn, musks, civets, rose-powders, jessamy butter, complexion waters, do cost in our days, many a sighing husband doth know by the year's account. What ado is there to spruce up many a woman, either for streets or market, banquets or temples? She is not fit to be seen unless she doth appear half naked, nor to be marked, unless she hath her distinguishing patches upon her; she goeth not abroad till she be feathered like a popinjay, and doth shine like alabaster. It is a hard thing to draw her out of bed, and a harder thing to draw her from the looking-glass: it is the great work of the family to dress her—much chafing and fuming there is before she can be thoroughly tired; her spongings and perfumings, lacings and lickings, clippings and strippings, denti-fricings and daubings, the setting of every hair methodically, and the placing of every beauty-spot topically, are so tedious, that it is a wonder that the mistress can sit, or the waiting-maid stand, till all the scenes of this fantastic comedy be acted through. O these birds of paradise are bought at a dear rate! the keeping of these lannerets is very chargeable! The wife oftentimes doth wear more gold upon her back, than the husband hath in his purse; and hath more jewels about her neck, than the annual revenue doth amount to. And this is the she-pride; and doth not the he-pride equal it? Yes, the man now is become as feminine as the woman. Men must have their half shirts and half arms, a dozen casements above, and two wide lukehomes below: some walk (as it were) in their waistcoats; and others (a man would think) in their petticoats: they must have narrow waists and narrow bands, large cuffs upon their wrists, and larger upon their shin bones, their boots must be crimped, and their knees guarded.—A man would conceive them to be apes, by their coats; soap-men, by their faces; meal-men, by their shoulders; bears or dogs, by their frizled hair. And this is my trim man.—And oh, that I could end here; but pride doth go a larger circuit: it is travelled amongst the commons; every yeoman in this age must be attired like a gentleman of the first head; every clerk must be as brave as the justice; every apprentice match his master in gallantry; the waiting gentlewoman doth vie fashions with her lady; and the kitchen-maid doth look like some squire's daughter by her habit; the handicraftsmen are in their colours, and their wives in rich silks."

The portrait of a gallant is still more whimsical.

"The gallant is counted a wild creature; no wild colt, wild ostrich, wild cat of the mountain, comparable to him; he is indeed the buffoon and baboon of the times; his mind is wholly set upon cuts and slashes, knots and roses, patchings and pinkings, jaggings, taggings, borderings, brimmings, half-shirts, half-arms, yawning breasts, gaping knees, arithmetical middles, geometrical sides, mathematical waists, musical heels, and logical toes."

What a vocabulary of *dandyism* is here!

We have before intimated, that if our divine's hand had been under the government of good taste, he would have written almost eloquently. The omission of a few words makes a great difference. The following passage on the efficacy of prayer, the original of which will be found in the note below, is rendered almost beautiful by mere curtailment.

"Oh, how hath prayer calmed the tempest of a troubled mind, yea, stilled the noise of the thunders at God's judgement seat! it is the penitents' balsam, and the best music in God's ears; it doth compromise differences, reconcile adversaries, put songs into mourners' lips, and fill the breasts of disconsolate souls with extasies: so soon as this Ester doth appear, the golden sceptre is stretched out; so soon as this angel doth come down, the waters are stirred, and there is virtue in the pool of Bethesda for all disabled and distressed creatures. O that devotion were but articulate, that repentance could but open her lips, and the penitent draw up all his desires into this short Enthymene: this is the true sweat of our brows, whereby we should earn our bread, the candle which should never go out in the house of the virtuous woman to enrich her family; yea, the key which doth unlock all the chests of God's treasury," &c.*

After extolling the excellence and superiority of cities, our author exhorts the citizens to corresponding superiority.

"Thus much in general; for yourselves in particular, as God hath made you a city, so do ye principle out goodness to the land; for a shame it were for the sourest fruit to grow upon the top-branch, or the

* "Oh, how hath prayer calmed the tempests of a troubled mind; yea, stilled the noise of the thunders at God's judgement seat! it is the penitent's balsam, and the best music in God's ears; it doth fright devils and exhilarate angels; it doth cancel bonds, cast indictments out of the court, compromise differences, reconcile mortal adversaries, acquit the guilty, justify sinners, cure phrenzies, ease conflicts, put songs into mourners' lips, fill the breasts of disconsolate souls with extasies, dig mines, fish for pearls, fetch pensions out of God's exchequer, nay draw the signet off from God's right hand to seal church-grants to the faithful: so soon as this wise woman from the wall doth but speak, the city is spared; so soon as this Abigail doth present herself, the whole family is preserved," &c.

worst scholars to be in the upper form. Shall ye be taught duty from abroad, or learn conscience of the country? Shall the man in russet direct thee in thy furs, the leathern girdle instruct the gold chain? Shall there be more noble motions and pious resolutions in the rural swain than the citizen? Shalt thou mind nothing but the vent of thy ware, and the sale of thy merchandise? yes, thou hast another trade to look after; a citizen should shew to his customers the best patterns of holy life, and open the packs of religious precedents; a city should be the burse and magazine of virtuous demeanours, or else it will be said, that the citizen doth study nothing but himself, and that his counting-house is his conscience, and his penny his God. Oh, therefore God hath given you honour; maintain your honour, let the great wheel of virtue stir here, and the morning star of grace shine here. Let not the miry ways be cleaner than your paved streets, and the thatched sheds be neater built than your tiled houses. Let not the countryman, when he cometh amongst you, be loathed with the smell of your intemperance, or recoil at the sight of your fraud, or blush at your neutralizing, or be ready to deride your pride, or to hiss at your malice, or to freeze with your indevotion, or to drop down dead with seeing the blood of oppression sprinkled upon the stones of your streets; but prepare choice sights for the countryman's eye, that he may go home, and say, I have seen the phœnix of religion, the paradise of piety, the temple of the Holy Ghost, the suburbs of heaven; I have learned grace out of every citizen's mouth, and bought bargains of sanctity at every shop, enough to stock myself and supply all my neighbours. Thus shall ye shew yourselves to be a flourishing city, when ye are as full of professors as traders; and of saints as merchants; when ye have trafficked for godliness at every port, and fetched home the true pearl farther than the Indies."

He thus describes the unity of a city.

"Oh, this unity doth carry in it an universality of felicity, it is the basis and battle-axe to a city; it feareth no gusts, when it doth stand upon this sure pinning; nor enemy abroad, when there is no enemy within: Oh it is a rare thing to see a due crasis in the humours of the city, and to hear all the strings of that great instrument in tune, that the spleen doth not swell to put the whole body out of course, or the salamander doth not appear to foretell a storm coming; that the vessel be not cracked that should hold the water of the city-preservation, nor a moat gotten into the eye of it to trouble the sight in the foreseeing of dangers."

Repentance, the match that sets fire to his zeal, which blazes throughout the work with more or less fierceness, is defined in this manner.

"Repentance is the funeral of sin and the birth-day of grace, a man then shifts himself out of the tatters of natural corruptions, and doth array himself in the bright vestment of regeneration, as Jehoshuah

put off his filthy garments, and put on a change of rayment upon his back, and a glorious mitre upon his head."

And the want of any signs of its advent lamented in a series of energetic interrogatories.

"What adulterer hath yet unclasped his hands with his courtesan? What drunkard hath drawn his lips from his intemperate cups? What proud person hath yet shifted himself from his phantastic gawdies? And if these sinners be not yet unfettered, what shall we think of them whom the devil hath in a stronger chain? if these trespassers be inflexible, what shall we conclude of those whose neck is as iron? what is the state of them which stand in their ways, and sweat in their ways, and ride post in their ways, that an angel with a naked sword in his hand can hardly make them give a check with the bridle? Oh, if these noon-day sinners be so unreformed, then if we should search the blind corners, pry what the antients do in the dark, look through the hole of the wall, what strange chambers of imagery, and creeping things, and four-footed beasts, might there be there discerned? How many black night-birds would there be there seen pourtrayed upon the walls? where then are men's feet? do ye see any new ways trodden? will these turn? do any turn? No, the times may turn, and the face of things may turn, there may be several variations and changes in human affairs, but not in human actings; men are resolved upon their paths, settled upon their motions, constant in their extravagancies, they will not turn from their evil way."

In the midst of his lamentations, the worthy divine breaks out in a very lively strain. "Oh, that all the sins of the land, without diminution, retrusion, substraction, could be bewailed in our lips with one *national yell*, this were to cry mightily."

We have selected the most simple and least offensive, as well as the best written passages we could find in this very singular book, but which nevertheless contain instances of the author's perverted taste and peculiar manner. More lengthy and decided specimens of the latter we could have given, but as they have little but their singularity to recommend them, we content ourselves with the extracts we have already made.

ART. IV.—*Œuvres Complètes de M. Bernard.* 12*mo.* *Londres,* 1777.

Although we have happily shaken off our hereditary hatred of France and Frenchmen, the leaven of our old antipathy still clings to us on certain occasions, and imperceptibly taints

our opinions on many points in which the national prejudice remains unnoticed, because we have never suspected that such a feeling could intrude itself into subjects which are not political. Such, however, we are certain is the case. Experience has taught us to acknowledge, that French generals, French ministers, French mathematicians, French chemists, and French surgeons, may contend for the palm of excellence with any we produce in England. The matter of French cookery and metaphysics is involved in greater doubt; but no right-minded Briton, that we know of, has ever consented to admit, or even condescended to examine, the merits of French poetry.

Many circumstances have occurred to create and perpetuate the distaste. Originally produced by the contempt which national animosity gives birth to, and extends indiscriminately to all subjects, it has naturally outlived the imbecile feeling from which it sprang; and is continued, like other habits, from the inconvenience which would attend its change. We are not certain that such a change would repay the trouble of unlearning an habitual taste; because it is very doubtful how far it is worth while to disturb our settled notions on a subject, concerning which all opinions, in fact, are equally indifferent. It is clearly impossible to fix any standard of excellence in matters of taste and sentiment. That poetry, therefore, is the best, which is most generally pleasing; and whether it be French or English, is a matter of chance and not of preference. So far, to the English reader, the question is decided. His taste is already formed; and we have no intention of impugning it in the present article. We merely wish to introduce him to the knowledge of certain poets, who are as much admired in France as they are unknown in England. We do not challenge his applause, but solicit his attention; for even if there be little admirable, poetically speaking, in the verses of these writers, we think there is much that is amusing. Beside which, to every lover of letters every branch of literature has its interest.

Much of the beauty of poetry must be lost in a foreign language. However intimate our acquaintance with a dialect which was not taught us in our infancy, we are unable to acquire in later life that familiar mastery of all its idioms which is necessary to a perfect relish of the pleasures produced by *style*. We want that rapid perception of the exact import of every phrase, and the precise degree of similarity or difference in terms which are nearly synonimous—none, perhaps, are exactly so—of which the nurse is the sole instructress. We are insensible to the exquisite beauty resulting from the happy disposition of harmonious words, and overlook the peculiar turn imparted to whole sentences, by the equivocal use of

common phrases. All this must occur to every one, who is at all familiar with foreign authors; and wherever much pleasure is derived from foreign poetry, it is chiefly owing to associations of a very different nature from those which delight us in that of our native language. This pleasure is usually great in proportion to the difficulty surmounted in acquiring the foreign dialect. Hence the excessive admiration which Lowth entertained for the poetry of the Hebrew scriptures. Hence, also, the exaggerated praise of Hafiz and Ferdusi, and other writers of a barbarous language, who, being accessible to few, are proclaimed by that privileged few as the paragons of poetic genius. A polyglot scholar will decide, first, in favour of Greek—then, of German—of Italian, next—but of French, which is the easiest and most generally understood, last of all. The probability is, that the authors in all these dialects are of equal intrinsic excellence. But as the admirers of Euripides are considerably less numerous than those of Voltaire, the merits of these celebrated poets will be estimated—not in proportion to their respective dramatic excellence—but in an inverse ratio, according to the number of their readers.

This, we have no doubt, is a second cause of the neglect of French poetry in England. It is useless to search for other reasons which have consigned it to indifference. It is, however, certain, that of the many who deliver magisterial opinions on its great inferiority to our own, but few have ever thought it necessary to turn over the leaves even of its most celebrated authors. This is certainly more convenient than just. For our own parts, we believe, that much pleasure has been lost by this summary criticism; and we have therefore undertaken to present a specimen of French poetry, in order to excite inquiry, and to ascertain the real grounds of the common prejudice against it. To obtain a reading is all we dare at present hope for. If we succeed in amusing the reader, our time will not have been mis-spent; but if we make one convert, our utmost expectations will be surpassed.

There are two eras in French poetry, and between them we trace no resemblance. Since Mairet first wrote his *Sophonisbe*, the drama of his predecessors has fallen into utter oblivion. So is it in the other departments of poetry. The productions of De Baïf and Ronsard are only read in English magazines. The more curious man of letters may occasionally glance at the obsolescent verses of Marot; but the attention of the man of taste is confined to the graceful Chaulieu and his accomplished associates and successors. Among these we shall select our specimens; and as one of the most prominent, though the most modern, we have commenced with the "gen-

til Bernard." Without occupying our pages or the reader's time with the motives which have induced us to make choice of him, we shall offer some preliminary remarks on the structure of French verse, and proceed at once to the subject-matter.

The singular inability of English readers to appreciate the merits of French style, has often been remarked by foreign critics. We are apt to see no difference between the most polished and barbarous verses; and are scarcely able to distinguish the style of Racine and Voltaire from that of Pellegrin or Danchet. Nothing, it is true, is more difficult than to write elegantly in French verse. The difficulty is enhanced by many causes, of which the most obvious are the remarkable restraints imposed by the peculiarity of the rhymes, and the extreme simplicity of the language, which absolutely forbids the inversions so familiar in the ancient, and recognised in most of the modern tongues. But these obstacles are not insuperable. In the productions of the great poets they are unobserved; and none but the great poets are worth reading in any language.

But the main embarrassment of English readers arises from the construction of the verse. The only school, where it can be learned with accuracy, is the French Theatre. In the mouth of Talma or Duchesnoi, the "monotonous creaking" of the alexandrine melts down into an harmonious and expressive softness, and exhibits all the varieties of easy and graceful cadence. The principal points which demand our attention in the verses of twelve and ten syllables, are the management of the mute *e*, and the *hémistiche*. The former can only be acquired by a careful examination of the rhythm peculiar to each foot of the verse. On its dexterous management depends the chief beauty of the cadence, both in prose and poetry. *Empire, couronne, diadéme, flamme, tendresse, victoire*—all these harmonious terminations leave a sound upon the ear, which remains after the utterance of the word, like the expiring thrill of the piano, when the finger is removed from the key. On this subject we have nothing more perfect than Voltaire's letter to Deodati de Tovazzi,* in which the reader will find an amusing and ingenious comparison of the French and Italian languages.

The hémistiche, a division of the alexandrine into two equal parts, is almost peculiar to French prosody. The necessity of avoiding a monotonous intonation of the verse, by

* Corresp. Générale, Jan. 24, 1761.

sometimes observing, and at others omitting, the pause, render it equally important to the poet and the reader. The technical verses of Voltaire, composed for the instruction of both, contain all that can be usefully said about it.

> " Observez l'hémistiche, et redoutez l'ennui
> Qu'un repos uniforme attache auprès de lui.
> Que votre phrase heureuse, et clairement rendue,
> Soit tantôt terminée, et tantôt suspendue ;
> C'est le secret de l'art. Imitez ces accents
> Dont l'aisé Géliotte avait charmé nos sens.
> Toujours harmonieux, et libre sans licence,
> Il n'appésantit point ses sons et sa cadence.
> Sallé, dont Terpsichore avait conduit les pas,
> Fit sentir la mesure, et ne la marqua pas."

The hémistiche must be distinguished from the cæsura, which is common to all languages. The former falls invariably on the sixth, the latter on any syllable. In the following verse we have denoted the cæsuras by a line ; the hémistiche occurs at the comma.

" Tiens—le voilà—marchons, il est à nous—viens—frappe."

Again, the hémistiche is at the word prix ;

" Hélas !—quel est le prix des vertus?—la souffrance."

From these examples it is plain, that the variety of cadence in French verse must depend on the use of the cæsura, and not on the arbitrary division at the third foot.

The attempt to measure modern verse by iambic and trochaic feet is attended with such uncertain results, that it can never be successfully adopted in our scansion. The French alexandrine, it is true, may be divided into six feet, each consisting of two syllables ; but these are indifferently iambi or trochees, and occur with so much uncertainty as to defy any general rule, as may be easily seen in the scansion of the foregoing couplets. In that English verse which, in its form, approaches nearest to the French heroic, the classical scansion is rendered more hopeless by the impossibility of dividing it into any regular number of feet. This is owing to the absence of the hémistiche. In its most regular form it consists of four places, each of which contains three syllables. Of this verse the second, third, fourth, and seventh lines in the following stanza are examples. In its more irregular shape, the first place is sometimes made to consist of two syllables ; and

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occasionally the others are curtailed in the same manner. The stanza we quote is from one of Moore's most popular songs.

"Oh, think—not my spi—rits are al—ways as light
And as free—from a pang—as they seem—to you now;
Nor expect—that the heart—cheering smile—of to-night
Will return—with to-mor—row to bright—en my brow.
No, life—is a waste—of wea—risome hours
Which sel—dom the rose—of enjoy—ment adorns;
And the heart—that is soon—est awake—to the flowers,
Is al—ways the first—to be touched—by the thorns."

Of these verses, the second, which is divided by a hémistiche, is the only one which can be scanned by the rules of the French alexandrine; although there are three others, the third, fourth, and seventh, which contain the legitimate number of syllables.

Voltaire denies the existence of the proper hémistiche in verses of ten syllables; although, as they are divided by a regular pause,* the objection only arises from his indisposition to use a word which imports division into two equal parts, when the parts are actually unequal.† This pause falls upon the fourth syllable, and is invariably preserved in the verses of Bernard.

"J'ai vu Bacchus—sans chanter son délire;
Du dieu d' Issé—j'ai dédaigné l'empire;
J'ai vu Plutus;—j'ai méprisé sa cour;
J'ai vu Daphné;—je vais chanter l'Amour."

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* There are some few exceptions in very short, and very long poems; in the former, because the monotony of such verses as

"L'amour est un Dieu—que la terre adore,
Il fait nos tourments—il sait les guérir;
Dans un doux repos—heureux qui l'ignore,
Plus heureux cent fois—qui peut le servir"—

is not intolerable for two or three stanzas—in the latter they occasionally relieve the ear by interrupting the regular pause.

† Rather than employ the Greek term in a sense not exactly consonant with its derivation, Voltaire has taken the word *cæsura* to denote in the ten-syllable line what is expressed by *hémistiche* in the alexandrine. In consequence of this arbitrary selection, the cæsura marks two different pauses, accordingly as we are speaking of the ten-syllable or any other verse.

In this regular return of the hémistiche, the French verse of ten-syllables differs from the Italian and English heroic. In these languages we observe a marked but irregular cæsura. For instance, in the first stanza of the *Jerusalem*, so remarkable for its discordant *o*'s, which Voltaire first rang in our ears, to prove that the Italian was not perfect—

> " Canto l'arme pietose, e'l capitano
> Che 'l gran Sepolcro liberò di Cristo.
> Molto egli oprò col senno, e con la mano
> Molto soffrì nel glorioso acquisto."—

Again, in those four lines which the same illustrious critic has scanned with that perfect accuracy, than which no better evidence of his intimate acquaintance with our language and versification can be wanted, we meet with the same cæsura.

> " At Trumpington—not far from Cambridge, stood
> Across a pleasing stream—a bridge of wood;
> Near it a mill—in low and plashy ground,
> Where corn for all the neighbouring parts—was ground."

In verses of eight and fewer syllables, as in some of our own, there is no cæsura; and their time is measured simply by the number of feet and the rhyme. As thus:

> " L'amant frivole et volage
> Chante partout ses plaisirs:
> Le berger discret et sage
> Cache jusqu'à ses désirs.
> Telle est mon ardeur extrême;
> Mon cœur, soumis à ta loi,
> Te dit sans cesse qu'il aime,
> Pour ne le dire qu'à toi."

But it is time to abandon this discussion, and return to the subject of our critique.

Of the poems of Bernard, the most prominent are his *Art d'aimer*, and the tale of *Phrosine et Mélidore*. With us the latter is so much the greater favorite, that we shall scarcely find it necessary, in the course of the present article, to borrow from the former, either for the purpose of extract or illustration. But first we must tell the story.

This we remember in Bandello. The tales of that jovial priest are not before us; but the reader will recognise the story in turning over the first edition of that amusing Italian novelist, which he happens to meet with. Whence it was stolen by

Bandello, we cannot say. That he invented it himself is scarcely probable—he would never have put himself to the pains. It was, doubtless, originally adapted from the old and beautiful tale of *Hero and Leander;* a subject so exquisitely fitted for poetry, that it has been sung in every language, and will be read by every generation with unexhausted pleasure, while the deeply-rooted feelings shall remain on which its interest is founded. Whether it has been improved by the alterations in the present story, the reader will best decide.

In the opulent city of Messina, the illustrious family of the Faventini were distinguished by their wealth and dignity. Aymar, the representative of his race, and the haughtiest of the Sicilian nobles, was guardian of an only sister, whose beauty and accomplishments were not inferior to her birth. With these pretensions Phrosine might look forward to the most splendid connexions in her country, and Aymar was determined to match her into none but the noblest families. He was constantly urging her marriage, and it was only retarded by the intrigues of a second brother—for a purpose almost too revolting for the deepest strain of poetry. Julius had no design upon her portion, nor did he obstruct his sister's nuptials for the purpose of delivering her from a marriage which he knew she hated. The motive of the licentious noble was love—if so execrable a passion may be called by a name so gentle. With an avowal of his guilty flame, great part of the first canto is occupied. The knowledge of this desperate passion determined Phrosine to accede to the proposition of Melidore—a lover whose pretensions, though favoured by herself, were contemptuously rejected by her guardian. After repeated refusals, grounded on his ignoble origin, Melidore appealed from Aymar to his mistress; and purposed, as the reader will have anticipated, to dispense with the permission of the former. Their escape, however, is thwarted by meeting this froward guardian, who returns unexpectedly with Julius, and having measured his sword with that of the plebeian suitor, locks up his sister and concludes the canto.

Not far from Messina, and opposite the Faventine palace, was a small, desolate island, in which an ancient hermit, disgusted with life and mankind, had erected his solitary hut. Here, too, the disconsolate Melidore sought a refuge for his grief and disappointment. Shortly after the arrival of the martyr of love, the martyr of religion expired, and left the undisturbed possession of his cell, and its spare accommodations, to its new proprietor. Here Melidore hoped to avoid the persecution of mankind; for in his flight from Messina he had escaped in a single boat, and all the world concluded him dead—all but a

solitary fisherman, through whom Phrosine became acquainted with his destiny.

The knowledge of her lover's existence was a sufficient stimulus to prevent her dying of sorrow. One night, having wept herself to sleep, she dreamed. She thought the god of love invited her to cross the strait between Messina and the hermit's island, as Leander had crossed the Hellespont. Phrosine had too much confidence in dreams to forget or neglect the intimation. It haunted her imagination the next day, and recurred with peculiar force when she bathed in the cool evening. Her bath was a natural excavation in the rock, on whose summit the Faventine palace was erected. Here she could enjoy, with safety, and unnoticed, the sea-breezes and the sea-waters. On the evening which succeeded her dream, she looked over the "dark-blue" strait with uncontrolable longing, and determined to venture on the deeper water in the precincts of her bath. Her first advances in the act of swimming are beautifully told in the following elegant verses.

"C'est toi, dit-elle, ô fatal élément,
Qui de mes bras éloignes mon amant!
A l'intérêt si tes vagues dociles
Pour les mortels ont des routes faciles,
De ton pouvoir fais un plus digne emploi;
Sers mon amour, élève, emporte-moi,
Unis Phrosine à son cher Mélidore.
En agitant les ondes qu'elle implore,
Soudain le sable échappe sous ses pas;
Son corps s'étend, balancé sur ses bras;
Ses pieds de l'onde atteignent la surface:
Un fol espoir animoit son audace.
Aly trembloit: Phrosine s'égarant
Nageoit encor; mais son cœur expirant,
Trop foible, hélas! la rappelle au rivage.
'Aly, dit-elle, as-tu vu? quel présage!
L'Amour, sans doute, écoute mes désirs;
Il soumet l'onde, et commande aux zéphyrs.
J'irai plus loin.' Elle dit, et s'élance,
Bat, fend la mer, nage à plus de distance;
Revient, retourne, et, jouant sur les eaux,
S'exerce encore à des périls nouveaux."

The third canto opens with some general reflexions upon the condition of women in society, which are no less striking for their truth, than for the elegant and polished verse in which they are delivered. We cannot interrupt the story for the pur-

pose of dilating on the subject so completely sketched in the following lines.

" Reines des cœurs, mais esclaves des lois,
L'orgueil de l'homme usurpe tous leurs droits.
Il asservit l'idole qu'il encense ;
Il rend le culte, et ravit la puissance ;
En adorant il règne, et, dans ses dieux,
Voile un éclat qui blesseroit ses yeux."

An occasion soon occurred, on which Phrosine was compelled to exercise her newly-developed faculty. The passion of her unnatural brother, while it protected her from the importunities of Aymar, and allowed her to repine in quiet over her early widowhood, had ceased to show itself of late in a more open form. But this interval of peace was of short duration. She was sailing on the strait one evening with Julius, who had apparently resumed the manners of an affectionate brother, but only for the purpose of more securely accomplishing his aim. While they were at a great distance from land, she was compelled to trust her person to the waves, to avoid his odious solicitations. The sea was a less implacable enemy, and bore her safely to the beach. This accident gave her an opportunity of visiting the hermit's island. The pretence was gratitude to its patron saint for her escape from the ocean ; the motive, to examine the cliffs and discover a secure landing-place. On her visit to the cell of her hermit-lover, she left a letter on the altar to apprize him of her purpose. He prepared the beacon which was to guide her to the haven, and awaited with impatience and dread the approaching hour of evening.

" Déjà dans l'onde, achevant sa carrière,
L'astre brillant éteignoit sa lumière,
Quand sur ces mers Phrosine ouvre les yeux
Pour voir un astre encor plus radieux.
L'air étoit calme, et la vague tranquille
Aplanissoit sa surface mobile ;
Sur l'horizon la lune en renaissant
Bornoit son orbe aux feux de son croissant :
D'autres clartés ne brilloient pas encore.
Déjà Phrosine accusoit Mélidore,
Lorsqu'un rayon de l'amoureux fanal
De son bonheur lui montra le signal.
Sa main dépouille aussitôt sa parure,
Et l'art banni rend tout à la nature.

* * * *

Partez, Phrosine; on peut tout en aimant:
Vénus ainsi parut au sein de l'onde.
Aplanis-toi, vague altière et profonde;
Régnez, zéphyrs; vents, soyez retenus;
Conspirez tous pour cette autre Vénus."

With this description the third canto is concluded.

In the mean time, the impatient lover keeps watch upon the beach, in a fever of anxious expectation.

" De son rocher l'amoureux Mélidore
N'entend, ne voit, n'entrevoit rien encore:
Il marche, écoute, appelle à tout moment,
De son fanal excite l'aliment,
Monte au rocher, redescend au rivage,
Bénit le calme, et conjure l'orage.
Il voit enfin naître un sillon léger:
Un bruit s'élève, aux vagues étranger:
L'objet paroit sur un flot qui bouillonne.
Il meurt de joie, et de crainte il frissonne;
D'un flot à l'autre il mesure la mer,
Son œil avide a le feu d'un éclair;
Tout son sang brûle, et tout son cœur palpite.
L'objet s'approche; et lui se précipite,
L'atteint, l'enlève au fatal élément.
Ah! quel fardeau pour les bras d'un amant!"

The lady, however, returns to life and love; and hereupon ensues a scene, which reminds us of Haidee's marriage in *Don Juan*. Phrosine addresses her lover thus:

" 'Je t'ai gardé cet amour immortel
Que je te jure ici sur ton autel.
Amant, époux, prêtre, et témoin ensemble,
Forme et bénis le nœud qui nous rassemble.
Le ciel nous voit, il entend nos serments:
La loi d'hymen, c'est la foi des amants.'
Et telle fut la foi qu'ils se promirent;
Pour l'assurer, leurs deux bouches s'unirent:
L'Amour couvrit leur antre ténébreux,
Et l'univers s'anéantit pour eux."

Such is the substance of the story. The catastrophe is wrought up with considerable skill, and far exceeds the original, both in spirit and pathos. The intrigue is unfortunately discovered through the intermediation of an ancient Sybil.—The beautiful swimmer, cleaving the waves of the strait—the

anxious lover, awaiting her arrival on the shore—the scene of the hermit's hut, and the flaming beacon, are exhibited in an enchanted mirror to the infuriated brothers. The circumstances suggest the revenge. They anticipate the hour at which Mélidore displayed his beacon on the hermit's rock—they exhibit a false light, and delude the unhappy Phrosine into the sea. When her career is half performed, they embark with the flaming lanthorn; and putting their boat to sea, exhaust the strength of the swimmer, who still keeps her eyes upon the delusive beacon, and wonders at the length of the passage. In the middle of the strait, the flame is suddenly extinguished; and Phrosine, exhausted by fatigue and overwhelmed with despair, sinks beneath the waters, the victim of adventurous love and unmanly revenge. She is washed by the current upon the hermit's beach, and the death of Mélidore, who plunged into the ocean unable to survive his mistress, concludes the poem.

The principal defect in the conduct of this tale, is the passion of Julius. It was quite unnecessary to the developement and conclusion of the plot, and cannot fail to shock the feelings of the reader. The versification is remarkable for that correctness and polish, which characterize the productions of this author. But the fault, which has been objected to Pope, may be alleged against Bernard. The rhythm is too monotonous and uniform. Every verse is harmoniously turned, and correctly finished; but the repetition of the same cadence in every line (we do not allude to the cæsura) is too apt to fatigue the ear, and betrays the painful industry expended on the versification. The traces of labour are not sufficiently obliterated; and the attention is sometimes withdrawn from the beauty of the poem, to the exquisite art with which the prosodial mechanism is adjusted. Pope and Voltaire, the models of this school, have completely succeeded in concealing the artificial scansion by the melody of the verse—a triumph reserved for great poets, and purchased by them only at the expense of patient diligence.

This article has already grown upon our hands to an extent, which prevents our noticing the minor poems of this minor poet. A sketch of his life will be more interesting, and we shall make room for it by omitting any further extracts—with the exception of the two following, which are written with the true vivacity and terseness of the French madrigal:—

> " Par un baiser, Corinne, éteins mes feux!
> —Le voilà; prends.—Dieux! mon ame embrasée
> Brûle encor plus—Encore un.—Sois heureux,

Tiens.... —Mon ardeur n'en peut être apaisée;
Corinne, encore—Ah! la douce rosée!
—En voilà cent pour combler tous tes vœux:
Es-tu bien? dis.—Cent fois plus amoureux.
—En voilà mille, est-ce assez?—Pas encore,
Un feu plus grand m'agite et me dévore...
Corinne?—Eh bien? dis donc ce que tu veux.

Le dieu d'amour a déserté Cythère,
Et dans mon cœur le transfuge s'est mis:
De par Vénus, trois baisers sont promis
A qui rendra son fils à sa colére.
Le livrerai-je? en ferai-je mystère?
Vénus m'attend; ses baisers sont bien doux!
O vous, Daphné, qu'il prendroit pour sa mère,
Au même prix, dites, le voulez-vous?"

The life of Bernard is almost without incident. His father was a sculptor at Grenoble, where the poet was born in 1710. He commenced his literary career at Paris, under those unfavourable auspices which have usually overcast the first struggles of indigent genius, and but too frequently attend it through its progress, and mark its latest efforts with disaster. It were well for the mass of those, who have mistaken an early love of letters for native talent, and who, in their vague aspirations after literary eminence, have always been too apt to believe themselves endowed with the requisite mental qualities, of which the absence is at last discovered too surely when too late;—it were well for all such—men of exaggerated but barren imaginations—could they candidly and coolly estimate the chances of success, and weigh them against the odds of failure. To this, however, the complacent regard which every man entertains for his own intellect — and especially those who have most reason to set them at a modest value—has opposed an insurmountable bar. If that cool discrimination could be exercised in every case, how many of those who infest the outskirts and bye-paths of literature, and grow old in contempt and poverty, might be spared for more useful labours—for the practice of unpretending sciences, and the humbler offices of mechanical art. Bernard, it is true, had talents which might justify his lofty aspirations; but even he had been more fortunate as a clerk in an attorney's office, than a pensioned poet—he would at least have escaped a life of degrading subserviency, and an old age of idiotic dotage. He was destined to a more brilliant, and a far less enviable career. His talents attracted the attention of Helvétius, whose warm heart, and enthusiastic zeal for letters, could never resist the

appeal of suffering merit, and of literary merit least of all. He supplied the indigent poet with the means of continuing his studies, or rather of indulging his propensity to indolence and the muses, till he ultimately obtained a pension through the influence of the Maréchal de Coligny. This, with a salary he enjoyed as one of the king's librarians, relieved him from all farther care on the score of money. His life, like that of too many of his contemporaries, was uselessly consumed in the frivolities of Parisian society; in paying and receiving the compliments of profligate courtiers, and the caresses of worthless women; and in base and heartless adulation of the worst monarch of the age, whom to have praised sincerely were a heavier imputation against his judgement, than to have flattered falsely is a slur upon his virtue. His memory, it is true, is not chargeable with those more serious impeachments, which are often alleged, too justly, against pensioned poets. We miss him in the ranks of those who, in the midst of persecution and calumny, devoted their talents to the right cause; but we no where find him affecting the clamorous hypocrisy which denounced every man of letters to ministerial vengeance, who had sufficient energy and courage to resist that torrent of political and moral degradation which threatened to overwhelm all virtue, all generous and honourable sentiment—to extinguish in France every spark of genius, and to oppose a perpetual bar to the "advancement of learning." In Bernard, we have rather an example of the effects of that system of misgovernment, in deadening the faculties and depraving the moral feelings of literary men, than a specimen of the venal writers by whose prostituted talents it was supported. He was a man of soft temper, and pliant manners, and poetic genius—not one of those "wise men," of whom there were many in his day, "whom oppression maketh mad;" but one who would rather live in the peaceable enjoyment of luxurious and enervating pleasures, by flattering oppression, than earn a nobler, but more hazardous reputation by resisting it. This temper has, however, been as fatal to his literary fame, as it was injurious to his personal character. During a life of sixty-five years, he produced no more than would fill two hundred pages of a duodecimo volume. But this, after all, is a matter of less moment than the result produced by his licentious habits on his bodily and mental faculties.—Many years before his death, their effects were miserably manifested in the total subversion of his intellect. He is described, in this condition, as having lost the remembrance of every pleasure—even of that which usually survives longest in the memory—his literary reputation. The only recollections which broke in upon his dotage, were those of his former apprehensions for the first success of his pieces

at Versailles. "Is the king arrived?" he asked eagerly of every spectator, at a revival of his opera of *Castor*.—"Is the king satisfied? Is Madame de Pompadour satisfied?"—He thought himself in the theatre at Versailles, and the last expressions of his madness were those of courtly adulation.

ART. V.—*The Spanish Mandevile of Miracles; or, the Garden of curious Flowers. Wherein are handled sundry points of Humanity, Philosophie, Divinitie, and Geographie, beautified with many strange and pleasant Histories. First written in Spanish, by* Anthonio de Torquemeda, *and out of that tongue translated into English. It was dedicated by the Author, to the Right honourable and reverent Prelate,* Don Diego Sarmento de Soto Major, *Bishop of Astorga, &c. It is divided into sixe Treatises, composed in manner of a Dialogue, as in the next page shall appeare. At London, printed by* J. R. *for* Edmund Matts, *and are to be solde at his Shop, at the signe of the Hand and Plow in Fleet-streete. Small* 4*to.* 1600.

We once had thoughts of beginning this article with a true and particular account of all liars, ancient and modern, foreign and domestic; but—besides that such a proceeding would seem invidious, and might even touch upon the delicacies of friendship,—we foresaw that it must have been an useless attempt. We could not possibly have hoped to find *all* the dealers in fable,—as well those marked down in record, as those embalmed in tradition: neither could we take upon ourselves to decide summarily upon the claims of many who run on the broad line or apocryphal highway, which separates the regions of truth and falsehood. We—in short, we abandoned our design. We determined (prudently we think) to confine our investigation to one book of wonders. If the reader (who will naturally be disappointed at such an amendment in our opinion) will consider for a moment, he will see that our present plan is decidedly the best. The most "courteous reader" would not, we apprehend, admit, that an *entire* number of the *Retrospective Review* could be filled advantageously with marvels; and what more limited space would suffice for the discussion of all the books written by Albertus Magnus—Apollonius Tyaneus—Olaus Magnus—Apuleius—Pomponius Mela—Solinus—Pliny, and the rest — not forgetting Wanley — or Mendez de Pinto—or our old friend and namesake, the *English* Mandevile?

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The name of Mandevile has suffered materially in history. It has become an absolute synonime or apology for a liar; that is to say, for a liar of a particular species, for it should be known to our readers (who are all indisputably sincere, and averse from these sinister fictions) that there are several kinds of liars or fabulators to be reckoned under the general head or genus. First,—there is your *child-liar*—who steals sugar and denies it—who plunges four fingers into pots of honey, or more delicate jam, and then resolutely lays it on his sister. Secondly,—there is your *school-boy-liar*, an urchin acquainted with apple (and birch) trees; whose shoe-strings are never tied—whose tasks are unconn'd; the tyrant of the play ground, and the dunce of the school; sturdy, strong, and impudent, hammering syllables out of a dirty book, and solacing his leisure with bits stolen from the larder, or apples abstracted from Mrs. Smith's orchard. Then, thirdly, there is the *man-liar*—by the way, there are several sorts; but we will take one—the lover, the soldier-lover, who lies with a grace, and shews his white teeth with an evident intent to deceive. He disdains to pilfer apples—even the apple of knowledge; but he runs away with silly girls' hearts, who doat upon his red coat and burnished epaulets. He is armed, like a fighting cock, with perpetual spurs, with a dangling sabre, and haughty looks, and with these he daunts women and straggling children, and vanquishes the strong holds of Belinda's heart. He overcomes the prudence of the dragon mother, while the daughter runs into his embrace. He is the Mercury who pipes to sleep the paternal Argus. He has balm for the sister's envy, and tales of glory for the brother's ears. And so *he* goes on "conquering and to conquer."—The fourth, or perfect species, may be called the travelling—or rather *travelled-liar*, of which our old friend Mandevile has been long held to be an illustrious specimen. Nevertheless he has it more in reputation than in fact; for he is not so absolute a fabler as he is generally esteemed. The truth is, that he flourished at a time when (we suppose) liars were less rife than at present, and met with extraordinary success. He is the head of his school,—that is to say, in England; for Italy and Greece, and even France (that country which has always loved truth to an almost mathematical exactness) had travellers of fine imagination before him.

Our Mandevile—the "*Spanish*" Mandevile—deals, like his great precursor, in hear-says and hypotheses. If he has to recount a most monstrous marvel,—such a one as would dwarf and put to shame the little incredibilities of our moderns, he always quotes his author in extenuation. He says, "as it is written in Solinus,"—or "as may be seen in Olaus Magnus,"—or "as Plinie hath it,"—and with these aids he gets on good

terms with his conscience, and avoids calling up the indignation as well as the scepticism of his readers. The volume contains six treatises, and in each of these is comprehended much curious and some "mervailous" matter. The information which the book yields, is strained through the mouths of three worthies, Ludovico, Anthonio, and Bernardo; and their dialogue reminds us occasionally, and by no means unpleasantly, of old Izaak Walton. In the first book (in which "are contained many things worthy of admiration, which nature hath wrought and daily worketh in men, contrary to her common and ordinary course of operation: with other curiosities strange and delightful") the "*Interlocutores*" meet. Ludovico and Bernardo are walking together by the side of a pleasant river, and they see Anthonio ("a man both curtious, learned, and wise,") approaching.

This is the fashion of their greeting.

"*Anthonio.* God save you, gentlemen.

"*Ludovico.* And you, sir, are most welcome, and in the fittest time that may be, unless you have some business which may hinder us from enjoying your company under this tuffet of trees, where, if it please you, after this excessive heat, we may awhile refresh ourselves with the mildness of this sweet air, and the delightful coolness of this fresh river.

"*Anthonio.* Truly, gentlemen, nothing can let me in any thing wherein I may do you service, for my will is fully bent to follow yours, and therefore, without any excuse, I will obey you in whatsoever it shall please you to command me.

"*Bernardo.* This curtesy of yours is so great, that I know not by what means we shall be able to deserve it; to the end therefore, that we may the better enjoy the desired fruit of your conversation, let us, if it please you, repose ourselves under this shadow, where covered from the sun, what with the pleasing sound of this clear stream, trickling along the pebble stones, and the sweet murmurings of the green leaves, gently moved with a soft and delicate wind, we shall receive double delight.

"*Ludovico.* It is true, but not if we remain standing, you having taken up the best place.

"*Bernardo.* Indeed, I might have offered you the place, but methinks you are not much amiss, especially because here is room in the midst, between us both, for Signior Anthonio, who, how near soever he be unto me, methinks is never near enough.

"*Anthonio.* All this, Signior Bernardo, is but to increase the desire I have to do you service, for, in truth, such is the reputation of your wisdom, that wheresoever you are, we ought to seek you out, to the end to be participant of your virtue and knowledge.

"*Ludovico.* Let us lay apart these friendly ceremonies, and busy ourselves in contemplating the diversity of those things which we see round about this place where we repose, that we may be thankful to the creator and maker of them. In truth, so great is the variety of

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flowers and roses which are in this meadow, that beholding narrowly every one apart, methinks I never saw any of them before; so many manners are there of them, their shapes and forms so sundry and divers, their colours so rare and dainty, their branches and flowers placed in such excellent order, that it seemeth that Nature hath endeavoured, with her uttermost industry, to frame, paint, and enamel each of them."

They proceed to talk about certain strange coincidences in nature, certain marvellous resemblances between men, and, among other things, of the fertility of women; and the tales which they recount exceed every thing known in these degenerate days, when not more than one fool is foaled at a time, and seldom more than two wise children are sent as a blessing together. Yet our friend Anthonio speaks of three—of four—of *seven (!)* at Medina del Campo, "in this our Spain"—of a bookbinder's wife at Salamanca, who was delivered of *nine!!*—To this Ludovico replies, that it is certain six children may be born at one time, which, however, he adds, is strange, "unless it be in Egypt;" where, it seems, according to Trogus Pompeius, (we shall have an eye to the said Trogus, in future) they are *often* delivered of *seven* sons at once! This account is wound up at the last by a statement, from an author who quotes Albertus Magnus, to prove, that a gentlewoman of Almaigne was delivered of one hundred and fifty children at once (!!!)—and, having attained this climax, conversation declines into less remarkable matter. We hear of children singly, now—some are born in one fashion, and some in another—some with teeth, (Hercules, in particular, had three rows) and a few without. It is said that most of these monstrous improbabilities are owing to the imaginations of the mothers, and we believe it. We must take leave, however, to be sceptical, as to the position of the philosopher Algazar.

"Algazar, an ancient philosopher of great authority, affirmeth, the earnest imagination hath not only force and power to imprint divers effects in him which imagineth, but also may work effects in the things imagined; for so intentively may a man imagine that it raineth, that though the weather were fair, it may become cloudy, and rain indeed; and that the stones before him are bread, so great may be the vehemency of his imagination that they may turn into bread."

Nevertheless, we have great faith in the imagination. In fact, our world is a matter more of imagination (taking the word in its ordinary sense) than of any thing else. Colour and shape, hope and fear, good fortune and bad, may be all, in a great measure, traced unto it. It is, perhaps, a great enemy at times,—a great deceiver; but it is, also, the sovereign alchemy, which turns whatever it touches into gold,—blazoning

and making beautiful the dust and rubbish of life, and smoothing down the roughnesses of accident, the inequalities of fortune. It is that deep and boundless sea, from which all our visions spring,—all those rich dreams of the brain, more radiant than Hesperian sunsets, more beautiful than the painter's touch, or the sculptor's marble art. It is called a fable, a fancy, a something to be derided and hooted (if possible) from existence, because it is not as tangible as the ground we tread upon. It is as real as ourselves. It is the finest and subtlest portion of the mind; and if ever we make a large stride in knowledge, it will probably be owing to our imagination rather than to our reason. Our intellect,—we mean the *mathematical* part of our intellect, which proceeds upon established common places, and deals in defined premises and strict conclusions,—must always necessarily have the weight and alloy of earth about it, and be bound down by lines and figures. But there is a subtler spirit, a finer *instinct*, if we may so call it, in the mind, which sometimes defies both analysis and reason, which comes to us through our sensations sometimes, and sometimes—we know not how. And this will, some day or other, we doubt not, go forth, like the winged thought of the poet, through the paradise and wildernesses of creation,—a herald, soaring beyond our "visible diurnal sphere," and bring back to us some wealthy store, which shall redeem the prophecies of the critic, and support the philosophy of poetry; while the men of figures, and mathematicians, and arithmeticians, and utilitarians, (the scorners!) "Parthians, and Medes, and Edomites," shall be shamed and reduced to silence.——

But we must proceed with our labour. We will not detain the reader with an account of the many natural marvels which follow in succession in this antique record. We pass by the Orson, who was born near the "citty of Pysa," and the player's son of Germany, who was born in the likeness of the Devil; and the little Franciscan friar, who became a patriarch at ten years of age; and others. There are two or three tribes of people, however, whom we cannot altogether pass over; the more especially, as they may now, by intermarriages with other nations, have lost a portion of their primitive singularity.

"Some they called Monosceli, which have but one leg, with the which they are so light in leaping, that they overtake all other beasts, only in jumping after them; their foot is so great, that in hot weather lying on the ground, they lift it up, and with the shadow thereof defend themselves from the heat of the sun. There are others without either neck or head, having their eyes in their shoulders: others their faces plain without nostrils, instead of which they have two little holes only: others without mouths, maintaining themselves with only the

smell of fruits and herbs, the force of whose scent is such, that they dry and wither up the flowers, in smelling out of them all their substance. The smell of any evil or noisome thing is so contrary to them, that oft-times it putteth them in danger of their lives. Their speech and understanding is by signs.—Besides, they write that there are men in the mountains of Scythia, or Tartaria, with so little mouths, that they cannot eat, but maintain their lives with sucking in only the substance and juice of flesh and fruits. There is another kind of men with dogs' faces and ox-feet, which contain all their speech under two words only, with the which the one understandeth the other. There are others whom they call Phanaces, whose ears are so great, that they cover therewith their whole bodies; they are so strong, that with one pull they tear whole trees up by the roots, using them in their fight with exceeding agility. There are others with one eye only, and that in their forehead; their ears like dogs, and their hair standing stiff up on end. Others they describe with divers and monstrous forms, which if I should rehearse all, I should never make an end; yet, by the way, I will tell you what I have read in one of Ptolemy's tables of Tartaria Major. There is in it, saith he, a country now called Georgia, fast by the kingdom of Ergonil, in the which there are five sorts of people—some black as Ethiopians, some white like us, some having tails like peacocks, some of very little and low stature, with two heads; and others whose face and teeth are in manner of horse-jaws: and, if this be true, it is a wonderful thing that there should be in one land such diversities of men."

We then come to a little discussion touching Satyres, and Faunes, and Egipanes; wherein Pomponius Mela, Sabellicus, (who admits that there are some men "in the mountain Atlas, which runne on four feete"), Plinie, Virgil's *Georgics*, and Ovid's *Metamorphoses (!)* are quoted to our somewhat edification. We confess that we were sceptical as to the existence of the *Houyhnhnms*, until we met with *The Spanish Mandevile*, when we were cured of our doubts. There can be but little question, we apprehend, that the following race of people and Swift's islanders, must be the same. There is a little difference, it must be admitted, namely, a couple of legs; but cut off these, and here they are!

"Nicolaus Leonicus, in his second book *de vana historia*, writeth of another sort of Satyrs, much differing in shape from these before rehearsed: he allegeth an author, called Pausanias, whose authority he followeth in his whole work, who saith, that he heard Eufemius, a man of great estimation and credit, affirm, that sailing towards Spain, the ship in which they went, through a great tempest and storm, being driven with a violent western wind to run along the ocean seas, brought them at last upon the coast of certain islands, which seemed to be uninhabited; where they had no sooner landed to take in fresh water, but there appeared certain wild men, of fierce and cruel resemblance, all covered with hair, somewhat reddish, resembling in each other

part, men, but only that they had long tails full of bristled hairs, like unto horses. These monsters discovering the mariners, joined themselves in a great troop and squadron together, making an ill-favoured noise, like the barking, or rather howling of dogs, and at last, of a sudden, set upon them, with such a fury and vehemence, that they drove them back to their ship."

After all, this kind of men are really not so very uncommon; for

"Plinie writeth, alleging the authority of Megasthenes, that there are, towards the East, certain people, which have long bushy tails like foxes: so that they are, in a manner, like unto those which you have said. I partly believe this the rather, because of that which (as I have heard) happened to a lineage of men that brake up a vessel pertaining to S. Toribius, bishop of Astorga, in which he held sacred reliques, with whose delectable savour he sustained himself, putting in place thereof things stinking and unsavoury; for punishment and perpetual mark of which wicked offence, both they and their posterity came to have tails, which race, as it is said, continueth till this day."

We then come to "a strange story of a Pilgrime;" then to a man with two heads; then to another *lusus naturæ;* then to Amazons and Pigmies: of these last

——that Pigmian race
Beyond the Indian mount—

we have an interesting account; marvellous indeed, but withal amusing, we think; and, as such, we offer it to the reader.

"Of these, the most part of Cosmographers make mention, describing them to be men of three spans in length. Plinie holdeth, that they exceed not in length three hand-breadths, the thumb being straight out. Juvenal speaking of them, saith, that their whole stature passeth not the height of a foot. Both the one and the other may be true, for as amongst us there be some men greater than others, so may there be between them difference of statures; though the highest cannot exceed three spans, or very little more. Their habitation is in the utter parts of India, towards the East, near the rising of the river Ganges, in certain mountains, where at such times as it is in other places winter, the cranes come to lay their eggs, and to bring up their young ones about the river sides; whose coming, so soon as the pigmies perceive, because they are so little that the cranes regard them not, but do them much hurt, as well in their persons, as in eating up their victuals and spoiling their fruits, they join themselves (as Homer writeth) in great number to break their eggs; and to prepare themselves to this terrible fight, they mount upon goats and rams, and, in very goodly equipage, go forward to destroy this multiplication of cranes, as to a most dangerous and bloody enterprise.

"*Bernardo.* This is a fierce people, and of great courage, as it

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seemeth; but as I have heard, they live not long, for their women at three years of age bear children, at six years are barren and reputed old, and the greatest age they may reach unto is nine or ten years.—Ovid, in his sixth book of *Metamorphoses*, saith, that they are two feet long, double the reckoning of Juvenal, and that their women bear children at five years, and at eight years are old, and die soon after.

"*Antonio.* The common fame that goeth of them is so, and the like saith Aristotle, by these words: the cranes come out of the plains of Scythia, to the lakes above Ægypt, which is where the river Nilus runneth; and it is said, that they fight in this place with the pigmies, and this is no fable, but an assured truth, that there are marvellous little men, and very little horses also; the men are about two feet and a hand-breadth high, the women breed children at five years, at eight are barren, and live not much longer. Solinus also, in treating of the self same matter, saith, that the pigmies inhabit certain hills of India, and that the longest term of their life is eight years.

"*Ludovico.* These authors are well wide one from another, seeing the one placeth them in Africa, and the other in the uttermost bounds of Asia, being so many thousand miles difference between them. Pomponius Mela will have their habitation to be in the farthest parts of all Africa. Some others will have it to be in Europe; for Gemafrisius, in his *Cosmography*, saith, that there was a ship made of leather, driven through a vehement tempest upon the coast of the kingdom of Norway, in the which were no other people than pigmies, of whose habitation there could no knowledge be had, because no man could understand their language; but according to the course of their voyage, it could not be but in some part between the west and the north, which we will farther prove, when we come to discourse thereof. It must be in some other new part of the world, or else it must be in some country contained under Europe. Pigafeta, a knight of Malta, which accompanied Magellan, in his voyage to the Indies, when he discovered the Straight, and returned back in the ship called Victoria, (which they say went round about the world) in a relation that he made to the Pope, of his strange adventures by the way, said, that being in the Archipelago, which is in the Sea of Sur, and on the other side of the Straight, there were found pigmies in a certain island, of different fashion from these, for their ears were as great as their whole body; they laid themselves down on the one, and covered themselves with the other, and were in their running exceeding swift, which, though he himself did not see, because he could not apart himself from the voyage which the ship held, yet it was in the islands there about, a thing notoriously known and manifest, and the most part of the mariners testified the same.

"*Antonio.* Pigafeta had need, for the credit of his report, to bring such witnesses as had seen them in person; but the matter is not great, for every man may believe herein what he list, without committing deadly sin."

Of the people of the island of the South, we have specimens even in England; except that their bones are *not* "like

sinews," nor are they "entirely beautiful," nor altogether "covered with hair;" but for their tongues——. However, the reader shall see what manner of men they were, and then judge whether the breed be extinct or not. They are remarkable, as we have hinted, for several distinguishing traits; but

"The chiefest thing wherein they differ from us, is their tongues, which have a singular particularity given them by nature, the which is, that from their birth they are so parted and divided, that they seem to be double, so that they use them diversly, and in one instant pronounce different reasons; and which is more, they counterfeit also the voice of the birds and fowls of the air; but which is of other most admirable, they speak with two men at once—to one with the one part, and to the other with the other part of the tongue, and demanding of the one, they answer to the other, as though the two tongues were in two several mouths of two sundry men."

Leaving these "*Biloquists,*" as Charles Brockden Brown would have called them, and other matters, we arrive at the narratives of men remarkable for strength. Among these, we hear of the Fencer Tritamio, who overcame the strongest men, although he himself was bound hand and foot; of the celebrated Milo (p. 19); of Tritormo (p. 20), who raised even the wonder of Milo; of Pero Pardo de Riba de Neyra, who griped his enemy to death, (who was a bishop to boot) after the fashion of Alcides.—We are then told of a man who remained from youth to old age without drinking, and of another who never drank in the course of his life. In short, almost every remarkable story of antiquity is brought forward and discussed. The book is prodigal in narrative and marvel beyond any other which ever came before us; and the multitude of facts, extracted from Pliny, Solinus, Sabellicus, &c. &c. is altogether without parallel. We think that there cannot be less than six hundred stories (some brief, to be sure) scattered over the six days' dialogue of *The Spanish Mandevile.* We are yet, it must be observed, in the "First Discourse;" the which, unless we quit it very speedily, will of itself exhaust the limit which we can afford for the criticism of the whole book: nevertheless, in this age of disinterments, we will venture upon another extract. How the Patagonians shrunk in comparison with the ancient worthies, dug up and embalmed by our friend Torquemeda. Even the mammoths could scarcely have been deemed fit companions for men, whose skulls could hold "a bushel" of brains, or for the giant son of Evander, "slain by Turnus."

"For my part, I think that this matter of giants be for the most part feigned; and though there have been great men, yet were they never so huge as they are described, for every one addeth that as he thinketh good. Solinus writeth, that it is by many authors agreed,

that no man can pass the length of seven feet, of which measure it is said that Hercules was. Yet in the time of Augustus Cæsar, saith he, there lived two men, Pusion and Secundila, of which, either of them had ten feet or more in length, and their bones are in the ossary of the Salustians; and afterwards, in the time of the Emperor Claudius, they brought out of Arabia a man called Gauara, nine feet and nine inches long; but in a thousand years before Augustus, had not been seen the like shape of men, neither since the time of Claudius; for in this our time, who is it that is not born less than his father.

"*Antonio.* If you mark it well, in the same chapter in which Solinus handleth this matter, he saith, that the bones of Orestes were found in Tegæa, which being measured, were seven cubits long, which are more than four yards according to the common opinion; and yet this is no great disformity in respect of that which followeth; besides, saith he, it is written by antiquity, and confirmed by true witnesses, that in the wars of Crete, upon an irruption of waters, breaking up the earth with the violent impetuosity, at the retreat thereof, amongst many openings of the earth, they found in one monument a man's body, thirty-three cubits long. Among the rest that went to see this spectacle so strange, was Lucius Flaccus, the legate, and Metellus, who beholding that with their eyes, which otherwise they would not have believed, remained as men amazed. Pliny also saith, that a hill of Creta breaking, there was found the body of a man forty-five cubits long, the which some said was of Orion, and others of Ocius. And though the greatness of these two bodies be such that it seem incredible, yet far greater is that of Antheus, the which Antonio Sabellicus, in his *Æneads*, saith was found in the city of Tegæna, at such time as Sartorius remained there captain-general of the Roman army, whose sepulchre being opened, and his bones measured, the length of his carcase was found to be seventy cubits; and to confirm the possibility of this, he addeth presently, that a certain host of his, a man of good credit, told him, that being in Crete, and meaning to cut down a certain tree to make therewith the mast of a ship, that self tree, by chance, was turned up by the root, under the which was found a man's head, so incredibly great, it amazed the beholders, but being rotten it fell in pieces, the teeth still remaining whole, of the which they carried one to Venice, showing it to those that desired the sight thereof, as a thing wonderful. Friar Jacobo Philippo de Bergamo writeth, in his *Supplementum Chronicorum*, that there was found a sepulchre, and in the same a body of admirable greatness, outreaching, as it were, in length, the high walls or buildings; it seemed that he lay sleeping; he had wounds upon him well four feet wide! at his bolster stood a candle burning, which would not go out till they bored a hole underneath, and then the light extinguished. The body, so soon as they touched it, turned into powder and ashes; round about him were written in Greek letters, these words,—*Pallas, son of Evander, slain by Turnus.*

"*Ludovico.* You would wonder more at that which Sinforianus Campegius writeth, in his book called *Ortus Gallicus*, alleging the authority of Johannes Bocacius, who affirmed to have seen it himself;

that in Sicilia, near to the city of Trapana, certain labourers digging for chalk under the foot of a hill, discovered a cave of great wideness, entering into the which with light, they found, sitting in the midst thereof, a man of so monstrous hugeness, that, astonished therewith, they fled to the village reporting what they had seen, and at last gathering together in great number, with weapons and torches, they returned back to the cave, where they found this giant, whose like was never heard of before; in his left hand he held a mighty staff, so great and thick as a great mast of a ship: seeing that he stirred not, they took a good heart and drew near him, but they had no sooner laid their hands upon him but he fell into ashes, the bones only remaining, —so monstrous, that the very skull of his head held in it a bushel of wheat; and his whole carcase being measured, was found to be one hundred and forty cubits long."

The next *stratum* of narrative comprises different stories of nations and individuals, who have attained great ages,—one, two, three, four, five hundred years! but, as we have already treated our readers with some tales on that head, from our friend "Hermippus Redivivus," we shall pass those which illuminate the present volume, without any further mention.—We now come to Centaurs and Seamen, whereof divers tales are unfolded; and more particularly, a tradition of a certain people of Spain, called *Marini*, which wears a very classical complexion. From the Marini, we pass to different transformations, beginning with one effected by Tiresias, that "prophet old," and ending with a story of a husbandman's wife in Spain, who, leaving her husband, assumed man's apparel, and finally, by dint of imagination, wrought upon herself an absolute change of *sex!* Manuel, or Marie Pacheco, also, "of a woman became a man," and passed into the Indies, where she "won in the wars great reputation," and afterwards married a gentle*woman*, of a very noble house; but "whether she had any children or no, he writeth not."

The "second discourse" relates to the virtues of certain "springs, rivers, and lakes, with some opinions touching terrestrial paradise;" but for these, we must refer the reader to the book itself.

The "third" is a discourse "entreating of fancies, visions, spirits, enchanters, charmers, witches, and hags: containing besides, divers strange matters which have happened, delightful and not less necessary to be known." In the first place, it is laid down, that illusions and apparitions of spirits chiefly proceed from "the devil;" although, it is admitted, that Aristotle and the Peripatetics, and also Democritus, disbelieved in them altogether. However, our author has not the fear of the ancients before his eyes, in this instance; but draws upon his belief largely for the entertainment of the reader. The

introductory part of this discourse, touching the *Lemures, Demonia,* the degrees of spirits, &c. reminds us a good deal of our old friend Burton, who had probably read this book. This part, though it is interesting to ourselves, we must omit, and resort to the stories which will probably be more generally acceptable.

The reader may take the following, by which he will discover, that making love to nuns may be a serious matter. This is perhaps the only instance on record of a man being present at his own funeral.

"*Antonio.* Many things have happened, and happen daily in the world, to search the depth and bottom of whose secrets were great presumption, at which, though sometimes by signs and tokens we may give a guess, yet we must always think, that there is something hidden from us, and of this sort is that which happened to a gentleman in this our Spain, whose name, for the foulness of his endeavour, and many respects beside, I will conceal, and the name also of the town where it happened. This gentleman being very rich and noble, dealt in matters of dishonest love with a nun, the which to the end she might enjoy his abominable embracements, willed him to make a key like unto that of the church door, and she would find time and means (through her turn which she had about the service of the sachristie, and other such occasions), to meet him there. The gentleman exceedingly rejoicing at this match, caused two keys to be made, the one for the door of the church portal, and another of the church door itself, which being done, because it was somewhat far from his house, he took one night his horse, and for the more secrecy of the matter rode thither alone: being come thither about midnight, leaping off his horse, and tying him by the reins of the bridle to a convenient place, he went towards the monastery, of which opening the first door of the portal, he found that of the church open of itself, and in the church a great light, and brightness of torches and wax candles, and withall he heard voices, as it were of men singing, and doing the funeral service of some one that was deceased: at which, being amazed, he drew nearer, better to behold the manner thereof, where he might see the church to be full of friars and priests, singing these obsequies, having in the midst of them a coffin covered with black, about which were many lights and tapers burning; each of the friars, priests, and many other men besides, that seemed to assist at these funerals, having also a wax candle burning in their hands; but his greatest astonishment of all was, that he knew not one of them: after he had remained awhile beholding them, he approached near one of the friars, and asked him from whom those honourable solemnities were done, who answered him, that such a gentleman, naming his own proper name, was dead, and that they were now performing the honors of his burial. The gentleman, laughing, replied, saying he whom you speak of liveth, and you are deceived; nay, quoth the friar, you are deceived, for he is assuredly

dead, and his body here present to be buried, and therewith fell to his singing again. The gentleman being herewith in a great confusion, asked another, of whom he received the self same answer, so that being stricken with a great amazement, without more attending, he went out of the church, and getting upon his horse began to ride as fast as he could homeward: but he had no sooner turned his horse's head, when he was aware of two great black mastiffs that accompanied him, of each side of his horse one; who, do what he could, with rating and striking at them with his sword, would never leave him till he came to the gate of his house, where lighting off his horse and entering in, his pages and servants coming to receive him, wondered to see the colour of his face so pale and deadly, assuring themselves that some great mischance had happened unto him; beseeching him with such instance to tell them what ailed him, that, at last, he recited unto them all the particularities of the before-rehearsed history, having made an end of which, and entering into his chamber, the two black mastiffs of a sudden rushed in upon him, and worried him, so that his servants not being able to succour him, he died presently, verifying that of his funerals, which he had seen done while he lived."

We next hear of a ghost ("colder than ice") who *would* come to a man who was in bed—then of a "certain monk, called Thomas," who, quarrelling with his brother friars, betook him to the mountains, where he met "a great tall man of a tawny sun-burned complexion," who proposed carrying him on his shoulders through a river. Thomas, however, discovered when he was on the other's back, that "the ferryman's feet" were not altogether well-shaped, and accordingly began to pray lustily; upon which the devil (for it "was the devil indeed") threw our friend down, and vanished with a horrible noise and tempest (p. 72). We cannot afford much space even to these supernatural facts. The smart answer of Saint Andrew, however, deserves mention. The devil, in the shape of a beautiful woman, being sitting at a bishop's table, Saint Andrew came there "as a pilgrim," to demand alms: upon which she (the devil) asked the saint how far distant heaven was from earth. "Thou shouldst better know than I," answered Saint Andrew, "*because thou hast fallen from thence.*" The Scotch may be proud of this answer of their saint.

Following this is a story of

> "A woman wailing for her dæmon lover;"—

then, another of a maiden deceived by a dæmon, who visited her in the shape of a gentleman of Spain, of whom she was enamoured.—Then comes a discussion on "Necromancie," and on the use of "natural magique," with "a pretty tale of sprights that were seen in Beneventa"—then succeed tales of hobgoblins and Robin-Goodfellows—then stories of enchanters, and

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what they did on "students," and on "learned men" of Spain —then "a strange story of a sorceress" (p. 85)—and another history of a sorceress, told by Paulus Grillandus—then, an account of the "men called Ophrogens"—and, in short, "tales," "histories," and "particulars," enough to satisfy the most ambitious student of ghost stories, and to tempt the patience of the most indefatigable critic.

The "fourth" discourse treats of "Chaunce, Fortune, and Destinie," and of the influences of the heavenly bodies, and other "learned and curious points."

The "fifth" is a discourse "entreating of the Septentrional countries," with many things "pleasant and worthy to be knowne." In this the geographical knowledge of the Ancients is discussed, their speculations, their fables, &c. There is something curious in the account given by "Sylenus," who, after displaying a little of the traveller's vein to King "Midas," added thereunto

"Many other marvellous things, as that there were in other provinces thereof certain people, called Meropes, who inhabited many and great cities, within the bounds of whose country there was a place, called Anostum, which word signifieth a place whence there is no return: this country, saith he, is not clear and light, neither yet altogether dark, but between both; through the same run two rivers, the one of delight, the other of grief; upon the shore both of the one and the other are planted trees, about the bigness of poplar-trees; those that are on the banks of the river of grief, bring forth a fruit of the same nature and quality, causing him that eateth thereof to spend the whole time of his life in sad and melancholy dumps, bitter tears, and perpetual weeping. The fruit of those that grow on the banks of the other river have a contrary effect and virtue, yielding to the eater thereof a blessed course of life, abounding in all joy, recreation, and pleasure, without any one moment of sadness: when they are in years, by little and little they wax young again, recovering their former vigour and force, and thence they turn still backward even to their first infancy, becoming little babes again, and then they die."

The "sixth discourse" is a continuation, in fact, of the fifth; for it speaks only "of sundry things that are in the Septentrional lands worthy of admiration." This discourse opens pleasantly. We feel as though we were present with the speakers.

"*Bernardo.* It were good that we sat down under the shadow of these sweet eglantines and jassemines, whereby we shall not only receive the pleasant savour which they yield, but shall have our ears also filled with delight in hearing the nightingale record their sweet and delectable notes, to which, in my judgement, the curious forced melody of many musicians is nothing to be compared.

"*Ludovico.* No doubt but of all birds their singing is most de-

lightful; it is continued the whole year, but as their amorous desire ceaseth, so ceaseth also their harmony, whereas the songs of other birds endureth the whole year through.

"*Bernardo.* They perchance account it needless to rechaunt their melodious tunes and sweet harmony, but at such time as the pride and gaiety of the season entertaineth them in love and jollity cheerfully with mutual sweetness, rejoicing one another, and each mate understanding the other's call.

"*Ludovico.* According to this, you will have the birds to understand one another.

"*Bernardo.* There is no doubt but they do, for even as the beasts know the voice one of another, assembling themselves together by their bellowing and braying, even so do they understand the churping and peeping one of another, calling themselves thereby together into shoals and flocks."

And here we shall leave our friends, the "*interlocutores*," Ludovico, Anthonio, and Bernardo, discoursing their strange histories, and still confiding in Solinus, and Albertus, and Olaus Magnus, and dealing round their marvels one to the other, while the orange and jessamine flowers are hanging over them, and the rich Spanish twilight is fading from their view. May the nightingale sing to them for ever its sweet and complaining story! And may they themselves never tire, but go on telling of fact and fable, of man and magician, and the wonders of earth and heaven, as pleasantly as they have done throughout the six days' entertainment that they have afforded us!

ART. VI. — *Miscellaneous Works of the late* Dr. Arbuthnot. *With an Account of the Author's Life, in two volumes,* 12*mo. A new Edition. London,* 1770.

On the publication of the first edition of this work in 1750, there appeared the following advertisement in the newspapers of the day.

"Having seen two volumes, intitled *The Miscellaneous Works of the late Dr. Arbuthnot,* printed at Glasgow, I think it my duty to declare, that they are not the works of my late father, Dr. Arbuthnot, but an imposition on the public.

"George Arbuthnot.

"*London, Sept.* 25, 1750."

It is singular, that the writer of this advertisement should have thought it prudent to word it in such absolute terms,

when he must have been aware, that the volumes in question undoubtedly contained many genuine productions of Dr. Arbuthnot's pen, and that consequently the effect of his disclaimer must be very much weakened by its obvious incorrectness. The only light, perhaps, in which it ought to be viewed is as an announcement from the representatives of Dr. Arbuthnot, that the publication appeared without the sanction of their authority, and that evidence of its genuineness must therefore be looked for from other sources. By a notice prefixed to this collection we are informed, that it contains all the author's pieces of wit and humour, with the exception of such as are comprised in *Swift's Miscellanies*. That some of these pieces are incorrectly attributed to Arbuthnot there is great reason to believe, and though we had no other assistance than is afforded us by internal evidence, we should feel inclined to reject several of the papers found in this collection, as unworthy the genius of the eminent individual to whom they are attributed. Amongst others, a poem, intitled *The Masquerade*, at the commencement of the second volume, bears no traces of Arbuthnot's pen. *The Freeholder's political Catechism*, also, though an able composition, is by no means in the doctor's style either of writing or thinking. Without attempting to decide upon the genuineness of all the productions to which the name of Dr. Arbuthnot has been attached, we shall, when we have occasion to present our readers with specimens of his wit and humour, select them from compositions which we have good reason to believe genuine.

John Arbuthnot, the son of a clergyman of the episcopal church of Scotland, and allied to the noble family from which he derived his name, was born at Arbuthnot, near Montrose, not long after the Restoration. Having at a proper age entered the University of Aberdeen, he applied himself with diligence to his studies, and ultimately took his doctor's degree. His father, not accommodating himself to the change of affairs at the Revolution, forfeited his living, and retired to a small estate of his own, while John and his brothers were compelled to look to their own exertions for their livelihood. Dr. Arbuthnot resolved to push his fortunes in London, where he was hospitably received in the house of Mr. William Pate, a linen-draper, where he resided for some time, and supported himself by teaching the mathematics. While he was thus employed, Dr. Woodward, in 1695, published his *Essay towards a natural History of the Earth*, a work to which Arbuthnot wrote an answer in 1697, under the title of *An Examination of Dr. Woodward's Account of the Deluge, &c.*; which, considering the imperfect acquaintance, at that time, with the science of geology, may be accounted a learned performance. It cer-

tainly laid the foundation of Arbuthnot's fame, which was extended by an Essay, published in 1700, *On the Usefulness of the Mathematics to young Students in the Universities.* His practice increasing with his reputation, he now became known to many of the most celebrated men of his day, and was, in 1704, elected a fellow of the Royal Society. By a fortunate accident, he was called in during the illness of Prince George of Denmark, and was shortly afterwards, by her majesty's special command, appointed physician extraordinary to Queen Anne. In 1709, this appointment was followed by that of fourth physician in ordinary; and in 1710, he was admitted a fellow of the College of Physicians. The confidence reposed in him by his royal mistress appears from the terms in which he is spoken of by Swift, who calls him "the queen's favourite physician," and "the queen's favourite." Being thus distinguished by his professional abilities, his influence at court, and his literary attainments, Arbuthnot acquired the friendship not only of the leading men of his party, as Harley and Bolingbroke, but that of all the wits and scholars of his time. On Swift's visit to London in 1710, a strict intimacy was formed between them, and soon afterwards Pope was added to the number of his friends.

In the year 1712 appeared the first part of *The History of John Bull,* of which it has been justly said, that "never was a political allegory managed with more exquisite humour, or with a more skilful adaptation of characters and circumstances." Dr. Aikin, in his *General Biography,* seems to consider Arbuthnot's claim to this satire to rest only upon the authority of the *Biographia Britannica,* but it is expressly attributed to him by Swift in his *Journal to Stella* (*Scott's Swift,* iii. 124); and by Pope in *Spence's Anecdotes* (*Singer's edit.* 145) who says, that "Dr. Arbuthnot was the sole author." The object of this highly humorous production was to throw a ridicule upon the splendid achievements of Marlborough, and, if possible, to render the country discontented with the war. Arbuthnot, who was one of that literary phalanx attached to the fortunes of Harley and the Tories, was aware how entirely the existence of that minister's power depended on a peace with France, and he therefore applied all the stores of his wit to the accomplishment of that desired end. With the same design, but with graver arguments, Swift had attacked the Whigs, in his celebrated treatise upon the *Conduct of the Allies,* and in his *Remarks upon the barrier Treaty.* Powerful as was the effect produced by the pamphlet on the *Conduct of the Allies,* of which four editions were sold in the space of one week, there is every reason to believe, that the *History of John Bull* was equally efficacious in forwarding the purposes of the Tories.

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The ingenuity of the story, united to its intelligible straightforward comic humour, rendered it a favourite in every quarter, while the exquisite skill of the satire gave it a keen relish to the politicians. Even in the selection of the names by which the personages of the story are distinguished, there is something happy. The King of France is Lewis Baboon; the King of Spain, Lord Strutt. The States of Holland appear under the character of Nic Frog, the linen draper; and the Duke of Marlborough figures under the name of Humphrey Hocus, the attorney. A very principal object of the satire doubtless was to degrade the character of the duke, and accordingly he is represented as an "old cunning attorney, who loved money, was smooth-tongued, gave good words, and seldom lost his temper. He was not worse than an infidel, for he provided plentifully for his family, but he loved himself better than them all." The sly attack with which this character concludes, must have been very galling to his grace; "the neighbours reported that he was hen-pecked: which was impossible by such a mild-spirited woman as his wife was." It is difficult, and indeed we should hope, unnecessary, to give any extracts from this inimitable piece, which may be read to the greatest advantage in Sir Walter Scott's valuable edition of *Swift's Works*, (vol. VI.) where the satirical allusions are illustrated and explained by copious notes. After the accession of the House of Hanover, a supplement to *The History* appeared, but it has been doubted whether this is the genuine production of Arbuthnot's pen. It appears to be the same as is inserted in the second volume of his *Miscellaneous Works*, there called, *The History of John Bull, part III.*, and the only part of the satire comprised in that collection. It has indeed been thought by some, that the two first parts of the History, as printed in *Swift's Works*, are all that proceeded from Arbuthnot. Imitations of this satire have been from time to time attempted, amongst which, one entitled, *The History of Sister Peg*, is mentioned with high commendation by Sir Walter Scott. A composition of the same kind, under the title of *The History of John Bull and Brother Jonathan*, possessing considerable claims to merit, was published a few years ago in America, and attributed to Mr. Paulding, a gentleman of literary talent in that country.

In 1714 the celebrated *Scriblerus Club* was formed, consisting of most of the greatest wits and statesmen in the country. Amongst others, we learn from *Spence's Anecdotes*, that Harley, Atterbury, Pope, Congreve, Gay, Swift, and Arbuthnot, were members. In this brilliant collection of learning and genius, no one was better qualified, both in point of wit and erudition, than Dr. Arbuthnot to promote the object

of the society, which was "to ridicule all the false tastes in learning, under the character of a man of capacity enough; that had dipped into every art and science, but injudiciously in each." Political animosities, and the absence of some of their members, soon terminated the meetings of the club, though a portion of their labours still survives in three inimitable pieces—the first book of *Martinus Scriblerus*—the *Travels of Gulliver*—and *The Art of Sinking in Poetry*. Of these, the first book of *Scriblerus* was published after the death of Arbuthnot, in 1741, in the quarto edition of *Pope's Prose Works*; the *Travels of Gulliver* in 1726; and *The Art of Sinking*, in the *Miscellanies* of Pope and Swift, in 1727. There is some difficulty in assigning to each of the "illustrious Triumvirate," as Warburton has called them, the exact share which they respectively took, in preparing for the world the Works and the Memoirs of the learned Scriblerus; but there seems to be every reason to believe, that of the three pieces mentioned above, Arbuthnot was the sole author of the first, Swift of the second, and Pope of the last. The first book of *Scriblerus* has, indeed, been printed in the collected editions of the works both of Swift and Pope, and is not to be found in the volumes at the head of the present article, and yet the internal evidence is sufficient to prove it the entire production of Arbuthnot, to whom Warton has attributed the fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, tenth, and twelfth chapters, "whatever may be determined of other parts of the *Memoirs*." The medical and antiquarian knowledge displayed in the other chapters, and the ridicule on Dr. Woodward in the third, afford, however, strong presumption of their having the same origin as the rest. The very humorous essay concerning the origin of the sciences, which is usually appended to the *Memoirs of Scriblerus*, appears from Spence, to be a joint production of Arbuthnot, Pope, and Parnell.

Notwithstanding the solemn censure of Johnson, who has asserted, that no one was ever wiser, better, or merrier, for reading this work, there does not, perhaps, exist a composition more perfect in its kind than the *Memoirs of Scriblerus*. The singular gravity of the style so finely opposed to the extravagant folly of the subject matter, and the depth of research and learning pompously bestowed upon the illustration of the most amusing trifles, give a keen relish to the satire, unequalled in any similar production. What can exceed the exquisite humour of the dissertation on the ancient music, and the practical exemplification of its power by the erudite Cornelius?

"The bare mention of music threw Cornelius into a passion. 'How can you dignify, (quoth he,) this modern fiddling with the name of music? Will any of your best hautboys encounter a wolf now-a-

days, with no other arms than their instruments, as did that ancient piper, Pythocaris? Have ever wild-boars, elephants, deer, dolphins, whales, or turbots, shewed the least emotion at the most elaborate strains of your modern scrapers, all of which have been, as it were, tamed and humanized by ancient musicians? * * * Whence proceeds the degeneracy of our morals? Is it not from the loss of ancient music, by which, says Aristotle, they taught all the virtues? Else might we turn Newgate into a college of Dorian musicians, who should teach moral virtues to those people. Whence comes it, that our present diseases are so stubborn? Whence is it, that I daily deplore my sciatical pains? Alas! because we have lost their true cure by the melody of the pipe. All this was well known to the ancients, as Theophrastus* assures us (whence Cælius† calls it *loca dolentia decantare*) only, indeed, some small remains of this skill are preserved in the cure of the tarantula. Did not Pythagoras‡ stop a company of drunken bullies from storming a civil house, by changing the strain of the pipe to the sober spondæus? and yet your modern musicians want art to defend their windows from common nickers. It is well known, that when the Lacedæmonian mob were up, they§ commonly sent for a Lesbian musician to appease them, and they immediately grew calm as soon as they heard Terpander sing. Yet I don't believe that the pope's whole band of music, though the best of the age, could keep his holiness's image from being burnt on a fifth of November.' 'Nor would Terpander himself (replied Albertus) at Billingsgate, nor Timotheus at Hockley in the Hole, have any manner of effect, nor both of them together bring Horneck¶ to common civility.' 'That's a gross mistake,' said Cornelius very warmly, 'and to prove it so, I have here a small lyre of my own, framed, strung, and tuned, after the ancient manner. I can play some fragments of Lesbian tunes, and I wish I were to try them upon the most passionate creatures alive.' 'You never had a better opportunity,' says Albertus, 'for yonder are two apple-women scolding, and just ready to uncoif one another.' With that Cornelius, undressed as he was, jumps out into the balcony, his lyre in his hand, in his slippers, with his breeches hanging down to his ancles, a stocking upon his head, and a waistcoat of murrey-coloured satin upon his body. He touched his lyra with a very unusual sort of harpegiatura, nor were his hopes frustrated. The odd equipage, the uncouth instrument, the strangeness of the man and of the music, drew the ears and the eyes of the whole mob that were got about the two female champions, and at last of the champions themselves. They all approached the balcony in as close attention as Orpheus's first audience of cattle, or that of an Italian opera when some favourite air is just awakened. This sudden effect of his music encouraged him mightily, and it was observed, he never touched his lyre in such a truly chromatic and en-

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* Athenæus, lib. xiv.
† Lib. de sanitate tuenda, cap. 2.
‡ Quintilian lib. i. cap. 10.
§ Suidas in Timotheo.
¶ Horneck, a scurrilous scribbler, who wrote a weekly paper, called *The High German Doctor*.

harmonic manner, as upon that occasion. The mob laughed, sung, jumped, danced, and used many odd gestures, all which he judged to be caused by the various strains and modulations. 'Mark,' quoth he, 'in this the power of the Ionian; in that you see the effect of the Æolian.' But in a little time they began to grow riotous and threw stones: Cornelius then withdrew, but with the greatest air of triumph in the world, 'brother,' said he, 'do you observe, I have mixed unawares too much of the *Phrygian*. I might change it to the Lydian, and soften their riotous tempers. But it is enough; learn from this sample to speak with veneration of ancient music. If this lyre, in my unskilful hands, can perform such wonders, what must it not have done in those of a Timotheus or a Terpander?' Having said this, he retired with the utmost exultation in himself and contempt of his brother; and, it is said, behaved that night with such unusual haughtiness to his family, that they all had reason to wish for some ancient *Tibicen* to calm his temper."

In the quarto edition of 1741, the thirteenth chapter of the *Memoirs of Scriblerus* was entitled *The Double Mistress;* but owing to the grossness of the greater part of it, it was omitted in the edition of *Pope's Works*, by Warburton. Dr. Warton and Mr. Bowles, less delicate than their predecessor, have admitted this highly humorous chapter, though, it must be confessed, it is not altogether fitted for the public eye. There appears to be little doubt that the chapter of *The Double Mistress*, like the rest of the first book of *Martinus Scriblerus*, was the unassisted production of Dr. Arbuthnot. In almost every part of it, we recognize his professional pen, and in the arguments of the learned counsel, Dr. Pennyfeather and Dr. Leatherhead, respecting the seat of the soul, we trace the developement of an idea touched upon in a letter from Arbuthnot to Swift.* There is not, perhaps, in the whole compass of the English language, so much wit and humour conjoined in the same number of pages, as in this obnoxious chapter. The grave ludicrous is carried to its very highest pitch, and the solemn proceedings in the ecclesiastical court are certainly unequalled. As this portion of *The Memoirs of Scriblerus*, owing to the laudable decorum of Warburton, is probably out of the reach of many of our readers, we shall indulge in a short extract for their amusement. It must be premised, that while Martin was walking forth one evening "through the western confines of the famous metropolis of England, not far from the proud battlements of the palace of Whitehall," he beheld a caravan wherein a variety of wild beasts and monsters were exhibited for the

* *Scott's Swift*, xvi. 153.

admiration of the public.—Attracted by this spectacle, the youthful virtuoso entered.

" Martin, with infinite pleasure, heard the history of the several monsters, which was courteously opened to him by a person of a grave and earnest mien, whose frank behaviour and ready answers discovered him to have been long conversant with different nations, and to have journeyed through distant regions. By him he was informed that the lion was hunted on the hills of Lebanon, by the Basha of Jerusalem; that the leopard was nursed in the uninhabited woods of Lybia; the porcupine came from the kingdom of Prester John; and the man-tiger was a true descendant of Hanniman the Magnificent.—'Sir,' said Mr. Randal (for that was the name of the master of the show) 'the whole world cannot match these prodigies: twice have I sailed round the globe; these feet have traversed the most remote and barbarous nations; and I can with conscience affirm, that not all the desarts of the four quarters of the earth furnish out a more complete set of animals than what are contained within these walls.'—'Friend,' answered Martin, 'bold is thy assertion, and wonderful is the knowledge of a traveller; but didst thou ever risque thyself amongst the Scythian cannibals, or those wild men of Abarimon, who walk with their feet backwards? Hast thou ever seen the Sciopi, so called, because, when laid supine, they shelter themselves from the sunbeams with the shadow of their feet? Canst thou procure me a Troglodyte footman, who can catch a roe at his full speed? Hast thou ever beheld those Illyrian damsels, who have two sights in one eye,—whose looks are poisonous to males that are adult? Hast thou ever measured the Gigantic Ethiopian, whose stature is above eight cubits high; or the Sesquipedalian pigmy? Hast thou ever seen any of the Cynocephali, who have the head and voice of a dog, and whose milk is the only true specific for consumptions?'—'Sir, (replied Mr. Randal) all these have I beheld, upon my honour; and many more, which are set forth in my journal. As for your dog-faced men, they are no other than what stands before you; that is naturally the fiercest, but by art the tamest man-tiger in the world.'—'That word (replied Martin) is a corruption of the Manticora of the ancients; the most noxious animal that ever infested the earth, who had a sting above a cubit long, and would attack a rank of armed men at once, flinging his poisonous darts several miles around him. Canst thou inform me whether the boars grunt in Macedonia? Canst thou give me a certificate that the lions in Africa are afraid of the scolding of women? Hast thou ever heard the sagacious hyæna counterfeit the voice of a shepherd, imitate the vomiting of a man in order to draw the dogs together, and even call a shepherd by his proper name? Your crocodile is but a small one; but you ought to have brought with him the bird trochilos, that picks his teeth after dinner, at which the silly animal is so pleased that he gapes wide enough to give the ichneumon, his mortal enemy, an entrance into his belly. Your modern ostriches are dwindled to mere larks, in comparison to those of the ancients; their's were equal in stature to a man on horseback. Alas! we have lost the chaste bird

porphyrion; the whole race was destroyed by women, because they discovered the infidelity of wives to their husbands. The merops, too, is now nowhere to be found; the only bird that flew backwards by the tail. But say, canst thou inform me what dialect of the Greek is spoken by the birds of Diomede's island; for it is from them only we can learn the true pronunciation of that ancient language? Mr. Randal made no satisfactory answer to these demands, but harangued chiefly upon modern monsters, and seemed willing to confine his instances to the animals of his own collection, pointing to each of them, in order, with his rod."

How much Dr. Arbuthnot was interested in forwarding the designs of the Scriblerus Club, may be partially collected from his correspondence. In a letter to Swift, dated the 26th June, 1714, *(Scott's Swift,* xvi. 151) and addressed to the Dean during his temporary secession at Letcombe, from the toils and vexations of a political life, he says:

"Pray remember Martin, who is an innocent fellow, and will not disturb your solitude. The ridicule of medicine is so copious a subject that I must only here and there touch it. I have made him study physic from the apothecaries' bills, where there is a good plentiful field for a satire upon the present practice. One of his projects was, by a stamp upon blistering plaisters and melilot, by the yard, to raise money for the government, and to give it to Ratcliffe and others to farm.—But there was likely to be a petition from the inhabitants of London and Westminster, who had no mind to be flead. There was a problem about the doses of purging medicines published about four years ago, showing that they ought to be in proportion to the bulk of the patient. From thence Martin endeavours to determine the question, about the weight of the ancient men, by the doses of physic that were given them."

Some more drollery of the same nature follows, from the style of which we should be inclined to believe, that the *Life and Adventures of Don Bilioso de l'Estomac,* in the first, and the *Essay upon an Apothecary,* in the second volume of his works, are properly attributed to the pen of Dr. Arbuthnot. Again, in another letter to Swift, dated 17th July, 1714, *(Scott's Swift,* xvi. p. 177) the writer says:

"Whiston has at last published his project of the longitude; the most ridiculous thing that ever was thought on. But he has spoiled one of my papers of Scriblerus, which was a proposal for the longitude, not very unlike his; to this purpose: that since there was no pole for east and west, that all the princes of Europe should join and build two prodigious poles, upon high mountains, with a vast light-house to serve for a pole-star. I was thinking of a calculation of the time, charges, and dimensions. Now you must understand his project is by light-houses, and explosions of bombs at a certain hour."

XUM

These humorous projects in favour of rational science, were soon interrupted by the turbulence of those political scenes, in which Arbuthnot was, as we have seen, no inconsiderable actor. Like Swift, his efforts had been vainly directed to a reconciliation of the two rival ministers, Harley and Bolingbroke; and he appears to have incurred some ill-will by these conciliatory attempts. In a letter of July 24, 1714, to Dean Swift, he thus writes:

"I was told to my face, that I did not care if the great person's affairs went to entire ruin, so I could support the interests of the dragon (Harley). * * * Come up to town, and I can tell you more. I have been but indifferently treated myself, by somebody at court, in small concerns. I cannot tell who it is; but mum, for that." (*Scott's Swift*, xvi. 189.)

The prospects of the Tories, darkened by the dissensions of their leaders, and the desperate state of the queen's health, were now drawing rapidly to a close; and Arbuthnot appears, at this time, to have felt all that anxiety for the fate of himself and his friends, which such a situation of affairs was calculated to excite. On the 27th of July, Harley resigned the treasurer's staff, and Bolingbroke for a moment rejoiced in his successful intrigues; but the disease of the queen, doubtless aggravated by the vexations she had endured, was making a fearful progress, and notwithstanding all the efforts of her physicians, Arbuthnot and Mead, she died on the 1st of August. This was the finishing blow to the hopes of the Tories. *Fuimus Tories!* said Arbuthnot, with a wit, which neither grief nor anxiety could repress. Never was the dispersion of a party more complete. The kind heart and generous feelings of Arbuthnot were shocked at the scene he was now compelled to witness; and, in a letter to Dean Swift, on the 12th of August, full of the warmest affection towards his friend, he thus expresses himself:

"My dear mistress's days were numbered, even in my imagination. * * * I believe sleep was never more welcome to a weary traveller, than death was to her. * * * I have figured to myself all this melancholy scene; and even, if it be possible, worse than it has happened, twenty times,—so that I was prepared for it. My case is not half so deplorable as poor Lady Masham's, and several of the queen's servants, some of whom have no chance for their bread, but the generosity of his present majesty, which several people that know him very much commend."

The treatment which Arbuthnot experienced at this adverse term of his fortunes, appears to have made a deep impression upon his feelings:

"I have an opportunity (says he, in the letter from which we have just cited) calmly and philosophically to consider that treasure of vileness and baseness that I always believed to be in the heart of man, and to behold them exert their insolence and baseness; every new instance, instead of surprising and grieving me, as it does some of my friends, really diverts me, — and, in a manner, proves my theory."

In a subsequent letter, dated October 19, (*Scott's Swift*, xvi. 246), a still more deplorable account is given of the misfortunes in which the queen's death had involved her courtiers. "The queen's poor servants are like so many poor orphans exposed in the very streets." Arbuthnot himself was compelled to quit his establishment in St. James's palace, and to take a house in Dover-street, where he endeavoured to forget his political anxieties in literary occupation. His spirits appear to have suffered considerably at this time, for, in a letter to Pope, on the 7th September, 1714, (*Scott's Swift*, xvi. 241) he says:

"I am extremely obliged to you for taking notice of a poor, old, distressed courtier, commonly the most despicable thing in the world. This blow has so roused Scriblerus, that he has recovered his senses, and thinks and talks like other men. From being frolicksome and gay, he is turned grave and morose. * * * Martin's office is now the second door on the left hand in Dover-street, where he will be glad to see Dr. Parnell, Mr. Pope, and his old friends, to whom he can still afford a half-pint of claret."

In this letter is contained that admirable picture of Dean Swift's state of mind, after the defeat of his party:

"I have seen a letter from Dean Swift: he keeps up his noble spirit; and though like a man knocked down, you may behold him still with a stern countenance, and aiming a blow at his adversaries."

Arbuthnot also, though depressed for a time, soon resumed his humorous pen; and, true to the interests of his party, produced, early in the following year, another political pasquinade.

At the conclusion of the first volume of the *Miscellaneous Works*, we find a curious article, entitled, *Notes and Memorandums of the six days preceding the Death of a Right Reverend— containing many remarkable passages, with an Inscription designed for his Monument.* Printed in 1715. That this satire on Bishop Burnet is the composition of Arbuthnot, rests entirely on the credit of the editor of the present collection, and on its internal evidence; but from its comic and cutting humour, it seems to be attributed to its proper author. If, indeed, it was published at the time of the bishop's death, which happened

on the 17th of March, 1715, it would certainly seem to detract somewhat from Arbuthnot's well-merited reputation for humanity and kind feeling. Among all the political opponents of the tory faction, none appear to have incurred greater odium than Burnet, whose honest relation of the history of his own times excited at once the fear and the spleen of his enemies. To ridicule that valuable work, even before its publication, all the literary talents of the tories were put into requisition; and while Arbuthnot performed his share of the task in the present *Notes and Memorandums*, Pope gave to the world the *Memoirs of P. P. Clerk of this Parish*. It appears from the *Testimonies of Authors*, prefixed to the *Dunciad*, (*Warton's Pope*, v. 33.) that a Mr. James Moore Smith, wishing to satirise the Bishop of Sarum, "pressed Dr. Arbuthnot and Mr. Pope to assist him therein;" but it also appears from the same authority, that this gentleman, "having more mind than ability," was unable to accomplish his purpose. To the hint thus given, may, perhaps, be owing the *Memoirs of P. P.*, and the present satire. Dean Swift very probably assisted in the composition of the *Memoirs of P. P.*, and contributed his share towards irritating and injuring the bishop, by an ironical preface to the introduction to the third volume of the *History of the Reformation*. He there represents Burnet, who had produced a pamphlet as a precursor to his folio, as "armed only with a pocket pistol, before his great blunderbuss could be got ready, his old rusty breastplate scoured, and his cracked head-piece mended.—(*Scott's Swift*, iv. 314.) Burnet took a silent revenge upon the dean, and totally omitted any mention of him in his history. In the short remarks by Swift upon Bishop Burnet's history, (*Scott's Swift*, x. 252,) the dean has, indeed, done justice to his adversary's sincerity. "He is," says he, "the most partial of all writers that ever pretended so much to impartiality, and yet I, who knew him well, am convinced that he is as impartial as he could possibly find in his heart: I am sure more than I ever expected from him, particularly in his account of the papists and fanatic plots. * * * After all he was a man of generosity and good-nature, and very communicative; but in his last ten years was absolutely party-mad, and fancied he saw popery under every bush." Of the attacks thus made upon the honest bishop, Pope's, perhaps, displays most wit and ingenuity, and Arbuthnot's the most comic humour. The personal vanity and egotism of Burnet are unmercifully ridiculed.

"Sunday."

* * * "Resolve to see nobody to-day. Resolve to drink three quarts of water-gruel instead of my tea. Sick, very sick: call for my man. Order him to bring the folio in MS. of my own life and

times. Consider what a great name I shall leave behind me. Dr. Wellwood stole his memoirs from my conversation. He has gained a great reputation. I shall certainly: better than Thuanus. Man brings the book. Begin to read. An excellent preface: very happy at prefaces. Courts of Charles and James. *Juggling, tricking, mistresses, French money, more money, slavery, popery, arbitrary power, liberty, plots, Italy, Geneva, Rome, Titus Oates, Dangerfield, money again, peace, war, war, peace, more money.* Lay down the book, reflect how I came to know all this. * * * Drink a glass of wine. Try to go to sleep in my easy chair. Nod a little. Wake better. Return to my book. Read and drink tea till night. Much about myself. Vacancies of places. Bishopricks, deaneries, livings. New oaths. Clergy obstinate. Sherlock alone: South and Sherlock: Fenwick, Collier. Parliament against us. Tories prevail. Miserable times. Preach against them. Interrupted. Friend comes in by Jonathan's mistake. Good news however. All of our side; public justice; no security like it. Talk of indifferent matters. Pity L—d Thomas's son. It must be dissolved. Afflictions fall to the righteous. Sons are strange giddy things. Think of my Tom.* Read a page of my book to a friend. He is in raptures; I am much better. Talk cheerfully. Drink some sack. Clock strikes nine. He goes. Walk about a little. Feet weak. Giddiness in the head. Call for my quilted cap. Look in the glass. Cap falls over mine eyes. Sad token; new fears. *Mem.* To send for a physician in the morning. Human means necessary. Man must co-operate. Grow worse. Go to bed. Forget that it was Sunday."

The scene of the good bishop preaching an extempore sermon to his family in his chamber, is inimitable.

"Order the family to come up stairs at seven. Resolved to preach before them extempore. Not much matter what the text is; easy to run off from the subject and talk of the times. * * * Bid my man get the great chair ready. Family comes up. Survey them with delight. The damsel Jane has a wicked eye. Robin seems to meet her glances. Unsanctified vessels! children of wrath! * * * Look again at Jane. A tear of penitence in her eye. Sweet drops! Grace triumphs! Sin lies dead! Wish Tom were present. He might be reformed. Consider how many sermons it is probable Tom hears in one year. Afraid not one. Alas the Temple! Alas the Temple! The law eats up divinity; it corrupts manners, raises contentions amongst the faithful; feeds upon poor vicarages, and devours widows' houses, without making long prayers. Alas the Temple! Never liked that place since it harboured Sacheverell. He certainly spread an infection there. A swimming of my head. Seem to hear the noise of tumults, riots, seditions. Fresh noises of high

* Thomas Burnet, educated to the bar, and afterwards Mr. Justice Burnet.

XUM

church; the doctor: what would the multitude have? Why are they incensed? Who of our order has offended? Impeach, silence, hang, behead! That a name of a man should turn one's head to a giddiness! Say a short mental prayer. Cool by degrees. Jane petitions not to hear the sermon, but make her beds. There is no dealing with youthful inclinations. They are unsteady in every path. They leave the direct way. Walk in by places and corners. Give her leave to depart. Resolve within myself to deny Robin to go, if he should ask. Robin asks. Reprove him thus: 'I have watched your mutual temptations, and the snares you laid for each other. You, Robin, I say, and the damsel Jane. Forbear your iniquity; struggle with sin; make not excuses to follow the handmaid. Thou shalt stay here, and hear and edify.' Prepare to preach. Hem thrice. Spread my hands; lift up my eyes; attempt to raise myself. Sink backwards. Faint suddenly."

In the journal for Monday, a dialogue is introduced between the bishop and his physician, Sir Samuel Garth, who was, in fact, the Æsculapius whom the Whigs worshipped, as the Tories did Arbuthnot. The latter, indeed, may be said to have been displaced by Garth, who was knighted with Marlborough's sword, on the accession of the House of Hanover, and appointed physician to the king. Sir Samuel is well known to have been somewhat free in his sentiments upon religion, a circumstance which is touched upon in this dialogue, and which occasioned the remark of Pope, that if ever there was a good Christian without knowing himself to be so, it was Dr. Garth. Proceeding from the pen of a rival, both in medicine and politics, this dialogue may be considered as curious and interesting. We subjoin the conclusion, from which we may infer, that Garth adopted the *rough* manner towards his patients, in preference to that smooth and conciliating style of address, which sometimes marks the courtly physician.

"*Patient.* Don't shake your head so, dear doctor. Tell me plainly what hopes you have of me. I don't love to be flattered, I never flattered any body myself.

"*Doctor.* No! That's strange indeed; flatter nobody! I wonder how you lived so long then. Come, put out your tongue, that must be viewed too.

"*Patient.* Why, doctor, you don't pretend to tell by one's tongue whether one has flatter'd or no. Come, to oblige you, see it.

"*Doctor.* A strange tongue! an unflattering tongue, truly! For it tells a sad truth, I am sure, at present.

"*Patient.* Pray what's that?

"*Doctor.* Only you have got a lurking fever, and your *church bellows* are so inflamed, that I dare prognosticate they can't blow much longer.

"*Patient.* Ah, doctor! I have used them, I fear, with too much

vehemence: they have been serviceable lungs for our cause. But give me a little better comfort before you leave me.

"*Doctor.* If *blood-letting, coolers, lambatives,* and *pectorals,* are comforts, I shall prescribe you enough, never fear. But I have your own word not to flatter you.

"*Patient.* But do you think I can weather it, or how long is it probable I shall last?

"*Doctor.* Till you stink, as far as I know. You should have sent for me sooner; and yet I am not certain but that you may survive it. I would have you chear up, *Son of Thunder.* A good spirit is a half cure in many cases. Besides I know you black gentlemen have a good trick at deceiving the devil. It is your business to do it. Stand upon your guard, for it is *pro aris et focis* now.

"*Patient.* I will, I will—but, prithee, don't be so irreligious, Doctor; I have a great respect for your constancy in a good cause, and your name has done us service in verse and prose.

"*Doctor.* Why, sir, have you the vanity to think, that religion ever did our cause any service? If that comes into your head, and you squeak at last, it is time for me to bid you good night.

"*Patient.* I will do any thing you order me, but I must confess, that I begin to think a man can't die easily without repentance.

"*Doctor.* Farewell then; my time is past: there can be no hopes, if you talk at this rate. I will tell the kit-cat club of you, and it shall be known to every man at court, that you die like a pedant. Farewell."

That Arbuthnot did not entertain any very high opinion of his rival, appears from a passage in a letter written to Dean Swift, soon after the queen's death, (*Scott's Swift,* xvi. 246,) in which he says, "Garth told me his merit was giving intelligence about his mistress's health. I desired he would do me the favour to say, that I valued myself upon quite the contrary; and I hoped to live to see the day when his majesty would value me the more for it too."

In order to divert the chagrin occasioned by the queen's death and the misfortune of his friends, Dr. Arbuthnot determined to make a tour in France, where he left two of his daughters under the care of their uncle, who was residing in that country. In the memoirs prefixed to his miscellaneous works, this journey is said to have been undertaken before 1716; but from a letter addressed to Swift, (*Scott's Swift,* xvi. 338,) it must have taken place in 1718. He staid six weeks at Paris, and as long at Rouen. During his residence at Paris, he had the honour of appearing at court as the conductor of a celebrated Irish beauty, Miss Nelly Bennet, upon whom some lines appear in *Swift's Works,* (xiii. 347,) which were probably the production of Arbuthnot himself. Miss Bennet was "admired beyond all the ladies in France for her beauty—She had great honours done her. The hussar himself was ordered to

bring her the king's cat to kiss." Previously to his visit to France, Arbuthnot is said to have assisted Gay in the farce of *Three hours after Marriage*, which was brought upon the stage in 1716. The satirical attack in the drama upon Dr. Woodward, seems to favour this supposition.

In the autumn of 1722, Arbuthnot, finding himself unwell, visited Bath, whither he was accompanied by one of his brothers, who had lately arrived in England, probably the one under whose care he had left his daughters on his visit to Paris in 1718. Mr. Robert Arbuthnot was a person of a singularly benevolent character, and is commemorated in a letter from Pope to the Hon. Robert Digby (*Warton's Pope*, viii. 58.) "His brother, who is lately come to England, goes also to the Bath, and is a more extraordinary man than he, and worth your going thither on purpose to know him. The spirit of philanthropy, so long dead to our world, is revived in him. He is a philosopher all of fire; so warmly, nay, so wildly in the right, that he forces all others about him to be so too, and draws them into his own vortex. He is a star, that looks as if it were all fire, but is all benignity, all gentle, and beneficial influence. If there be other men in the world that would serve a friend, yet he is the only one I believe that could make even an enemy serve a friend."

There are but few traces of Arbuthnot's proceedings for some years after this time, nor does he appear, during that period, to have been occupied in any literary undertakings. He was chosen second censor of the College of Physicians, on the 30th September, 1723; and, in the autumn of 1725, he had a dangerous attack of illness. His friend Pope visited him on this occasion, and thus communicates the intelligence of his illness to Dean Swift. "Dr. Arbuthnot is, at this time, ill of a very dangerous distemper, an imposthume in the bowels, which is broke, but the event is very uncertain. Whatever that be (he bids me tell you, and I write this by him,) he lives and dies your faithful friend, and one reason he has to desire a little longer life is, the wish to see you once more." (*Scott's Swift*, xvi. 35.) The news of the doctor's recovery was conveyed by himself in a letter to Swift, on the 17th October, 1725, in which he adds, "people tell me of new *impostures* (as they call them) every day." (xvi. 47.) In the following year, although the circumstance does not appear in the memoirs prefixed to his works, the doctor again seems to have visited France, as may be collected from a letter addressed to him by Pope (*Warton's Pope*, vii. 366.) In the year 1727, he published a work of great learning and value, entitled *Tables of ancient Coins, Weights, and Measures, explained and exemplified in several dissertations*," 4to. This volume, which does great

honour to the antiquarian knowledge, and industry of the writer, though not wholly free from inaccuracies, has ever since been considered a standard work. Although much engaged in professional avocations, he still occasionally diverted himself in compositions of wit and humour, amongst which his Epitaph upon the infamous Colonel Chartres has been preserved. In 1732, he published a professional treatise *On the Nature and Choice of Aliments;* and, in the following year, an essay *On the effects of Air on Human Bodies.*

Although the health of Arbuthnot was now fast declining, yet, if we may credit the date, (January 26, 1734-5,) affixed to a paper in his miscellaneous works, entitled *Critical Remarks on Capt. Gulliver's Travels, by Doctor Bantley,* his facetious genius did not desert him even at the very close of his life. The well-preserved gravity of these critical remarks, and the copious citations from ancient authors with which they are accompanied, certainly induce a belief that they are the production of Arbuthnot. The writer's object was to prove, that the Houyhnhnms were well known to the ancients, which he affects to do by numerous authorities, some of which he has manufactured with great skill, of which the following imitation of Chaucer may serve as an instance.

"The first author I shall cite is Chaucer, a poet from our own nation, who was well read in the ancient geography, and is allowed by all critics to have been a man of universal learning, as well as of inimitable wit and humour.

"The passage is literally thus, as I transcribed it from a very fair ancient copy in the Bodleian library, and compared it with other editions in the library of St. James's, my Lord Oxford's, and Lord Sunderland's.

"Certes (quod John) I nat denye
That touchende of the steedes' countrye,
I rede as thylke old Cronyke seythe
Y long before our Crysten feythe
Ther ben, as ye shull understonde,
An yle ycleped Coursyr's londe,
Wher nis ne dampnynge covetise
Ne letchere hotte in sainctes gise;
Ne seely squire, lyche browdred ape
Who maken Goddes boke a jape;
Ne lemman vyle, mishandlynge youthe
Ne woman, britell ware in sothe;
Ne flattrir, ne unlettred clerke
Who richen him, withouten werke;
For vice in thought ne als in dede
Was never none in londe of Steede."

" From this remarkable passage it is evident, that the nation of the Houyhnhnms was commonly known to the ancient inhabitants of this island by the name of Stedlonde, or Steed-land; and that their manners, which are, indeed, more copiously treated of by the traveller, are yet described with great strength and beauty by the poet."

Finding the state of his health becoming still more precarious, Dr. Arbuthnot retired, in 1734, to Hampstead. " I came out to this place" (says he, in an affecting letter to his friend Swift, dated Oct. 4,) " so reduced by a dropsy and an asthma, that I could neither sleep, breathe, eat, or move. I most earnestly desired and begged of God that he would take me." Contrary to his hopes and expectations, the air of Hampstead revived him for a little while, and he again enjoyed the society of his friends, and the endearing attentions of his family, with all that warmth of heart and cheerfulness of temper, for which he was remarkable. He had, indeed, sustained a severe loss in the death of one of his sons, and this circumstance, joined to the grief which his family displayed at the prospect of losing so affectionate a parent, was a sensible affliction to him. His attachment to Swift is strongly and tenderly manifested at the conclusion of this letter. " I am afraid, my dear friend, we shall never see one another more in this world. I shall to the last moment preserve my love and esteem for you, being well assured you will never leave the paths of virtue and honour; for all that is in this world is not worth the least deviation from that way."

In the same strain of earnest friendship, Dr. Arbuthnot had a little while before addressed a letter to Pope. (*Warton's Pope,* viii. 242.)

" As for you, my good friend, I think, since our first acquaintance, there have not been any of those little suspicions or jealousies, that often affect the sincerest friendships: I am sure not on my side. I must be so sincere as to own, that though I could not help valuing you for those talents, which the world prizes, yet they were not the foundation of my friendships; they were quite of another sort; nor shall I at present offend you by enumerating them; and I make it my last request, that you will continue that noble disdain and abhorrence of vice which you seem naturally endued with; but still with a regard to your own safety, and study more to reform than chastise, though the one cannot be effected without the other.

* * * * * *

" A recovery in my case and at my age is impossible; the kindest wish of my friends is Euthanasia. Living or dying, I shall always be yours."

Pope was not insensible to the affection and advice of his excellent friend. " If," says he in his reply, " it be the will of

God (which I know will also be yours) that we must separate, I hope it will be better for you than it can be for me. You are fitter to live or to die than any man I know. Adieu, my dear friend, and may God preserve your life easy, or make your death happy." The closing wish of this letter was soon afterwards accomplished. Arbuthnot, finding his recovery hopeless, left Hampstead, and returned to his house in Cork Street, Burlington Gardens, where he died, on the 27th February, 1734-5. Of his family, one son, Charles, entered into the church, and died shortly before his father; and another, George, filled the post of secondary in the Remembrance Office under Lord Masham, a lucrative appointment.

As a wit and a scholar, the character in which he is best known to us, Arbuthnot may be justly ranked amongst the most eminent men of an age distinguished by a high cultivation of intellect, and an almost exuberant display of wit and genius. To have been an equal sharer in the reputation of such men as Swift, Pope, Addison, and Gay, were alone the highest praise, but as a satirist, and a writer of humour, Arbuthnot has been acknowledged by some of his most celebrated contemporaries to have been their superior. "His good morals," Pope used to say, "were equal to any man's, but his wit and humour superior to all mankind." "He has more wit than we all have," said Dean Swift to a lady, "and his humanity is equal to his wit." In addition to these brilliant qualities, the higher praise of benevolence and goodness is most deservedly due to him. His warmth of heart and cheerfulness of temper rendered him much beloved by his family and friends, towards whom he displayed the most constant affection and attachment. The character which Swift has left us of him is in the dean's best manner.—"Mr. Lewis sends me an account of Dr. Arbuthnot's illness, which is a very sensible affliction to me, who, by living out of the world, have lost that hardness of heart, contracted by years and general conversation. I am daily losing friends, and neither seeking nor getting others. O, if the world had but a dozen Arbuthnots in it, I would burn my travels! but, however, he is not without fault. There is a passage in Bede highly commending the piety and learning of the Irish in that age, where, after abundance of praises, he overthrows them all, by lamenting that, alas! they kept Easter at a wrong time of the year. So our doctor has every quality and virtue that can make a man amiable and useful, but, alas! he hath a sort of slouch in his walk!* I pray

* This *slouch* in the doctor's walk is noticed in a letter from Pope to Mr. Digby, in which, after recommending Arbuthnot to Mrs. Mary

God protect him, for he is an excellent Christian, though not a Catholic." (*Scott's Swift*, xvii. 41.) As a politician, Arbuthnot was firmly and conscientiously attached to those high Tory principles, from the evil operation of which the country was happily rescued by the seasonable accession of the House of Hanover. The part which he acted as a courtier and a favourite was probably a more important one than can now be ascertained, and the influence which both his situation and talents thus gave him over the affairs of the country must necessarily have been very extensive. Lord Orrery's character of him is, upon the whole, so able and correct, that with it, we shall conclude this brief account of his life and writings.—"Although he was justly celebrated for wit and learning, there was an excellence in his character more amiable than all his other qualifications: I mean the goodness of his heart. He has shewed himself equal to any of his contemporaries in humour and vivacity, and he was superior to most men in acts of benevolence and humanity. His very sarcasms are the satirical strokes of good nature; they are like slaps on the face given in jest, the effects of which may raise a blush, but no blackness will appear after the blows. He laughs as jovially as an attendant upon Bacchus, but continues as sober and considerate as a disciple of Socrates. He is seldom serious, except in his attacks upon vice, and there his spirit rises with a manly strength and a noble indignation. * * * No man exceeded him in the moral duties of life, a merit still more to his honour, as the united powers of wit and genius are seldom submissive enough to confine themselves within the limitations of morality."

ART. VII.—ΤΕΧΝΟΓΑΜΙΑ: *Or, The Marriages of the Arts: A Comedie, written by* Barten Holiday, *Master of Arts and Student of Christ Church in Oxford, and acted by the Students of the same house, before the Universitie at Shrovetide. London, printed by* John Haviland, *for* Richard Meighen; *and are to be sold at his shop, next the Middle Temple gate, and in St. Dunstan's church-yard, in Fleet-street,* 1630. 4*to.*

Barten Holiday was born about the latter end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, in the parish of All Saints, Oxford. He was

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Digby, he says: "But, indeed, I fear she would outwalk him, for, as Dean Swift observed to me the very first time I saw the doctor, *He is a man that can do every thing but walk.*"

entered at an early age of Christ-church college, and having taken his degree of Master of Arts, was appointed archdeacon of the diocese of Oxford. He died in 1661, leaving "behind him," says Langbaine, "the character of a general scholar, a good preacher, a skilful philosopher, and an excellent poet." Holiday is better known for his translations of Juvenal and Persius, illustrated with learned notes, than for his other works, which consist of sermons; *Philosophiæ politico-barbaræ Specimen, de Anima*, 1635; *Orbis terrarum inspectio*, 1661; and the above comedy. The drama is allegorical, the actors being, Polites, a magistrate; Physica, and Astronomia, her daughter; Ethicus, an old man; and Œconoma, his wife; Geographus, a traveller and courtier; and Phantastes, his servant; Geometres, Arithmetica, Logicus, and Phlegmaticus, his man; Grammaticus, a schoolmaster, and Choler, his usher; Poeta, and Melancholico, his man; Historia, Rhetorica, Musica, Medicus, and Sanguis, his man; Causidicus, Magus, and Astrologia, his wife; and Physiognomus and Cheiromantes, two gypsies—a very efficient corps of actors to edify, if not to please, the gownsmen of Oxford, and all attired in a goodly and appropriate fashion. Astronomia, for instance, is "in an azure gown and a mantle seeded with stars; on her head a tiara, bearing on the front the seven stars, and behind, stars promiscuously; on the right side the sun, on the left the moon, in gloves and white pumps."—"Geometres, in a coloured hat, ascending in a pyramidal form, with a square in it instead of a feather," &c. and so the rest. Astronomia is the brilliant heroine of the piece—the heaven to which Geographus desires to travel, of which Geometres endeavours to take the measure, and in which Poeta sighs to repose. On the other hand, Arithmetica has a more legitimate passion for Geometres, and Historia is in arms to be related to Poeta.—Grammaticus, in an amorous mood, solicits Rhetorica, whose flowers bloom only for Logicus. These conflicting attachments, as might be expected, cause some confusion in the commonwealth of learning. Each of the enamoured personages endeavours to obtain the object of his affection: Geographus is assisted by the influence of Polites; Magus conjures, with all the mystery of his art, in favour of Geometres; and Poeta woos under the auspices of the nine muses. Polites is at length forced to interfere for the purpose of composing the unquiet members of the commonwealth. Physiognomus and Cheiromantes, having picked the poet's pocket, (in which, however, the only booty is an Anacreon, and a purse containing a translation from the Teian bard) are sentenced, the first to be branded on the face for a rogue, that every body may know him by his physiognomy; and the other in the hand, and, together with Magus and Astrologia, (who had attempted

to poison Astronomia) are banished the commonwealth of the Sciences. Geographus, having discarded his servant Phantastes, is married to Astronomia; Arithmetica is united to Geometres; Grammaticus becomes master of Rhetorica; Melancholico obtains the hand of Musica, and receives Phantastes into his service; and Logicus, being a dry, heartless sort of fellow, is left without a mate, and becomes an assistant to Polites. And thus is harmony restored amongst the sciences. There is considerable ingenuity displayed in the invention, and many strokes of wit in the dialogue of this piece, mingled with some humorous satire on the professors of the sciences represented. Geographus, amongst many veracious relations, swears that he has heard a man speak six languages at the same instant; "with his tongue, he'd vowel you out as smooth Italian as any man breathing; with his eye, he would sparkle forth the proud Spanish; with his nose, blow out most robustuous Dutch; the creaking of his high-heeled shoe would articulate exact Polonian; the knocking of his shin-bones feminine French; and his belly would grumble most pure and scholar-like Hungary."

Phlegmatico is habited "in a pale russet suit; on the back whereof was expressed one filling a pipe of tobacco; his hat beset round about with tobacco-pipes: with a can of drink hanging at his girdle." He enters, exclaiming, "'Fore Jove, most meteorological tobacco! pure Indian! not a jot sophisticated: a tobacco-pipe is the chimney of perpetual hospitality. 'Fore Jove, most metropolitan tobacco!" and then breaks out very *unphlegmatically*, into the following jovial song, in praise of *The Plant*.

"Tobacco's a musician,
And in a pipe delighteth;
It descends in a close,
Through the organ of the nose,
With a relish that inviteth.
This makes me sing So, ho, ho; So, ho, ho, boys,
Ho boys, sound I loudly:
Earth ne'er did breed
Such a jovial weed
Whereof to boast so proudly.

"Tobacco is a lawyer,
His pipes do love long cases:
When our brain it enters,
Our feet do make indentures,
Which we seal with stamping paces.
This makes me sing So, ho, &c.

Tobacco's a physician,
Good both for sound and sickly:
'Tis a hot perfume
That expels cold rheum,
And makes it flow down quickly.
This makes me sing, &c.

Tobacco is a traveller
Come from the Indies hither;
It pass'd sea and land
Ere it came to my hand,
And 'scap'd the wind and weather.
This makes me sing, &c.

Tobacco is a critic,
That still old paper turneth;
Whose labour and care
Is as smoke in the air,
That ascends from a rag when it burneth.
This makes me sing, &c.

Tobacco's an *ignis fatuus*,
A fat and fiery vapour;
That leads men about
Till the fire be out,
Consuming like a taper.
This makes me sing, &c.

Tobacco is a whiffler,
And cries huff snuff with fury;
His pipe's his club and link;
He's the visor that does drink;
Thus arm'd I fear not a jury.
This makes me sing—So, ho, ho; So, ho, ho, boys,
Ho, boys, sound I loudly:
Earth ne'er did breed
Such a jovial weed,
Whereof to boast so proudly."

Poeta and his man having quarrelled and fought with Grammaticus and Logicus, the former soliloquizes on their ingratitude.

"O, the serpentine ingratitude of man! that these snakes, whom I have nourished in my bosom, should now sting me! This Logicus, a base, dry-brained, kecks-witted clinch-fist, not long ago, perceiving his fortunes to be brought to a desperate precipitation, through the incomprehensible difficulty of his artless curiosities, most fawningly

XUM

embosoms himself into my acquaintance, upon a former consideration of my alluring faculty; and in the dusty terms of some cobweb eloquence, blunderingly stammered out his extreme, his extreme wants: for he had only so much enforced rhetoric, as to bring out those words twice, and so by chance light upon a sorry figure; then brutishly he expressed the rest, rather by crying than speaking; (and indeed he had no more moisture else in him, than only to bewail his own misery) when asking what was his request, he answered, that I would turn his unpleasant rules into pleasant verse. I straight, out of the open freeness of my nature and an effuse goodness, prevented the repetition of his suit, by a quick consent; thereupon set myself a-work, and after some travel performed it:—some travel, I say; for, by the nine muses, I think I was above nine months in travel with that monstrous birth. If one but consider what splay-footed verses they were, a man would swear that some infernal hag, not a muse (though unwilling) had been the mother of them; which unhappy labour, when I had shewed unto him, the reviving wretch falls on his knees, admires the work, calls me the Æsculapius of his salvation, and, with hands lifted up, vows to pay his vows at the muses' altar: that I now more admired at his admiration, than at the deformities of mine own work; for, by Jove, they are such unblest, such unlucky verses, that, besides the loss of custom, which they may justly procure the author, they are able to make a man be suspected for a conjuror; there wants nothing but a circle to make a complete conjuration. * * * Well, he enjoys them; and upon the happiness of this success, came Grammaticus to me with the like suit: 'faith I did it, and cast most of his rules likewise into verse; but, by Jove, since the proud schoolmaster has showed himself thus ungracious and stiff-necked towards me, I'll be even with him; and now I think on't, there's all his Syntaxis yet to do; but by this hand, if ever I turn line of it into verse, let me hereafter be a mere Heteroclite, and the very *Aptoton* of a fool, *per omnes casus.*"

The description which Poeta gives of Astronomia is not only novel, but ingenious.

> " Her brow is like a brave heroic line,
> That does a sacred majesty enshrine.
> Her nose phaleuciake-like in comely sort
> Ends in a trochee, or a long and short.
> Her mouth is like a pretty dimeter,
> Her eye-brows like a little-longer trimeter.
> Her chin is an adonik; and her tongue——
> Is an hypermeter, somewhat too long.
> Her eyes, I may compare them unto two
> Quick-turning dactyls, for their nimble view.
> Her neck, Asclepiad-like, turns round about,
> Behind, before, a little bone stands out.
> Her ribs, like staves of sapphics, do descend
> Thither, which but to name were to offend.

Her arms, like two iambicks, rais'd on high,
Do with her brow bear equal majesty.
Her legs, like two straight spondees, keep a pace
Slow as two scazons, but with stately grace."

Ethicus invites Poeta, Grammaticus, and Logicus, to a feast, in order to make up their disagreement. The following extract will shew the more peculiar style of this drama.

"*Ethic.* Here, Logicus, you shall drink to Poeta.

"*Logic.* I accept your proposition, sir; Poeta, to set a conclusion to our former dissentions, and to make a plain demonstration of reconcilement, I drink to you.

"*Poet.* With the most ingenuous freedom of a poet, I accept it: Grammaticus, that our contention, ending in love, may make a tragic-comedy, I drink to you.

"*Gram.* I protest to you, sir, I do put all former wrongs in the præter-plu-perfect tense, and am glad of this happy conjunction, and that we are all of us in such a merry mood: but by the way, my masters, these noun-adjectives of the feminine gender sit all this while un-drunk to: Astronomia—

"*Astron.* In truth, Grammaticus, I am not in case to pledge you: I pledg'd Astrologia even now, and I am not since half well.

"*Gram.* Arithmetica—

"*Arith.* If you count again, you shall find that I drunk last.

"*Gram.* Rhetorica—here's to moisten your eloquent tongue.

"*Rhet.* An eloquent tongue is never dry; Astrologia will pledge you for me.

"*Gram.* Astrologia—

"*Astrol.* In troth I have been drinking my belly full of nectar; but just now, my thoughts were upon the present conjunction of Mars and Venus.

"*Poet.* Why how now, Grammaticus! who do you drink to? faith thou art now a noun-substantive, indeed, for thou stand'st alone by thyself, without being join'd to any of these adjectives.

"*Gram.* Nay, do not you jest.

"*Poet.* What, dost thou make a jester of me?

"*Mag.* Nay, I conjure you both, by our present meeting, that you go not out of the circle of harmless mirth.

"*Poet.* Methinks I see a direct line pass from the eye of Geometres to Astronomia's.

"*Mag.* Nay, will you, Poeta? you make Astronomia blush.

"*Poet.* Some aqua-vitæ, I say, for Geometres.

"*Mag.* Why, Poeta?

"*Poet.* Why, he's a dying I think, his eyes are fix'd in's head already.

"*Mag.* It may be, Poeta, you measure Geometres his looks by your own.

"*Poet.* Methinks I see a direct line pass from the eye of Geometres to Astronomia's."

Holiday's songs are so very good, that we think that the one sung by Phantastes ought not to be omitted.

"O, happy state
'Bove pow'r of fate,
Which you, blest arts, enjoy!
You were little gods
If you fell not at odds,
And did not yourselves annoy.
But when pride does once tickle,
It makes us too fickle
And vain;
Till some good old men
Do temper us then,
And bring us in tune again.

Then learn of me
Thus wise to be,
To have a yielding mind;
With weather-cock art
To play well your part,
And turn with each strong wind.
So you shall by prevention
Escape all contention
And jars:
So you shall be secure,
And never endure
Th' affliction of learned wars.

O, harmless feast
With mirth increas'd,
Where music and love do meet!
Where the piper does find
A more delicate wind
To make his pipe sound more sweet;
Whiles his stick does belabour
The head of his tabour
Amain:
Where the wine in the bowls,
And ev'ry tongue rolls,
Yet never disturbs the brain."

Musica's whimsical description of the first invented instrument, will, with the other extracts, afford a good idea of the nature of this ingenious production, which the author says,

"was but a five weeks birth." Geographus says, that the first kind of instrument was a harp.

"*Mus.* Aye, but you're deceived, I rather think 'twas a bagpipe.

"*Geog.* A bagpipe? why prithee?

"*Mus.* Why? marry, first understand this reason, and then I'll shew you: you know every art both draws it's imitation from nature, and labours to perfect it, which it does by finding comforts to preserve it: musick then at the first was found out as an antidote against grief: and by this means, when men were grieved, they cried *oh*, and there was one note: then *hey-ho*, there were two notes more. So, when they laughed, they observed three more by *ha, ha, he*. These being first joined together, and afterwards variously intermixed, were the first harmony in voice; which being repeated unto grieved minds, were, as it were, a pretty deluding of their sorrows; and these, by observation, were afterwards reduced to instrument——

"*Geog.* I conceit it, Musica.

"*Mus.* Thus, men perceiving that these notes were conceived in the belly, and afterwards (as it were) formed in the passage of the throat, sowed leather in the form of a belly or bag; and with a reed made a long neck unto it, and a wind-pipe; which, when they blew full of wind, and perceived it gave no sound, they cut many holes in the reed to let it out, and then alternately stopping the holes, they found an admirable variety of harmony; and as the holes serve for distinction of notes in a wind-instrument, so do your frets on a stringed-instrument."

This drama contains two specimens of Holiday's skill in translation. They are both spirited versions from *Anacreon*.

"*To his Love.*

Niobe, as they say, once stood
Turn'd to a stone by Phrygian flood;
Pandion's daughter (so fame sings)
Chang'd to a swallow had swift wings.
But I a looking-glass would be,
Still to be lookt upon by thee:
Or I (my love) would be thy gown,
By thee to be worn up and down.
Or a pure well full to the brims,
That I might wash thy purer limbs.
Or I'd be precious balm to 'noint
With choicest care each choicest joint.
Or, if I might, I would be (fain)
About thy neck thy happy chain.
Or would it were my blessed hap
To be the lawn o'er thy fair pap.
Or would I were thy shoe to be
Daily but trod upon by thee."

"*On Drinking.*

"The fruitful earth does drink the rain;
Trees drink the fruitful earth again.
The sea does drink the liquid air;
By the sun's beams the sea-waves are
Drunk up; which is no sooner done,
But straight the moon drinks up the sun:
Why then, companions, do you think
I may not with like freedom drink?"

Cowley's version of the last is more diffuse, but is neither so simple nor so faithful. It has, however, more the air of an original, struck off in the full tide of joviality—in the plenitude of good wine. Our readers will judge.

"The thirsty earth soaks up the rain,
And drinks and gapes for drink again.
The plants suck in the earth, and are,
With constant drinking, fresh and fair.
The sea itself, which, one would think,
Should have but little need of drink,
Drinks ten thousand rivers up,
So fill'd, that they o'erflow the cup.
The busy sun (and one would guess,
By's drunken fiery face, no less)
Drinks up the sea; and when he's done,
The moon and stars drink up the sun.
They drink and dance by their own light,
They drink and revel all the night.
Nothing in nature's sober found,
But an eternal health goes round.
Fill up the bowl then, fill it high,
Fill all the glasses there, for why
Should every creature drink but I,
Why, man of mortals, tell me why?"

ART. VIII.—*Memoires sur l'Ancienne Chevalerie; considerée comme un établissement politique et militaire. Par* M. de la Curne de Sainte Palaye, *de l'Académie Françoise, &c.* 2 *tom.* 12*mo. Paris,* 1759.

"Antiquity," says my Lord Bacon, "muffles up her head from our sight:" we allow the truth of the remark; but, never-

theless, pursue the hoary phantom, as if perseverance might charm off the veil. Our nature, it seems, like Janus, hath ever an eye upon the past, mingling recollections with hope, and reading the roll of events backwards, like witchcraft. For this reason it is, that the singular and brilliant of past ages possess so forcible a hold upon our fancy; and fortify themselves the stronger, in proportion as the nature of their tenure is more visionary and uncertain. We delight to meditate upon those things whose surface and contexture are hidden from us by the rust of time; for, besides the spur which they give to our curiosity, there come along with them inferences of power and durability flattering to the mind, as indicative of the same principle of immortality in itself.

These feelings particularly attach to the *disjecta membra* of human legislation. We embark in our institutions to stem the flood of time, and would willingly persuade ourselves that our particular system is cased in immortality. Seeing, however, the wrecks of former theories strewed along the shores, reflection is awakened; but we curb its propensity to make comparisons,—and draw unpleasant conclusions, by complacently reckoning up the causes of each particular failure, and by shewing that they were rocks and shallows, which, from the direction of our course, we must necessarily escape. Human institutions, like clocks, are wound up for a longer or shorter time, according to the skill of the workman; and the excellent material of some will wear well, and receive, gradually, the new-modelling and impress of time; while others, the mere growth of the occasion, are adapted but for a season, and when put by, sink quickly among the ruins of the "things that were."

Of the latter kind was chivalry. But before we speak of its nature, it may be as well to make some inquiry respecting its origin; for *that* being once well ascertained, we shall experience no difficulty in unrolling the whole scroll of the establishment; but here it is that the "muffling," which Lord Bacon mentions, takes place.—The origin of chivalry, as of most other things, is extremely uncertain. The researches of those writers who have treated the subject most successfully, conduct us back to the darkness of the eleventh century, where we meet it, clothed in mail, glittering upon its prancing steed, like a meteor issuing from behind a cloud.

But although the precise period and actual motives which gave birth to it, cannot positively be given, we may arrive at that degree of certainty which will satisfy the curiosity of any but a professed antiquarian: it may be permitted him, of course, to doubt, for therein lieth the zest of his profession. We know not how it is, but almost all laborious writers upon

ancient matters, have the knack of passing over the difficult parts of their subjects with a well-feigned indifference; they become philosophical at once, when they are puzzled, and close up the gap with an encomium, or reflections upon something else. Sainte-Palaye is not totally free from this fault. According to him, however, we are to seek the origin of chivalry in that chaotic state of society, which extended from the dismemberment of the Western Empire, to the period of the revival of letters. The petty princes and great lords having freed themselves, by degrees, from their subjection to government and laws, had, at last, succeeded in rendering them ridiculous; and a kingdom, if we may compare great things with small, resembled nothing so much as an extensive rookery, in which every nest is isolated and independent. For a knight no sooner passed the boundaries of his own domain, than he found himself in the territories of an enemy, who might rob or murder him with impunity. The castles of the great lords were, in fact, numerous central points, around which revolved the machines of as many separate societies; and cultivation, rich and high in their vicinity, became more neglected as it receded from the seat of power; till the land terminated almost, towards the frontiers, in impassable wildernesses. The great feudatory regarded these as so many ramparts thrown around him for his security; and saw, with pleasure, the huts of his lower vassals approximate to his castle.—The private manners of these nobles were, moreover, dissolute and unprincipled; and great numbers, in consequence, were daily dropping into poverty. But some of these, possessing castles in the passes of mountains, or near the fords of rivers, became the leaders of banditti, and plundered that society which they could no longer enjoy. In the history of the Troubadours, we find a dialogue between two noble and amorous bards, in which each charges his adversary with common highway robbery; and neither of them appears solicitous of exculpating himself. It was, in truth, too common to be disgraceful.—To complete the picture, even the monasteries were become nests of thieves; and hooded monks, with the crucifix upon their bosoms, were seen rushing forth upon the defenceless traveller. Added to all these evils, and greater, perhaps, than all, were the private wars between the great feudatories, barons, and abbots. The latter, professing no regard either for religion or morals, gave themselves up entirely to the defence of their temporalities, and converted the houses of God into mere receptacles of luxury and men-at-arms. By this it happened, that the few peaceful scholars, who flourished in those turbulent times, found no sanctuary wherein they might sit down in quiet; but were drawn into the fierce and fluctuating current of affairs,

in which their feeble energies were misdirected or overwhelmed. For, instead of cloistered solitude, contemplation found in the church's holy aisles, the oaths and "scurril jests" of the boorish vassals.

Such was the state of society which gave rise to chivalry: for the barons, though sufficiently dissolute themselves, began, about the eleventh century, to be sensible that their power was in danger from the progress of violence; and the principle of self-love, aided by that thirst of enterprize and love of novelty, which live with man in all his changes, drew together a number of these great feudatories for their mutual support.—Amongst such men, there were of course but few possessed of extended views, or minds sufficiently enlightened to form what laws were necessary for the preservation of their union; and, accordingly, we find that they did nothing more than accumulate a few rude maxims and ceremonials, which time condensed into that code denominated by succeeding ages, *the Institutions of Chivalry.*

The spirit of this institution, generated by the peculiar necessities of the times, could not fail to spread widely and rapidly; and the more so, as it was congenial with the previous habits and manners of the nobility. It was further agreeable, as not being imposed by the authority of any prince or government, the knights regarding it as an act of supererogation, claimed by no established ideas of duty, but arising simply from their heroism and love of fame; for men are fonder of those of their actions, whether good or bad, which are seemingly unconstrained, than of those in the execution of which they appear to be the mere shuttlecocks of necessity.

It may, however, have received much of its subsequent splendour from the enthusiastic knighthood of the kings of France and England, who seldom disdained to mingle familiarly in tournament with their rich and magnificent vassals.

But, having said thus much of the origin of the order, we come to the work before us, which, on almost every other point, is as full and satisfactory as could be desired. Sainte-Palaye is an extremely pleasing and ingenious writer, and his style has a fine relish of antiquity. He perfectly understood the subject upon which he employed his pen; and it would have been strange, indeed, had it been otherwise, for his whole life was passed in making the researches, of which these two little volumes are the cream or essence. He begins his work in the following manner.

"The aim which I have in view is to give a just idea of ancient chivalry; to make known the nature and usefulness of an establishment, which, though it be now considered frivolous, may, neverthe-

less, be the offspring of an enlightened policy, and the glory of those nations by whom it was cherished.

"To fulfil this intention, it will be sufficient to trace out before the reader,—first, the education which fitted the youth for the honours of chivalry; second, the exercises of the tournaments which prepared them for war; third, the use which was made in battle of the courage, capacity, and experience of the knights; fourth, the rewards which were promised those who distinguished themselves in battle, and the punishments with which those who were wanting in their duty were threatened; and, fifth, in order, if possible, that nothing may be wanting, and that I may prove myself not to have been led away by a blind prejudice, I will examine the causes which produced the decay and extinction of chivalry, and the inconveniences which, possibly, counterbalanced the advantages of that establishment."

We will follow St. Palaye as far as our limits will permit, and endeavour to give our readers a kind of miniature view of chivalry; which cannot be done better, we think, than by tracing out before them, the whole pilgrimage of a knight, from infancy to the tomb.

"As soon as he had reached the age of seven years, he was taken from the women, and submitted to the care of men; and a hardy, masculine education prepared him for the labours of war, synonimous with those of chivalry. In default of parental assistance, the numerous courts of princes and barons were ever open schools, in which the young nobility might receive the first rudiments of their profession, and enjoy the rites of a profuse hospitality."

"The first duties performed by the youthful knight, were those of a page or valet. He accompanied his patron and mistress to the chace, on their travels, in their visits or walks; he carried their messages, and waited on them at table. The first lessons which he was taught, chiefly regarded the love of God, and of the ladies—that is, religion and gallantry; and if we may credit the chronicle of John de Saintré, it was the dames who commonly undertook to teach him his catechism, *and the art of love.*"

"To put the youthful novice in a condition to practise these ludicrous lessons of gallantry, he was obliged to make choice of one of the most noble, beautiful, and virtuous ladies of the court in which he resided; to whom, as to the Supreme Being, he directed all his sentiments, thoughts, and actions. This love, no less indulgent than the religion of the times, frequently accommodated itself to other passions, less pure and allowable."

But the page did not devote his whole time to love and his catechism.

"The inclination to imitate the actions of his elders, which is natural to youth, led him to hurl the light javelin, or to defend a pass

attempted to be forced by other pages; who, making helmets or bacinets of their hoods, were accustomed to carry on a mock siege. They likewise snatched a foretaste of the various kinds of tournaments, and began to form themselves for the nobler exercises of squires and knights."

At the age of fourteen he passed on to the rank of squire, and had a new range of duties to perform. But this elevation was accompanied by a religious ceremony, the aim of which was to teach him the use of his sword, which was then first put into his hands.

"He was presented at the altar by his father and mother, who came to the oblation with wax tapers in their hands. The officiating priest then took from the altar a sword and girdle, over which he pronounced several benedictions; he then gave it to the youth, who wore it from that time."

"The squires were divided into many different classes, according to the employments which they were appointed to: viz. squire of the body, or person of his lady or lord; (the first of these services was a grade to the second); squire of the chamber, or chamberlain; carving squire; squire of the stable; squire of the wine-cellar; squire of the pantry, &c. The most honourable of all these, was the squire of the body, for that reason called also squire of honour."

It is necessary to be something particular in describing the offices of a squire, because they reflect light upon various peculiarities of knighthood; and are more connected with the private manners of the times, than their after habits.

"For a long time the youthful squire acquired in silence, while present in quality of carver at repasts and festivals, the art of expressing his ideas with propriety. The Lord de Joinville, in his youth, filled this office at the court of St. Louis; and in the palaces of kings it sometimes devolved upon their children. The squires prepared the tables, supplied the guests with water for washing the hands, carried in the various courses of the entertainment, watched over the pantry and cellar, and were constantly attentive that those present were provided with every thing. When the repast was over, they made preparations for the assembly, ball, or other amusements which followed; in which they likewise took part, with the damsels belonging to the suites of the ladies of high rank. After this they served up the spices, sweetmeats, claret (wine mixed with honey), pimenta, and hipocras, which always ended their feasts. A bumper was also taken on going to bed; and this was called *vin du coucher*."

By degrees the gentle squire approached the goal of his desires; but before putting on the badge of chivalry, he was obliged to submit to severe trials. It was thought, that to pre-

serve unsullied the brilliancy of knighthood, religion was to be entrusted with the keys of honour. The novice-knight, viewing his future dignity through the medium of mortification and penance, very naturally endued it with some portion of venerableness and pious awe.

" Austere fasts, whole nights passed in prayer with a priest and the sponsors chosen for the occasion, the sacraments of penitence and the eucharist received with devotion, baths typical of the purity indispensible in the order of chivalry, white garments, worn in imitation of the Neophytes as a symbol of the same purity, a sincere confession of all faults of his former life, a serious attention to sermons in which the principal articles of the Christian faith and morals were explained,—were preliminaries of that ceremony, by which the novice was about to be girded with the sword of a knight. After having fulfilled all these duties, entering into a church, he advanced towards the altar with his sword depending by a scarf from his neck. He then presented it to the officiating priest, who pronounced on it his blessing, and replaced it. The novice then, with clasped hands, went and fell upon his knees before the knight or lady who was to arm him. This august scene took place in a church or chapel; and not unfrequently in the hall or court of a palace, or even in the open fields. The baron to whom the novice presented his sword, questioned him respecting the purpose for which he desired to enter into the order, and whether his vows had any other aim than the support and honour of religion and chivalry? To this the novice made the proper replies, and the knight, *after having received his oath*, consented to grant his request. Immediately he was invested by the knights, or ladies or damsels present, with all the exterior marks of chivalry. These were given successively, and nearly in the following order:—his spurs, beginning with the left; his hauberk, or coat of mail—cuirass—brassards—gauntlets—and lastly was buckled on his sword. When the knight, who was to confer the order upon him, arose from his seat or throne, and gave him the *accolade*—most commonly three blows on the neck or shoulder with the naked sword, and sometimes one blow on the cheek with the palm of the hand. By this they pretended to warn him of those sufferings, which he was to prepare himself to bear with patient firmness, if he desired to maintain his high station with dignity. While in the act of giving the *accolade*, the baron pronounced the following words—'I create thee knight in the name of God, St. Michael, and St. George.' The helmet, buckler, and lance, were now given; after which, mounting and caracolling his steed, brandishing his lance, and glittering his sword, the new knight paraded about amidst the acclamations of the people."

" The most frequent occasions of creating knights, not to speak of those arising from the contingencies of war, were the festivals of the church, especially Easter—proclamations of peace—the consecration or coronation of kings—the birth or baptism of sovereign princes—the days on which those princes themselves received the honours of knighthood, or the investiture of some great fief—or their entry into the principal cities of their realms."

According to their vows, the knights undertook a weighty business at their investiture; for, besides being obliged to combat for any dame, or damsel, who might imagine herself injured and claim the protection of their valour, they compelled themselves to defend the purity of the church's faith against all antagonists. This might have been no easy matter, even then, had they been very conscientious about it; but we shall find, as we go on, that neither the faith or property of the church was secure against their own contempt and rapacity.

With respect to their manners, virtues, &c. as being the most curious part of the most extraordinary of pictures, we may venture to be more circumstantial than on any other point. In all barbarous ages, men abide closely by all distinctions of rank and precedence; and it was not otherwise in the times of chivalry. The knights appropriated to themselves the most costly apparel and arms; and did not permit even their squires to assume the same dress as themselves. Their mantles were composed of scarlet, or cloth of gold, lined with vair or ermin; the squires wore silver cloth, and the less expensive furs; while the dress of the people consisted of woollen stuffs, of the most common manufacture and colour. So great was the attention, in short, which they paid to these matters, that when the knights chose to dress in damask silks, the squires were obliged to confine themselves to satin; and if, at any time, the squires were permitted damasks, then the knights were seen in robes of velvet stiff with gold. Even in their armour and arms, the knights were careful to distinguish themselves from their squires, the latter being only allowed a slight cuirass, a sword and buckler; while a tough and weighty lance, a hauberk, or double coat of linked mail, rendered the former nearly invulnerable. This being considered, it was certainly humane to make it a point of honour, that no knight should attack a squire. Over their armour the knights wore a coat of arms, which, according to Du Cange, was generally of cloth of gold, with the arms of the knight embroidered on it in brilliant colours. The common people bore no other arms, even in battle, than a kind of knife, which they generally wore depending from their girdle.

In the case of manners, it would seem that the more virtuous the institutions of chivalry required a knight to be, the more vicious he was in reality. Let us consult the *beau ideal* of a true knight, and afterwards introduce the real personage as a commentary upon the text.

"The knight, as soon as admitted to the dignity of the order, being exempt from every vice and defect, must unite in himself all virtues and perfections, and add to them a profound veneration for women. Let him be gay, careful to do nothing that may tarnish his purity, circumspect in his behaviour, valorous, loyal, gracious, mild,

humble, discreet, and as free from stain in mind as person: let him *take up the cudgels* for his newly acquired honour, delight in knightly exercises, follow arms without consideration of life or fortune; and, at the first tournament in which he shall be engaged, let him push his prowess to the utmost to obtain the prize. If he come off victor at the first tourney in which he bears a buckler, he is thenceforth raised to a new rank, assumes the title of bachelor, and becomes the object of admiration and fame."—"But it sufficeth not to have been victor at the tournament: on his return to his castle, on his putting on the weeds of peace, he must be as distinguished by his courteousness and generosity, as by valour and intrepidity in the field. If rich, let him share his wealth with poorer knights; let him unlock his wardrobe, and distribute his superfluous garments amongst the minstrels—for such is the profession of arms:"—the thunder of battle in the field; the fountain of joyousness in the hall!"—*Extrait des Poësies Provençales*, vol. 2.

Another Provençal piece will complete the picture of perfect knighthood. It is a *Tenson*, or dispute between three Troubadours. The business is, to choose from amongst as many knights, the most worthy; and each of the poets displays his reasons for preferring his favourite to the other two. One of these lords is esteemed for his integrity and justice; another, animated by a steady courage, is ever prepared to defend or avenge his subjects; the third, liberal and magnificent, distinguishes himself by the use he makes of his riches, in maintaining open court for all comers, and scattering his bounty with a free hand. These three qualities united,—equity, valour, and generosity,—would therefore have formed a perfect knight; and, in fact, they comprehend all the obligations, which, for the benefit of humanity, chivalry imposed on those who submitted to its ordinances. Being the judge of his peers, and the protector of his vassals, it was the duty of a knight to award impartial justice to the former; and to defend the latter from their enemies, and, as a common father, assist and support them in their wants and misfortunes.

"He was likewise expected to soften the dignity or fierceness of his character, by a mild, modest, and courteous manner, and to keep his word sacred and inviolate."

Here chivalry appears in the splendour of its virtues, awakening our enthusiasm, and appealing to our best ideas of justice and excellence; and we do not doubt that many knights proposed this fine model to themselves, and acted up to it, as far as the weakness of humanity permitted. But the generality were far from regarding purity of sentiment and manners as essential to a member of chivalry. Courage, and a certain species of rude devotion, were the only qualities that maintained any thing like a general sway; every other knightly excel-

lence vanished before untoward circumstances, and left the rough soldier to the guidance of his natural propensities. St. Palaye, in drawing a picture of the knights-errant, gives us but too much reason to think them vicious and unprincipled. Their wandering through desert and retired places, in search of adventures, sometimes brought them into temptations which they could not resist; nor could their oath, or the tablets of record,* restrain them within the pale of virtue.

"But without confining ourselves, says the author, to these adventurers, it is certain that even the regular knights paid but small regard to either religion or the state. They had made a vow to defend, maintain, and exalt both; they had been honoured by the church with the title of viscount, &c. yet never ceased to abuse their authority, to the prejudice even of those who had placed themselves under their protection. Under the name of *patrons*, they were real oppressors, seizing upon the property of those very ecclesiastics for whose defence they pretended to wear arms."

"I have shewn, in the beginning of these memoirs, what were the lessons inculcated on the minds of the youth who were devoted to chivalry, and therefore the fruits they produced will not excite astonishment. A completely superstitious creed seemed to be the sole rule of their conduct. They understood nothing farther than those exterior practices commanded by the priests, as ignorant, most commonly, as those whose consciences they governed. But being scrupulously exact in the performance of these frivolous practices, they believed themselves authorized by this regularity, and a few donations made to the churches and monks, to violate every law of religion and humanity. Knights who were polluted with crimes, flattered themselves with possessing an easy way of expiating their sins, by taking advantage of the first opportunity to go in pilgrimage to the Holy Land, or on some expedition against infidels or heretics. If this remedy should be out of their power, they did not doubt being able to elude the divine vengeance, when, at the end of their days, quitting the helmet for the cassock, they wrapped themselves in the mantle of some monastic order; nay, were frequently satisfied with ordering, at the moment of death, that their remains should be clothed with those venerated garments."†

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* A knight's oath was composed of twenty-six articles; among which, the most curious, perhaps, was that by which he was compelled, on returning from an expedition or enterprize, to render a faithful account of his adventures, whether honourable or not. These relations were inscribed in the books of the heralds, or officers at arms; and served to support the courage, or console the misfortunes of young adventurers; as well as to keep up, according to St. Palaye's notion, a love of truth in the breasts of the knights.

† An anecdote of the valiant Stephen Vignolles, surnamed Lahire, will place before us the exact form which religion had assumed in the

"Our ancient knights likewise mingled gallantry in such a manner with their religion, that I shall easily be pardoned for never mentioning them apart. And if their Christianity was nothing more than a deplorable mass of superstition, we are not to form a higher idea of their amusements with the dames and damsels, of their conversations, and of the endless recitals, made by them and their squires, of their exploits in battle and war. Although the ladies commonly enjoyed in their company the recreations of the chace, is it to be credited that they were constantly to be entertained by discourses on dogs and birds—i. e. of falconry and hunting—with which they were sometimes amused; and in which the knights indulged themselves in explaining the nature of birds and animals, their qualities and peculiarities, the methods of preserving the race, &c.? In those days the principal merit of a knight consisted in being brave, gay, handsome, and *amorous*. When it had been said that he could discourse equally well of birds, dogs, arms, and love—when this eulogy upon his mind and genius had been pronounced, imagination could add nothing to the picture.

"They never spoke of love without defining the character and essence of the true and perfect passion, and were soon lost in a labyrinth of speculative questions, upon the most delicious, or terrible situations in which a sincere and tender heart could be placed; upon the most amiable or odious qualities of a mistress, &c. The false subtleties which each employed to defend his positions were sometimes supported by the most indecent declamations against women—sometimes by pompous common-places in their favour, which had been a thousand times refuted. These lovers of the golden age of gallantry—who seem to have taken from the Scotists, rather than from Plato, their ideas and definitions of love—this species of enthusiasts boasted of being enamoured of the virtues, talents, and graces of their dames—of finding in these the only source of the happiness of their lives—and of merely aspiring to maintain, exalt, and spread abroad in all places, their reputation and glory.—Yet this metaphysical love, this vast field in which the most intellectual of these devoted servitors of the dames exercised their wit, had not banished from their conversation, the most obscene images, allusions, and equivoques. Indecency, indeed, was carried as far as it would go, in all the writings, and more especially in the poetry of the times; and this by the most noble personages then

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minds of these warriors:—"He was proceeding in company with the Count de Dunois, to raise the siege of Montargis, in 1427. Drawing near the camp (of the English) Lahire fell in with a chaplain, of whom he requested immediate absolution. The priest bade him confess his sins. Lahire replied that there was no time for confession, but that he had been guilty of all the usual sins of a soldier. Upon this the chaplain granted him absolution; and Lahire, clasping his hands together, made the following prayer in his Gascon jargon. "God, I beg of thee that thou wouldest this day do as much for Lahire, as thou wouldest Lahire should do for thee, if *he were God, and thou wert Lahire!*" And he believed himself, says the historian, to have prayed very properly.

professing *the gay science*, that is, the art of versification. And, as the superstition of our devout knights was only one step from irreligion, so was their fanaticism in love very closely allied to the most gross and unbridled libertinism. Never was there greater corruption of manners than in the times of chivalry—never was the empire of debauchery more universal. There were whole streets and quarters in every city set apart for the indulgence of voluptuousness; and St. Louis discovered a brothel close to his own tent in the most holy of the crusades, &c."

But enough of the manners of those *good old times;* they were not of a nature to be closely scrutinized; and Sainte-Palaye very judiciously observes, that their ignorance was not a better security against vice, than the excessive civilization of our own.

As the knights were much addicted to rambling about the country, it was of consequence that they should have some places of resort; and, feeling this, a great number of lords and gentlemen were accustomed to suspend antique helmets upon the gates of their castles, to serve the knights who might wander that way, as beacons of hospitality. But before describing the nature of this hospitality, it may be proper to sketch a short outline of the knight, with his travelling pomp and retinue.

"When the knight mounted his horse, the squires of the body held his stirrup; and other squires carried the various pieces of his armour, such as the brassards, the gauntlets, the helmet, and the buckler, on the road. With regard to the cuirass, called also hauberk or plastron, the knight was no less careful of its preservation, than the Greek and Roman soldiers were of their bucklers. Other squires bore the pennon, the lance, and the sword. While merely on a journey, he used a short-tailed, ambling-paced horse—a palfry or courser; and the war horses were led by the squires, who, always keeping them on their right hand, they were called *dextriers*. The war-horse was delivered to the knight on the appearance of an enemy, or when he was about entering the field of battle: this was what they called *mounting the great horse*. When travelling, the squire carried his master's helmet resting upon the pummel of his saddle; but "when preparing for fight," this helmet, and all the other parts of his arms offensive and defensive, were given him by the different squires who had them in their keeping, all evincing equal eagerness in assisting him to arm. By this means they were taught the art of arming themselves on a future day, with the dispatch and caution necessary for the protection of their persons. And, in fact, it was an art which demanded much skill and ability, to place together and fasten the joints of the cuirass, and the other pieces of armour; to fit and lace the helmet upon the head with exactness; and to nail and rivet carefully the visor or ventail."

But this nailing and lacing did not, of course, take place

when they were about entering hospitable castles; yet it did not unfrequently on their leaving them. For, as it was customary for rich widows and heiresses to entrust the government of their lands and castles to some celebrated knights, whom they frequently rewarded with their hand, it was common to see these redoubted champions rush from the festive board, to the performance of some of their wildest exploits.

"While they remained in these castles, however, the whole expense of maintaining both them and their retinue devolved upon their host, who likewise loaded them with presents at their departure. These consisted of arms, precious robes, horses, and even of money; and the greatest lords accepted these gifts without the least scruple."

The journeyings, fastings, and feastings of the knights terminated more frequently in a tournament than in a battle; and as they could display their splendour and agility with less risk and equal honour in the former, we may be pretty sure the tourney was generally preferred. There was, indeed, another most weighty reason for this preference: the ladies, notwithstanding their warlike propensities, did not think fit to honour *real battles* with their presence; but, to the tournaments

"in crowds they ran,
Some to undo, &c."

This was enough. Tourneys were multiplied like locust-clouds in the desert, after a mild winter; and it was in vain that the popes fulminated their anathemas against them. In these, chivalry exhausted its magnificence and enthusiasm. Nothing, in the imagination of the times, could surpass the splendour of a tournament; the wealth of individuals and nations was drained to furnish out these expensive shows; which, although more noble, were little less inhuman than the Roman amusements of the amphitheatre. But let Sainte-Palaye describe them.

"When knights were created in time of peace, they generally gave a tournament, and it is easy to imagine what emotion the proclamation of these solemn spectacles gave rise to in every breast, being announced a long time before they took place throughout every canton, court, and province; and always in the most pompous language, they animated the knights and squires resident to institute others, in which they prepared themselves, by every kind of exercise, to appear upon a more splendid scene. Thus the gentlemen, far from remaining idle in their castles, practised the same exercise together daily, in order to obtain the flattering rewards which were always proposed in these private tourneys, looking to triumph one day in those solemn spectacles, in which the flower of all the courts of Europe would be spectators. While the places in which the tournaments

were to be held were preparing, they exhibited along the cloisters of the neighbouring monasteries, the armorial bucklers of those who were to enter the lists, and they remained there many days exposed to the curiosity and examination of the lords, ladies, and damsels. A herald, or pursuivant at arms, named to the ladies the owners of the bucklers; and if, amongst the candidates, any one were found who had given a lady just cause of complaint, she touched his helmet or buckler, to point him out to the judges of the tournament, that is, to demand justice on him. The latter, after having made the necessary inquiries, were to pronounce judgement; and when the crime was judicially proved, punishment followed immediately. And if, in spite of the ordinance which in such cases excluded him, the knight presented himself at the tournament, a shower of blows from all the knights present, and perhaps from the ladies themselves, punished him for his temerity, and taught him to respect the honour of women and the laws of chivalry. The mercy of the dames, which he was to claim with a loud voice, was alone capable of placing him beyond the resentment of the knights."

"I will not give a description of the lists for the tournament, or of the tents and superb pavilions with which the whole country round was covered, or of the scaffolding erected round that course in which so many brave and noble personages were to distinguish themselves. I will not specify the various kinds of combats,—the Joust, the Castile, the Passage of Arms, and the Melée,—it will be sufficient to observe, that these scaffoldings, generally constructed in the form of towers, were divided into a kind of stair-cases and lodges, decorated with all possible magnificence of rich carpetings, pavilions, banners, streamers, and cushions. In these were placed the kings, queens, princes, and princesses, with their courts, ladies, and damsels, and, lastly, those ancient knights, whom long experience in the management of arms had rendered competent judges. These respectable old men, whose great age no longer permitted them to distinguish themselves, were touched with tenderness by the sight of the gallant youths before them, and saw the regeneration of their antiquated valour in their brave deeds."

"The richness of the dresses and jewels contributed likewise to increase the brilliancy of the spectacle. Judges named for the occasion, field marshals, and counsellors, had places assigned them in various parts of the course, who might maintain, by their authority, the laws of tournaments and chivalry in the field of battle, as well as afford their advice or assistance to such as stood in need of either. A number of kings' heralds, and pursuivants at arms, who were scattered about amongst the crowd, had their eyes fixed upon the combatants, in order to give a faithful report of the blows given and received."

"A crowd of minstrels, likewise, with all kinds of instruments of warlike music, were always in readiness to celebrate those who distinguished themselves; and active varlets were ordered to keep moving

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about on all sides, to furnish the warriors with arms, and to maintain silence and respect in the populace."

"The sound of trumpets announced the arrival of the knights, superbly armed and equipped, and followed by their squires on horseback: they advanced with a slow step, and a grave, majestic countenance. Ladies and damoisels sometimes led these proud slaves into the ranks, bound together with chains, and did not set them free till, having entered the place enclosed for combat, they were ready to rush upon their antagonist. The title of slave or servitor of a lady, whom each knight named aloud on entering the tourney, was a title of honour not to be acquired but by noble exploits, and was regarded by him who bore it as a certain gage of victory. In a ballad, composed for the tourney held at St. Denys, under Charles VI., in the beginning of May, 1389, the poet thus addresses the knights:

"Servants of love! O, softly view
In yonder towers those angels bright;
Then joust like gallant knights and true,—
And loved and cherished be this night."

"To this title, the ladies commonly condescended to add what they termed a favour, or ensign: this was a scarf, hood, veil, sleeve, mantle, bracelet, or buckle—something, in short, taken from their dress or ornaments. The favoured knight ornamented the summit of his helmet, or point of his lance, or his buckler, or coat of arms, with this ensign. By the fortune of arms, these precious favours often passed into the power of an enemy; and in such case, the lady sent others to her knight, to console him for his loss, to excite him to vengeance, and to carry off in turn the favours with which his enemies were adorned. These it was his duty to lay at her feet. When a knight had inadvertently violated the laws of battle, and drawn the arms of many adversaries upon him, the ladies' champion, armed with a long pike or lance, surmounted by a hood, advanced, and had no sooner lowered it over his head, in token of the clemency and safeguard of the dames, than no one was permitted to touch the delinquent. It was also considered but right, that the dames, who were the very soul of these combats, should be celebrated in a particular manner, and therefore the tournament was concluded with a joust, which was called *the ladies' lance*. In this joust, the knights piqued themselves upon displaying their utmost courage and skill."

The tournament being ended, the prize was adjudged; and the lady, chosen by the officers at arms to bear it to the victor, was compelled to allow him a kiss. This was the height of his triumph. From the field of glory he was then conducted to a palace, clothed in magnificent robes, seated in the most honourable place at table, *and waited on by the ladies themselves*. "In the midst of all this glory," says Sainte-Palaye, "he often stood in need of being reminded that he was but man."

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A word or two of their manner of conducting themselves in real warfare, and we come to the closing scene.

"When the knights were mounted upon their war horses, and had come to blows, the squires ranged themselves behind their masters, to whom they had delivered their swords, and remained almost idle spectators of the battle. And this usage might easily be preserved, from the manner in which the cavalry was ranged, in one long line, resembling a hedge, according to the expression of the times, backed by another line of squires. Though not engaged in offensive war, the squires were, however, employed in the preservation of their masters. In the terrible shock of the two adverse lines of knights, rushing upon each other with their couched lances, numbers were overthrown and wounded; and these, raising themselves up, snatched their swords, battle-axes, or clubs, to defend or avenge themselves; while others endeavoured to seize every possible advantage over their fallen enemies. On these occasions, the squires were attentive to the movements of their masters—furnishing them with new arms, warding off the blows which might be aimed at them, or bringing fresh horses for renewed combat. To the squires, likewise, the knights confided whatever prisoners they made in the field."

From the field of battle the natural transition is to the tomb: and here we cannot forbear remarking, that Sainte-Palaye seems somewhat out of humour with his subject, as he draws near this cold closing scene of chivalric glory. He does not indulge us with a sufficiently minute detail of the pomp attendant on the knight's passage to his "narrow bed," but ungenerously becoming brief at once, refers the reader for further particulars to the monk of St. Denys.

"We have taken the knight nearly at his coming out of the cradle; we have followed him through all the adventures of his life—it remains for us to consider him in the arms of death, which alone could put a period to so many glorious labours. We refer the reader to the description which the monk of St. Denys has left us of the burial of the constable du Guesclin, the real flower of knighthood, and to that chapter of La Colombiere, which treats of the funeral pomp with which a knight was honoured—of the ornaments of their tombs—of the different positions which were given to their effigies, to their swords, bucklers, and helmets, according to the more or less glorious circumstances which accompanied their death, whether it took place in war, in battle, in the crusades, or in the bosom of peace; whether conquerors, or vanquished and captive. According to André Favin, in his *Theatre of Honour and Chivalry*, those who died after having undertaken a crusade, though it might not be accomplished, in honour of their motives were borne to the earth in their armour, with their legs crossed one upon the other. They were represented in the same attitude upon their tombs; as may be seen, says he, in the cloisters of the ancient monasteries of France and Flanders. Thus, that

glory which the knights had always cherished and sought so eagerly, followed them to their tombs."*

Such was the career of knighthood—such were the virtues, vices, and manners of our ancestors—and such was the general state of society from the eleventh century to the reign of Louis the Eleventh, and the extinction of the house of Burgundy.

ART. IX. — *Alazono-Mastix: or, the Character of a Cockney: in a Satyricall Poem. Dedicated (as a New-Year's-gift) to the Apprentices of London. By* Junius Anonymus, *a London Apprentice.*

Capiat qui capere potest.

The cockneys eat their breakfasts in their beds,
And spend the day in dressing of their heads.
Tho' God in mercy may do much to save them,
Yet what a case are they in that shall have them?

London, printed by R. T. 1651. 4*to. pp.* 16.

This pamphlet, like the letters of Junius, professes to be written by one of the community to whom it is addressed. The youths, for whose welfare the rhymer expresses such anxiety, were, at that time, an important body, not absolutely incorporated, but so closely united in interests and opinions, as to constitute a formidable party in the city. They had distinguished themselves in the war, and been noticed by the parliament, flattered by the diurnals, and fondled by partial historians,† till they began to imitate the fashions of the west,

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* "The funerals of those ages were conducted with great pomp and expense, and the great lords frequently bequeathed by will enormous sums for this purpose. There was a singular custom observed at the burial of barons and other knights—a living man, armed cap-à-pie, representing the defunct, was procured to recline in the state bed, which was always borne at these interments. In an account of the expences of the house of Polignac, we find, that in 1375, five sous were paid to Blaize for having acted the dead knight, at the funeral of John, son of Randonnet Armand, Vicompte de Polignac."

De Vaisette's Hist. of Languedoc.

† Vicars, Ricraft, &c.

with those "extasies and raptures" which their poet so earnestly blames.

"To whom (he says) may I better presume to offer this small pamphlet, than to yourselves? for whose sake it obtained its original being, and if it be any ways serviceable to you, in defending you as a bulwark against all the enticing allurements of that generation of vipers (for as the viper is the death of its parents, so do these vipers undo more in this city by their exorbitancies, than all other casualties whatsoever) I shall have attained the utmost limits of my ambition. . . . . Peradventure, it may seem strange, that one of our profession should dare to adventure upon the public stage in this scribbling age; yet what I have written, I have written; and if any shall expect apologies, they are like to be frustrate of their expectation; I am confident I shall offend none, but such as are conscious of their own guilt: and it is below my genius to crave pardon of them. I dare not enlarge, lest I should make the porch so great, that the house run out at the doors: I shall only add, that if you please to extend the benevolent aspect of your favour to this poor pamphlet, it shall engage me to requite you with something that shall be more worthy of your acceptation."

This threat of another publication appears to have been a mere bravado, for, as we shall see, the writer had deprived his work of an extensive sale, by offending a numerous body, whose voices, as the pseudo-moralist, Chesterfield, has observed, are more often counted than weighed. The citizen of the world is the only person who can write satire with impunity:—will the *Oxford Spy* ensure academical distinction to its author, or *The Mohocks* conciliate a scornful public? The castigator of the Cocknies was probably aware, that to attack his masters or companions was more dangerous than profitable; but the females, under whose control he was not placed, could not exercise the same method of revenge. With real misogyny and pretended philanthropy, he describes, in fluent decasyllabics, the faults of the city dames,* although others were equally open to his censure. But there appears, through his assumed morality, a morbid recollection of something he must have wished to conceal, and, as he abuses both the married and the single, his advances might have been slighted in more than one quarter. To enhance his professions of sincerity, he assures us, that this was his first attempt, and we are inclined to believe him.

* In the *Tales and Jests of Hugh Peters*, observations of the same nature occur.

" The triple trine* of old Parnassus' hill,
Should I invoke [for] to direct my quill,
Or if that great Apollo's sacred quire
I should entreat my muse for to inspire,
It would transcendently my theme disgrace
For to implore the aid of things so base.

The liquor of the Heliconian grape
Did never yet my pericranium rape,
Nor nectar, nor ambrosia will I quaff,
Such fictious fancies I esteem but draff;
For why? they are no better than a dream,
Compar'd to this divine celestial theme.

For though the muses, as the poets feign,
Could really intoxicate the brain
With extacies and raptures, yet think I
None will be so audacious to deny
Unto our cocknies the pre-eminence
Above them for unhappy influence.

Which have produced more dismal effects,
Than ever the unfortunate aspects
Of the erratick and malevolent
Planets, that wander in the firmament;
The mischiefs, which to Mars' or Saturn's square
Are subsequent, thereto may not compare.

Their pow'r extends, not only to the brain,
Infusing it with notions idly vain,
But wounds the heart with horrid pangs of pain,
Which never perfectly are cur'd again:
Yea, by their art, with a dissembling smile,
They many of their senses do beguile.

And for the sake of such unhappy men,
I have adventured to take my pen

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* This expression strikes us to be original: one of Lord Byron's imitators says,

" Aid me, ye nine! I own that's nothing new,
I'll think of novelty another time:
Aid me, ye three-times-three! perhaps may do,
And, three to one, it passes for sublime."

We prefer the apprentice's, however.

In hand, for to delineate their folly
If possible, to cure their melancholy,
That when their idols' pourtraiture they see,
They of their madness may ashamed be."

It is remarkable, that he speaks of the *cockney* as synonymous with the Greek αλαζων, not very remote from the French *coquin*, the most rational origin of that controverted dissyllable. From various allusions, we gather that his attainments were above those of his class at that time; nor does he hesitate to express his contempt for astrology, the fashionable study of his age. Another writer, equally hardy, speaking of "upstart astrologers, which will take upon them to tell things to come," says, "what that art is I know not, or from whence they fetch the evil aspect of any of the planets, seeing in the beginning they were made all good; neither do I find how these celestial bodies lost their first vertue."* We now come to the "character" itself.

"These cockneys, they of which my muse doth sing,
They are the oldest daughters of the king
Of pride, old Lucifer, and may compare
With all his off-spring, for their filial care
To tread his steps: for pride's epitome
In them compris'd exactly you may see.

They do conceit, that the whole world was
Vented for their lust, and will not pass
For cost, or pain, to satisfy their will,
And their extravagant desires fulfill;
Nor East, nor Western Indies able are,
To suffice their ambitious minds by far.

They hang at once more wealth upon their backs,
Than is contain'd in forty pedlers' packs,
In silks and satins, pearls, and diamond rings,
And many other superfluous things,
To which the seller liberally affords
Bombastic names of long six-footed words.†

For if their names to understand were plain,
They with the greatest scorn would them disdain:

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* Extract of a printed letter, dated York, December 18, 1651, in the *Perfect Account*, No. 52, December 31.

† Did the learned apprentice fancy that he was translating the *sesquipedalia verba* of Horace?

Like as the rustic slights an almanack,
If an useless anatomy it lack:
For all strange things which are not understood,
Admired are, and judged very good."

Though probably of humble origin, he has a due regard for genealogy.

" But pride in them is not predominant
Alone, but likewise idleness doth haunt
Them so inseparably close, that it
To them is as a second nature knit:
For that which once within the bone is bred,
Will never from the flesh be severed.

Idleness unto them doth come by kind,
And thereto they do wholly give their mind;
They suck't it from their mothers, and will give
Themselves to it, as long as they do live:
And slothfulness and want of exercise,
They are the greatest homisters of vice."

The early dramatists were equally severe, and the *City Madam* is to them a perpetual object of satire. Nor are the prose-writers more polite; Wilkins* remarks, " 'tis grown a fashion among them to eat their breakfasts in their beds, and not to be ready till half an hour after noon, about which time their husbands are to return from the Burse." But the employments of these ladies are made as reprehensible as their indolence,—after rising at ten, and sitting before a mirror till twelve,

" The afternoon most commonly they spend
In gossiping and tattling without end;
Or else are coach'd to th' Old, or New Exchange,†
To see if there they can spie any strange
New fashions, which are daily there invented,
To please such fools as never are contented.

There have they patches, for to represent
Their faces, like the starry firmament:

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* See *The Conjuring-up of Cock Wat*, (the walking spirit of Newgate,) appended to *Jests to make you Merie*, 4to. 1607.

† From this passage it appears, that although the term *Bazaar* has been recently adopted, the custom is of long continuance.

Of stars, horn'd Cynthia and Pleiades are
The most affected; sextile, trine, and square
Of aspects, perfectly are imitated,
And all are unto Venus consecrated.

* * * *

Religion usually they send before,
And say, they'll overtake it at three-score.—
They'll laugh and cry, and frown and smile together,
And make more change of faces than the weather;
An hundred times they will their humours change,
Whilst the earth once doth round her axis range.
Their fury to more shapes transformed is,
Than Jove, in Ovid's *Metamorphoses.*"

The following description, though not quite a counterpart to Shakspeare's *Seven Ages of Man,* possesses some merit: we have taken great liberties, by selecting the best lines, and blending them in one extract.

" These rare creatures, thus richly qualified,
As unto you I briefly have described,
At fifteen years of age begin to whine
For husbands, and to wear away, and pine
With frettings and lamenting, if that they,
Against their wills, do any longer stay.
With great anxiety the time they pass
To think how hard it is to catch an ass.
Therefore they, this, and that young man espy,
And on them keep a strict observing eye.
I on this knavery do insist the more,
Because it's grown an epidemic sore:
The hook that's covered with a silver bait,
Doth all the senses so intoxicate,
The match is made, all parties are agreed
The nuptials to celebrate with speed,
That so the creature may be made a bride,
And then the Gordian knot full fast is tied.

Now all the qualities, which I before
Have briefly here describ'd, and many more,
Do all most perspicuously appear,
And they begin to rant and domineer.
Fashions they see, they presently do cry,
'O, such a one hath so, why may not I?'

Litigious, and prone unto contention,
Loving to make perpetual dissension,
So rashly they're addicted to their will,
And will not from it, be it good, or ill;
This is the special, only argument,
Which all the force of logic cannot rent.
And of all other torments that there be,
There's none that half so bad appear to me,
As unto death, with nonsense to be worded,
By such, who a good reason, ne'er afforded,
Which is like to be perpetually,
Who doth himself unto a cockney tie."

He then introduces an anecdote, scarcely worth telling, unless it relate to his relentless Amanda: the woman fancied herself "as ladies wish to be who love their lords," and was persuaded by her maid that her girdle was too short. After which follows the epilogue.

"And you, my brethren, for whose only sake
The spirit mov'd me, for to undertake
This work; you every one can testify,
That what I here have written is no lie;
And if that Zoïlus carp and Momus rage,
Because I lash the crimes of this our age,

I weigh it not a rush, nor do I care,
Although they do their worst; let them not spare;
I know that none but the gall'd horse will kick;
If so, I'll deal them such another trick:
At what here's writ, if any be offended,
It is not like by me to be amended.

And thou, my muse, who yet was ne'er outwitted
By them, although too many have been fitted;
Flourish thou still, and live for to disdain
The sweet temptations of such bitter gain.
Those who their minds to it do wholly bend,
May they of sorrow never know an end."

During the civil wars, the apprentices presented petitions, passed resolutions, raised regiments, and supported the levellers. Cosmo III. Grand Duke of Tuscany, who was in England in 1669, speaks of the license they enjoyed, and mentions, that on their holidays an armed force was necessary to

repress their gaiety, for, feeling their strength, they treated the authorities with contempt. Their last historical occurrence is in 1681, when they addressed the Lord Mayor on removing "the grievances of the nation," and published a vindication of their conduct. Since that period they have become more tractable, owing to a change of manners, the interference of the legislature, or a fortunate concurrence of those causes. Of their poet, not even the name is preserved; but his politics, always an object of research to the critic, may be partly ascertained. Had he not coincided with his brethren, he could not have omitted to lash the city dames, who, like Semiramis, forsook the toilet for the battlement. That task was left for Butler, who has discovered other points of resemblance.

Those who are induced to peruse the *Character of a Cockney*, by the hope of meeting with a repetition of the entertainment presented under similar titles, will be disappointed: it contains some good passages in epigrammatic couplets, and its descriptions are respectable; but let the renovators beware. We have refrained from minutely investigating its merits, wishing to keep our antiquarianism as distinct as possible from criticism.

ART. X.—*The Discovery of a New World; or, A Discourse tending to prove, that 'tis probable there may be another habitable World in the Moon. With a Discourse concerning the possibility of a Passage thither. By Dr.* John Wilkins, *Bishop of Chester. Written in the year* 1638.

The learned and right reverend person whose memory is responsible for this work, appears to have been a man of profound and exact erudition, of vigorous intellect, and of great personal virtue. According to all the biographical dictionaries, he obtained the high respect of the literary generation among whom he lived, and the various works which are attributed to him, will enable posterity to understand how fully he was entitled to it. We think it right to say this of Bishop Wilkins, at the very outset of our remarks upon his book; because, unless we thus expressly acknowledged his general claim as an author to approbation, the tone of our observations upon that small portion of his works, to which we shall confine ourselves, might possibly create a belief, that we were either deceived as to the Bishop's true character, or, at any rate, that we were inclined to deceive others. For we are afraid that we shall

have occasion to laugh a little, in the course of this article, at some of the speculations in which the worthy prelate indulged himself; and it is but fair, therefore, to say, that in one very small part of this very small treatise, he is as rational a writer as any man who ventured upon subjects of natural philosophy before the age of Newton.

Having thus made our peace with the admirers of Bishop Wilkins, we proceed at once to state, that certain persons in the Bishop's own day, and many before it, had broached sundry astronomical doctrines, which the learned prelate thought it not amiss to explode. He, therefore, put forth a tractate, the title of which we have given, wherein he very triumphantly exposes some of the more vulgar errors into which the smatterers in natural philosophy had fallen; and urges, with very considerable ingenuity, several *à priori* reasons for believing in some of the prominent doctrines which have since been established by Newton and his successors. But the good Bishop pursues his triumph too far; he drives his enemies back into the land of speculation, and unluckily gets lost in it himself. For having established, or, at least, talked sensibly enough upon thirteen preliminary propositions as to the nature of the moon, and her relation to the earth, he waxes bold, and ventures at once to enunciate his fourteenth proposition, thus:—"That it is possible for some of our posterity to find out a conveyance to this other world; and if there be inhabitants there, (which, by the bye, is settled in proposition thirteen) to have commerce with them." How he supports this notion, we intend briefly to shew.

Before, however, we proceed to the execution of this task, we cannot but express our astonishment, that, in this our day of speculation, no projector should have attempted to do that of which Bishop Wilkins has here, in some sort, shewn the possibility. The philosophers' stone is even now sought after; and some lives are at this day consumed in search of the *elixir vitæ*. The academy, which Gulliver found at Lagado, is still in existence; and though the projects which he describes have been, for the most part, supplanted by others, many of the new ones are not one whit less hardy and extravagant. It would be equally invidious and endless to adduce examples: no one, with the use of his eyes, can fail to perceive that the "*nil mortalibus arduum est*," is as applicable now as ever. And, therefore, we again marvel at the abandonment of this project of Bishop Wilkins, which, to say the plain truth, is, in comparison with some that we could name, "sense, absolute sense."

The Bishop sets out in his adventurous course with a very pretty piece of sophistry:

"If we do but consider by what steps and leisure all arts do usually rise to their growth, we shall have no cause to doubt why this also may not hereafter be found out amongst other secrets. It hath constantly yet been the method of Providence, not presently to shew us all, but to lead us on by degrees, from the knowledge of one thing to another.

"It was a great while ere the planets were distinguished from the fixed stars; and some time after that ere the morning and evening stars were found to be the same. And in greater space (I doubt not) but this also, and other as excellent mysteries, will be discovered.—Time, who hath always been the father of new truths, and hath revealed unto us many things, which our ancestors were ignorant of, will also manifest to our posterity that which we now desire, but cannot know. *Veniet tempus* (saith Seneca) *quo ista quæ nunc latent, in lucem dies extrahet, & longioris ævi diligentia.* Time will come, when the endeavours of after ages shall bring such things to light as now lie hid in obscurity. Arts are not yet come to their solstice. But the industry of future times, assisted with the labours of their forefathers, may reach that height which we could not attain to. *Veniet tempus quo posteri nostri nos tam aperta nescisse mirentur.* As we now wonder at the blindness of our ancestors, who were not able to discern such things as seem plain and obvious unto us; so will our posterity admire our ignorance in as perspicuous matters.

"In the first ages of the world, the islanders thought themselves either to be the only dwellers upon earth, or else, if there were any other, they could not possibly conceive how they might have any commerce with them, being severed by the deep and broad sea. But after times found out the invention of ships, in which, notwithstanding, none but some bold, daring men durst venture.

"And yet, now, how easy a thing is this even to a timorous and cowardly nature? And, questionless, the invention of some other means, for our conveyance to the moon, cannot seem more incredible to us, than this did at first to them; and therefore we have no just reason to be discouraged in our hopes of the like success."

Upon which ingenious reasoning we will only observe, that it might be used, with equal propriety, to shew that we may hereafter mount up to the fixed stars themselves, or build houses at the South Pole, or live at the bottom of the ocean, or, in short, do any thing which our ancestors thought could not be done. The professors in Swift's academy, and that ingenious projector, who, in the reign of George I., actually broached a scheme for manufacturing deal boards out of sawdust, reasoned, no doubt, after the fashion of this learned prelate.

In the following passage, however, he bethinks him of some few difficulties:

"Yea, but (you will say) there can be no sailing thither, unless that were true which the poets do but feign, that she made her bed in the

sea. We have not now any Drake, or Columbus, to undertake this voyage, or any Dædalus to invent a conveyance through the air.

" I answer, though we have not, yet why may not succeeding times raise up some spirits as eminent for new attempts and strange inventions, as any that were before them? 'Tis the opinion of Keplar, that as soon as the art of flying is found out, some of their nation will make one of the first colonies, that shall transplant into that other world. I suppose, his appropriating this pre-eminence to his own countrymen, may arise from an overpartial affection to them. But yet thus far I agree with him, that whenever that art is invented, or any other, whereby a man may be conveyed some twenty miles high, or thereabouts, then 'tis not altogether improbable that some or other may be successful in this attempt.

" For the better clearing of which I shall first lay down, and then answer those doubts that may make it seem utterly impossible.

" These are chiefly three.

" The first, taken from the natural heaviness of a man's body, whereby it is made unfit for the motion of ascent, together with the vast distance of that place from us.

" 2. From the extreme coldness of the æthereal air.

" 3. The extreme thinness of it.

" Both which must needs make it impassible, though it were but as many single miles thither, as it is thousands."

And then he comes to a query which, we do wonder, did not frighten him from any further prosecution of his scheme. For having shewn that, even if men could fly, the swiftest of them would probably be half a year before he arrived at his journey's end, he asks the following very natural question.

" And how were it possible for any to tarry so long without diet or sleep?

" 1. For diet. I suppose there could be no trusting to that fancy of Philo the Jew, (mentioned before,) who thinks that the musick of the spheres should supply the strength of food.

" Nor can we well conceive how a man should be able to carry so much luggage with him, as might serve for his Viaticum in so tedious a journey.

" 2. But if he could: yet he must have some time to rest and sleep in. And I believe he shall scarce find any lodgings by the way. No inns to entertain passengers, nor any castles in the air (unless they be enchanted ones) to receive poor pilgrims or errant knights. And so, consequently, he cannot have any possible hopes of reaching thither."

We have certainly no intention of following our author through the dull train of reasoning—or rather through that complicated web of conceits and hypotheses—by the aid of which he overcomes or eludes the three first of his difficulties. It is sufficient for us to say, that after soundly swingeing Aristotle

" for teaching that heaviness is an absolute quality of itself, and really distinct from condensity," and honouring with his approbation certain admirable but inapplicable doctrines of " the learned Verulam;" he comes to the following notable conclusion, wherein, after writing more weary passages than we have patience to count, he does not seem to us to have made any great progress towards his promised demonstration.

" From hence then (I say) you may conceive, that *if a man were beyond this sphere*, he might there stand as firmly in the open air as now upon the earth. *And if he might stand there, why might he not also go there? And if so, then there is a possibility likewise of having other conveniences for travelling.*" Quod erat demonstrandum.

But then recurs the grand difficulty: how is a man to carry with him provisions for half a year's journey? For as to sleeping by the way, to provide for which would have puzzled a less sanguine projector than the bishop, in *that* he finds nothing to stop him.

" Seeing we do not then spend ourselves in any labour, we shall not, it may be, need the refreshment of sleep. But if we do, we cannot desire a softer bed than the air, where we may repose ourselves firmly and safely as in our chambers."

But, still as to the *viaticum!*—how is that affair to be managed? The bishop obviously feels himself hard pressed here, and accordingly, after approaching the question two or three times, and as often running away from it, he puts a bold face on the matter, and, girding up his loins, attacks the difficulty thus. The manner in which he contrives to introduce a hit at the papists is capital.

" And here it is considerable, that since our bodies will then be devoid of gravity, and other impediments of motion, we shall not at all spend ourselves in any labour, and so consequently not much need the reparation of diet; but may, perhaps, live altogether without it, as those creatures have done, who by reason of their sleeping for many days together, have not spent any spirits, and so not wanted any food, which is commonly related of serpents, crocodiles, bears, cuckoos, swallows, and such like. To this purpose, Mendoca reckons up divers strange relations. As that of Epimenides, who is storied to have slept seventy-five years. And another of a rustic in Germany, who being accidentally covered with a hay-rick, slept there for all the autumn, and the winter following, without any nourishment.

" Or, if this will not serve, yet why may not a papist fast so long, as well as Ignatius or Xaverius? Or if there be such a strange efficacy in the bread of the Eucharist, as their miraculous relations do attribute to it, why then, that may serve well enough for their *viaticum*.

"Or, if we must needs feed upon something else, why may not smells nourish us? Plutarch and Pliny, and divers other ancients, tell us of a nation in India that lived only upon pleasing odours. And 'tis the common opinion of physicians, that these do strangely both strengthen and repair the spirits. Hence was it, that Democritus was able, for divers days together, to feed himself with the mere smell of hot bread.

"Or if it be necessary that our stomachs must receive the food, why then it is not impossible that the purity of the æthereal air, being not mixed with any improper vapours, may be so agreeable to our bodies, as to yield us sufficient nourishment.

* * * * *

"I know it is the common opinion, that no element can prove aliment, because it is not proportionate to the bodies of living creatures which are compounded. But,

"1.—This æthereal air is not an element; and though it be purer, yet it is perhaps of a greater agreeableness to man's nature and constitution.

"2.—If we consult experience and the credible relations of others, we shall find it probable enough, that many things receive nourishment from mere elements.

"First, for the earth; Aristotle and Pliny, those two great naturalists, tell us of some creatures that are fed only with this. And it was the curse of the serpent, Gen. 3. 14. *Upon thy belly shalt thou go, and dust shalt thou eat all the days of thy life.*

"So likewise for the water. Albertus Magnus speaks of a man who lived several weeks together by the mere drinking of water. Rondoletius (to whose diligence these later times are much beholding for sundry observations concerning the nature of aquatils) affirms, that his wife did keep a fish in a glass of water, without any other food, for three years, in which space it was constantly augmented, till at first it could not come out of the place at which it was put in, and at length was too big for the glass itself, though that were of a large capacity. Cardan tells us of some worms that are bred and nourished by the snow, from which being once separated, they die.

"Thus also is it with the air, which we may well conceive does chiefly concur to the nourishing of all vegetables. For if their food were all sucked out from the earth, there must needs be then some sensible decay in the ground by them, especially since they do every year renew their leaves and fruits; which being so many, and so often, could not be produced without abundance of nourishment. To this purpose is the experiment of trees cut down, which will of themselves put forth sprouts. As also that of onions and the semper-vive, which will strangely shoot forth, and grow as they hang in the open air. Thus likewise is it with some sensible creatures; the camelion (saith Pliny and Solinus) is merely nourished by this; and so are the birds of paradise, treated of by many, which reside constantly in the air, nature having not bestowed upon them any legs, and therefore they are never seen upon the ground but being dead. If you ask how they multiply? Tis answered, they lay their eggs on the backs

of one another, upon which they sit till their young ones be fledged. Rondoletius, from the history of Hermolaus Barbarus, tells us of a priest (of whom one of the popes had the custody) that lived forty years upon mere air. As also of a maid in France, and another in Germany, that for divers years together did feed on nothing but this: nay, he affirms that he himself had seen one who lived till ten years of age without any other nourishment. You may find most of these, and some other examples to this purpose, gathered together by Mendoca. *Viridar.* lib. 4. prob. 23, 24. Now, if this elementary air, which is mixed with such improper vapors, may accidentally nourish some persons, perhaps then, that pure æthereal air may of itself be more natural to our tempers.

"But if none of these conjectures may satisfy, yet there may happily be some possible means for the conveyance of other food, as shall be shewed afterwards.

This grand difficulty once mastered, the road to the moon seems easy enough: at least, so thinks the bishop. Accordingly, he crows through half a dozen pages over the ingenious discovery thus made and explained, and it is not till he gets to the very end of his treatise that he stumbles upon another difficulty, which well nigh destroys the whole speculation. For, though he has provided in the notable way already described for overcoming the cold and rarity of the atmosphere, and for a full supply of sleep and food by the road, he has yet left one small element out of his calculation, without which this goodly scheme falls to pieces. For how, in the name of wonder, are we to be conveyed? Little would it boot a man bound for the East Indies to assure him, that he may get biscuits and fresh water at Madeira and the Cape, that he may sleep upon the passage as much as he likes, and to demonstrate to him with all possible clearness, that the human body may pass along the surface of the waters, unless you provided him with vessel, rudder, compass, and all the means of actual navigation. Some thought like this seems to have struck the bishop in the midst of his triumph, and to have brought him down from the clouds rather precipitately. *Nil desperandum,* however; so he takes heart, and after cudgelling his brains for a while, he actually presents us not with one conveyance only, but with a choice.

"If it be here inquired, what means there may be conjectured for our ascending beyond the sphere of the earth's magnetical vigour.

"I answer. 1. It is not perhaps impossible that a man may be able to fly, by the application of wings to his own body; as angels are pictured, as Mercury and Dædalus are feigned, and as hath been attempted by divers, particularly by a Turk in Constantinople, as Busbequius relates.

"2. If there be such a great ruck in Madagascar, as Marcus

Polus, the Venetian, mentions, the feathers in whose wings are twelve feet long, which can soop up a horse and his rider, or an elephant, as our kites do a mouse; why then it is but teaching one of these to carry a man, and he may ride up thither, as Ganymede does upon an eagle.

" Or if neither of these ways will serve, yet I do seriously, and upon good grounds, affirm it possible to make a flying chariot, in which a man may sit, and give such a motion unto it, as shall convey him through the air. And this perhaps might be made large enough to carry divers men at the same time, together with food for their *viaticum*, and commodities for traffic. It is not the bigness of any thing in this kind, that can hinder its motion, if the motive faculty be answerable thereunto. We see a great ship swims as well as a small cork, and an eagle flies in the air as well as a little gnat.

" This engine may be contrived from the same principles by which Archytas made a wooden dove, and Regiomontanus a wooden eagle.

" I conceive it were no difficult matter (if a man had leisure) to shew more particularly the means of composing it."

To which commodious and available vehicles, we marvel, that the bishop did not think of adding the Beetle, on which Trygæus, in *The Peace*, of Aristophanes, performs a similar journey.

Such, then, is one of the serious speculations in which a learned prelate in the days of Charles II. was wont to busy himself. We have thought it right, in these times of ingenuity and research, once more to direct the attention of such projectors as may have less of common sense than of leisure and money, to a scheme which a hundred and fifty years ago seemed very promising, but which has latterly fallen into unmerited oblivion. We beg it may be observed, that *our* duty is now discharged; and that if a passage to the moon is not speedily discovered by some aërial Parry, no blame can, in common justice, be attached either to Bishop Wilkins or to *The Retrospective Review*.

ART. XI.—*The Memoirs of the Honourable Sir John Reresby, Bart. and last Governor of York, containing several Private and Remarkable Transactions, from the Restoration to the Revolution inclusively. Published from the original Manuscript. London: printed for* Samuel Harding, *Bookseller on the Pavement in St. Martin's Lane*, 1734.

The Memoirs of Sir John Reresby belong to that rare and valuable class of works, which appear to have been written not

so much with any view towards fame or emolument, as for the private ends and satisfaction of the writers themselves. Not being professedly an author, he is divested of that formality and constraint, which mostly characterize those, who, writing avowedly for the world's eye, think it necessary, before they appear in public, to compose their features into an aspect of studied dignity. Easy and concise, simple and unaffected, in language such as a well-educated gentleman of the day might be supposed to use without effort or study, he relates the history of the times, as a man might tell his story to a friend. As no person is a hero by his own fire-side, we are spared all those elaborate encomiums on the author's self and friends—those eloquent complaints of unrewarded services and the world's ingratitude—that studied abuse of political adversaries, and those fulsome panegyrics on people in power, which, like the exterior decorations of dress, are laid aside, as tending to make a man look ridiculous in private, and are only assumed when an author has to appear upon the stage of the world. Though both from interest and prejudice attached to the court, he does not appear to have entertained for it that religious devotion, which thinks it impiety to see any thing but rectitude in its measures, or aught but malice in those of its opponents. It being, therefore, no article of his creed, that a man is to deliver over his judgement and intellect into the hands of his party, he has not thought it a crime occasionally to make use of his discernment, but shewn considerable penetration in detecting the real, though not always apparent motives, which dictated the measures of government. For example, when in 1677 Charles II. was playing that deep game with his parliament, through which he hoped to have extorted supplies, by flattering them with the prospect of a war with France, our author was not to be deceived by the specious argument of the court. "How can I," reasoned his majesty, "depend on my parliament to furnish me with regular and equal supplies to carry on a war, which they will not so much as enable me to prepare for?" "But I easily saw through this," observes Sir John, "I plainly perceived it was all artifice to get the fingering of the money." Thus sharp-sighted enough in reading the sentiments of men, through the disguise which they generally assume, his summary view of the events of the time and the complicated intrigues of faction, both in parliament and at court, is much more consistent and unembarrassed than contemporary writers have always been able to transmit. No dupe to hollow professions, nor taking men, on their words, to be what they represented themselves—apparently rather chusing not to perceive than actually blind to the faults of one party—and sometimes not so much believing as seeming to

believe what was said against the other, he was of the number of those politicians, who see clearly to a certain extent, without being able, or, perhaps, willing to look beyond. His natural sagacity, sharpened by interest, made him a quick observer of the movements of parties and the course of intrigues, whilst prejudice, combined with a certain degree of interest also, rendered him unfit to take any large or patriotic view of the nature, consequences, and tendency of the various measures and proceedings which fell under his observation. It was thus that without any peculiar dereliction of political principle, (for though a courtier, and in a profligate court, we believe him to have been reasonably honest,) he was enabled to persevere, through good report and bad report, the constant supporter of two successive governments, among the very worst by which the affairs of the nation have ever been conducted. Sir John Reresby was one of that race of men, formerly so numerous in this country, but now, thank heaven, nearly extinct, who had their principles, like their estates, transmitted to them by inheritance, and were loyal because their fathers were. That kings could not be fickle and unprincipled—courts entertain improper views, nor ministers act with tyranny and injustice, he did not feel himself bound to believe; but farther than this, his spirit of opposition never appears to have led him—to resist what was injurious and despotic, or even to forbear lending himself as an agent, would have seemed to him nothing short of actual treason against the crown. Right or wrong, the court was to be obeyed and served—the opposition weakened and resisted.

It was in the year 1659, when our author, a gay young man, just returned from his travels, and, as we have observed, a loyalist by birth, not relishing the grave severity of the English court, betook himself to Paris, where he got an introduction to the queen mother, then residing at the Palais Royal. He had only once been near the person of the Protector, at the audience of an ambassador at Whitehall; so he "can only say, that his figure did not come up to his character: he was, indeed, a likely person, but not handsome, nor had he a very bold look with him. He was plain in his apparel, and rather negligent than not." Sir John, who was all his life through a quick observer of those little natural signs that portend a change in the tide of opinion, and pretty clearly indicate in what direction the current is about to set, now perceived that a way was paved to facilitate the king's return, though "the Rump still kept up some face of state." This reason, probably, as much as any other, influenced his departure: and on his arrival at Paris, he found the aspect of things there very different from that which they had worn a year or two before, when

the restoration had seemed of all events the most improbable. There was now a greater resort to the queen mother's palace, than to the French court itself—balls were given—fêtes celebrated—and a grand mask danced at the Louvre, in which the king and the princess Henrietta of England performed to admiration. Himself speaking the language of the country, and dancing pretty well, the young princess, then about fifteen years of age, behaved towards him with all the civil freedom that might be; she made him dance with her, played on the harpsicord to him in her chamber, suffered him to wait on her as she walked in the garden, and sometimes to toss her in a swing between two trees; in fine, to be present at all her innocent diversions. The queen mother was a woman of considerable wit and humour, and had a great affection for England, notwithstanding the severe usage she and her's had met with there. "With the great men and ladies of France she discoursed much in praise of the people and country, of their courage, their generosity, their good nature; and would excuse all the late misfortunes, as brought about by some desperate enthusiast, rather than proceeding from the genius and temper of the nation." Had she looked nearer home for the cause of her misfortunes, she probably would not have been farther from the truth. Lord Essex used to say, "He was amazed to see that a woman, who in the drawing-room was the liveliest of the age, and had a vivacity of imagination which surprised all who came near her, yet after all her practice in affairs, had so little either of judgement or conduct. And he did not wonder at the miscarriage of the late king's counsels, since she had such a share in them." It was on her kindness for him, and the influence she had over the king, her son, that Sir John Reresby chiefly relied for the promotion of his views at court. But this pleasing superstructure soon fell to the ground, in consequence of the queen's departure from England for the French court, where she died not many years after. "She was a great princess, and my very good mistress." Such is Sir John's short and emphatic eulogy.

That our author ever obtained any adequate recompense for his assiduous attendance at court, and uniform support in parliament, does not appear from the *Memoirs* he has left us. Though evidently a useful man to the party whose interests he espoused, his services, perhaps, were not of that marked nature to entitle him to demand a reward, with the authority necessary in a court, where a man was obliged to cry loud, indeed, if he hoped to be heard—when there were many to petition, and where there was but little to give. Without any of the evil qualities generally attached to the character, he discharged the functions of an useful go-between to the succes-

sive ministers, the Lords Danby and Halifax. Added to this, that he was a pleasant companion may be gathered, we think, from the style of his *Memoirs*:—that he was an accomplished man, we are told, though not ostentatiously, by himself. He could converse in Italian and French, and both the king and the dukes "were great lovers of the French tongue, and kind to those who spoke it." He had travelled, and could tell in an agreeable manner what he had seen; a great collector of news, he had the art of retailing it pleasantly, and Charles was as great a gossip as his grandfather James. Above all, he could lean on the back of the king's chair as he sat at supper, and—what we have the authority of these *Memoirs* for believing, he would do passing well—relate all that had been done and said in the house that night. In return for this—he was liberally rewarded with gracious looks and kind promises, that meant little or nothing, and were forgotten as soon as he had withdrawn from the royal presence. If ever Sir John hinted his desire for some appointment in stronger terms than ordinary, Charles would lay his hand upon his shoulder, and say, "he was very sensible of his services, and that they should be rewarded." If put in mind of some former promise—"he remembered it particularly well, and upon the very first occasion would be as good as his word." But that occasion never arrived; so that when Lord Halifax one day, during the violent debates on the Exclusion bill, observed to him, "well, if it comes to a war, you and I must go together;" "I told his lordship," says Sir John, "I should be ready to follow happen what would; but if the king expected his friends to be hearty in his cause, and steady to his person, he should consider with himself, and encourage them a little; and thereupon I acquainted him with some of my disappointments at court, notwithstanding the most solemn reiterated promises." That this was not for want of duly shewing himself there, and a proper regard to his interest, is clear from his own confession. In the year 1683, when the king was taking new measures with regard to affairs in general, and officers in particular, we find him posting up to town, thinking it necessary, as he himself owns, that at such a critical juncture, he should be near his majesty's person. All, however, that he obtained, during a life spent at court, was an appointment to be high sheriff of his county, to which his rank alone entitled him,—the government of a city, that had no garrison, and the command of a fort, which never appears to have been built. What the emolument, arising from these two sinecure places is likely to have been, may be inferred from the following deplorable statement.

"Meanwhile the kingdom in general had a very melancholy aspect; the king was poor; the officers of the crown and of the

household were clamorous for their salaries and dues, which had not of a long time been paid, and no wonder, when Sir Robert Howard, one of the chief officers of the exchequer, declared in the House of Commons, that there was not money sufficient for bread for the king's family; there were no stores any where, either for the sea service or the land; the garrisons were all out of repair, the platforms decayed, and the cannon dismounted; the army divided for the Duke of York and against him, the officers of state the same; the parliament, for the most part, in a ferment, and glad of these public misunderstandings, as favouring their design of clipping the wings of prerogative, &c."

When it is recollected, that parliament had originally granted Charles a revenue, three times more than had been enjoyed by any King of England before, so that, to use Reresby's own words, " the country groaned under the pressure," it is not the parsimony of the Commons we shall be disposed to blame for all this, but the extravagant profuseness of the court. And those, who censure the House for dealing out their grants with such a cautious and frugal hand, ought, in justice, to remember the suspicions which were generally and, as appears, not unreasonably entertained, that the very money, which they furnished, might be employed to effect the ruin of those who gave it. For it is clear from Danby's correspondence with the French court, laid before the House of Commons by the ambassador Montague, that at the very time Charles was soliciting parliament for money to raise an army for the war, he was in actual treaty with France for money to make a peace; " which," as Sir John confesses, " looked as if a standing army was designed to humble England, and not France."

But whoever was to blame for the notorious poverty of his household, so he had but money for his own expensive pleasures—and his brother Louis took care he should not want that at least—Charles cared very little what became of his dependants. The history of Sir John Reresby certainly is not calculated to inspire the reader with any very strong passion for the life and profession of a courtier; but rather to make him wonder, that a sensible man, like the author, of good birth and respectable fortune, should have chosen to wear out the prime of his life in a hopeless attendance upon court, when he might have spent it with so much more honour and profit to himself in almost any other situation. The licentiousness which reigned in it could not have many charms for one, who, besides being married, appears also to have been a virtuous man; we can only suppose, therefore, that there is a pleasure in the obsequiousness and humility of that mode of life, which we wot not of, and that, contrary to the vulgar belief on

the subject, it is pleasanter to serve in a higher sphere than to command in a lower.

At first, being of an age when men do not "pursue their advantages" as they ought to do, Sir John went to court, as to the common temple of pleasure, to converse and look about him; but, in process of time, he began to imagine that other ends might be obtained than those of mere private amusement. To this purpose, therefore, it was his business to get a seat in the House of Commons, and, if possible, make himself of consequence in parliament. Here, at the outset, he was without any other rule to go by, than what reason and conscience suggested; and this inculcated moderation between the two extremes, and an equal regard for the prerogative of the king and the liberty of the subject. But it was not long before his neighbour, Sir Thomas Osborne, who, in a wonderfully short space of time, had risen to be Earl of Danby, and Lord High Treasurer, undertook to enlighten him on this head, and to infuse into him much more correct notions of the duty of a member of parliament. He, with many protestations, assured him, that the jealousies of those who called themselves the country party, were entirely groundless—that, to his certain knowledge, the king meant no other than to preserve the government and religion, by law established—that, if the constitution were in any danger, it was to be apprehended only from those who pretended a mighty zeal for it; and, in conclusion, he intreated him to be careful how he embarked himself with that sort of people. To these asseverations of the Treasurer, though wholly unsupported by any thing like argument, and contrary, we may add, to probability, Sir John, from some cause or other, found himself unable to refuse belief; and he was "pretty clearly convinced," on the sudden, "that the chiefs of the country party had most at heart their own private interest, whatever they asserted in favour and defence of the public." To make sure of his convert, and to confirm him in these sound political views, Danby next carries him to kiss his Majesty's hand; and he is presented as one, whose family having been "always loyal," is perfectly disposed himself to tread in their footsteps. With that apparent frankness and most profound dissimulation—that seeming benevolence, and most callous indifference, which he could so inimitably put on—the one to cloak the other—Charles condescended to shew him, "how little truth there was in the pretences set on foot to deceive gentlemen, and draw them from their duty."

"The king said he had known me long, and hoped I knew him so well, as to give no ear to such reports of him. I know, says he, it

is said I aim at the subversion of the government and religion—that I intend to lay aside parliaments, and to raise money another way; but every man, nay those who insist the most thereon, know the thing in all its circumstances to be false. There is not a subject that lives under me, whose safety and welfare I desire less than my own: and I should be as sorry to invade his liberties and property, as that another should invade mine. Those members, continued the king, who boast this mighty friendship for the public, are of two sorts,—either those who would actually and irretrievably subvert the government, and reduce it to a commonwealth once more; or else those, who seem only to join with the former, and talk loud against the court, purely in hopes to have their mouths stopped with places or preferments."

The effect produced upon our author by this plausible language, was not such as to give the reader any very high idea of his understanding or discernment; but we ought, in justice, to recollect from the mouth of what an accomplished dissembler these flattering assurances proceeded—a prince, who had, in his time, made dupes of men of much greater sagacity, and much less prone to believe and trust him than a country gentleman, like Sir John Reresby, can be supposed to have been. Indeed, there never was, in this world, a man who could put on the air of honest, downright sincerity, better than Charles; and when his interest led him to court any man, whom he wished to make subservient to his views, he had such a command of himself, and could do it with such rare dexterity, that even those who had previous experience of his duplicity, could hardly prevail upon themselves to refuse him their confidence. Whilst his professions, on the one hand, were such as we have seen, and facts, on the other, were contradicting them in the plainest and most positive manner, there were other men besides our author, in whom the candour and openness of his demeanour wrought a similar conviction.—Among these, Sir William Temple, whose honesty and discernment are unquestioned, appears to have given him credit for the good intentions he so liberally expressed. At one time, the Prince of Orange, being then in England, after his marriage with the Duke's daughter, Temple imagined he had brought Charles to a hearty resolution of uniting cordially with the states, to demand certain terms of the French king. For this purpose, he was ordered to make ready for a journey to Paris, where he was to require a positive answer to the terms within two days. But the evening before he was to set out, meeting his Majesty in the park, Charles, "a little out of countenance," told him he had been thinking of his journey and errand, and how unwelcome both he and his message would be in France—that having a mind to gain peace, he was unwilling to anger them more than there was occasion.

" Besides, as the thing was not to be debated, any body else would serve the turn as well as I, whom he had other use of; and, therefore, he had been thinking to send some other person. I saw he doubted I would take it ill; but told him, and very truly, he would do me the greatest pleasure in the world; for I never had less mind to any journey in my life. The king, that was the gentlest prince in the world of his own nature, fell into good humour upon seeing I took it not ill, pretended to think whom he should send, and at last asked me what I thought of my Lord Duras? I said, very well; upon which he seemed to resolve it. *But the thing had been agreed in the morning.*"

The plain truth of the matter was, Charles was resolved not to fall out with France—however much he had seemed to give in to the wise counsels of Temple—and this was made clear by the event. The two days were prolonged into months, —the French evaded giving any positive denial. The king was softened, as Temple expresses it, by the softness of France, —and the categorical answer, to be given within two days, was drawn out into a series of messages and replies. Thus, whilst Charles was acting with the deepest guile, did the goodness of his temper and the plausibility of his manners conceal the depth of his treachery from the otherwise quick discernment of Temple, whose error throughout, in every communication with the king, lay in imagining that aught like honesty and fair dealing were to be found in his composition. The power he possessed of imposing upon those whom he meant to delude into a belief of his sincerity, is well shewn in the following anecdotes. He had written a cajoling letter to Duke Hamilton and Lord Tweedale to come up to town, and prefer whatever charges they had to make against the Duke of Lauderdale.—On their arrival, he gave them so good a hearing, that they thought they had fully convinced him; he only blamed them for not sooner complaining to himself of their grievances—and sent them down to Scotland, with full assurances that all should be left to the judgement of parliament. They posted down through a most tremendous fall of snow; but when they got home, instead of a session of parliament, came an order for its prorogation! The fact was, his seeming resolution to part with Lauderdale, and his kind usage of them, were designed to persuade the Commons to use himself better; but when he found it was to no purpose to look for money from the House, and had been obliged to sign a peace with the States, he dismissed them as of no further use. The imposition he practised upon Sir William Jones, the attorney-general, related by Roger North, with infinite glee, is still more discreditable. Charles appeared to give himself up entirely to his advice, would hear him talk for a long time together; and it was observed in the House of Lords, " that he would sometimes lean on the hang-

ings with him in conversation for a considerable while; so that not only others, but he himself, began to think that he had the king's ear, and would be a very great man. But all this while, says North, he little considered the king's character, who, finding the man inclined to melt in discoveries, afforded his ear thus much to him, in order to sound his depth, and find what he and his party aimed at. After his Majesty had drawn from him all that he was able, there was an end to such freedoms and familiarities; the king laid him aside, and shewed him no countenance at all. And for this piece of duplicity, he is applauded by the author of the *Examen*,—how wonderfully does party spirit improve a man's notions of morality! His telling the London ministers, who presented him with a richly-adorned bible, that it should be "the rule of his actions"—that he would bring virtue and sobriety into repute, and discountenance profane drinkers, "who were of the devil's party, and not his," was but a vulgar sort of imposition. Occasionally his dissimulation seems to have been without any object—the mere trick of an inveterate habit—as a practised stealer is unable to keep his hands out of his neighbour's pockets, though he knows them to be perfectly empty. Sometimes it was nothing but politeness, arising from the only good property of his nature,—that peculiar delicacy and softness of temper, which made him reluctant to hurt the feelings of men, by a too open avowal of his real sentiments. This benevolence of language and manner so imposed upon a poor priest, who had been attempting his conversion, and whom Charles had treated with his wonted politeness, that he concluded his business done, and wrote immediately to the Père de la Chaise, at Paris, that they would quickly hear news of the King of England's having gone openly to mass.

What Sheffield means by saying that Charles, though full of dissimulation, was not false to his word, after these examples, is not very intelligible. By whatever name we are to call it, however, he had made such unsparing use of this artifice, that, in the latter end of his reign, he lost all credit, and could deceive none. "Men," says Lord Halifax, "compared notes, and got evidence—those who knew his face, fixed their eyes there, and thought it of more importance to see, than to hear what he said. His face was as little a blab as most men's; yet, though it could not be called a prattling face, it would sometimes tell tales to a good observer." It is thus his favourite minister lamely apologizes for his master:—"If he dissembled, let us remember, first, that he was a king, and that dissimulation is a jewel of the crown; next, that it is very hard for a man not to do sometimes too much of that, which he concludeth necessary for him to practise."

XUM

That a plain, country gentleman, with all his natural shrewdness, should have proved no match for so practised a deceiver, is not to be wondered at; but whether Sir John Reresby really felt the conviction he professed, seems to us extremely doubtful.

"The condescension of the king, in giving this satisfaction to so mean a person, convinced me very much of the truth of what he said; as did also his natural temper and constitution; for he was not an active, busy, or ambitious prince, but perfectly a friend to ease, and fond of pleasure; he seemed to be chiefly desirous of peace and quiet for his own time."

Under this conviction, we find him, when the great question of supplies comes to be debated, and doubts of the king's sincerity are freely and openly vented, endeavouring to convince the House of the propriety of reposing trust in the government; though, he confesses, there was ground for suspicion, and that it was very generally apprehended that his Majesty indeed meant to raise an army, but never designed to go on with the war:—"to say the truth, some of the king's own party were not very sure of the contrary." This is one of those inadvertencies of expression, which has led us to suspect that our author's credulity was wilful—that his blindness was feigned as convenient for one who hoped to thrive at court—and that, in reality, he himself was an unbeliever too.

However that be, we cannot but remark, when such were the half-avowed suspicions of an hereditary loyalist, and thorough-going courtier, like Reresby, how just and reasonable must have been the apprehensions entertained by the popular party; and nothing more, we think, is wanting to account for and explain that connexion, which, at this time, is known to have subsisted between its leader and the French king, than the alarm which, on this head, for very different reasons, they alike entertained. To Louis, this army was an object of dread, as threatening to place a bar to his aggressions upon the States, for whose protection it was professedly raised. To the independent leaders in parliament it was a subject of much more reasonable and serious alarm, as designed rather to overawe the liberties of England, than to repress the encroachments of France. Their views thus happening to coincide, each made use of the other's agency to bring about its dissolution,—an object alike ardently desired by both; and surely, when we bear in mind Charles's mercenary treaties with the court of France—the pension he was to receive—the army stipulated to be maintained to assist him in establishing absolute monarchy at home, we have no great reason to blame the opposite party for making use of French gold to defeat his

machinations, and attempting to foil him with his own favourite weapons. There are few rules so general among those by which men have to regulate their conduct, whether in public or private affairs, as not to admit of some exceptions; and if such intrigues can in any case be considered justifiable, they must have been so in that of the popular leaders—for this was an extreme case. Against them bribery was employed by the court, to procure votes, to such a degree, as to gain for the parliament in which they sat, the appellation of the "pension parliament;" of whose members it was not unaptly said by Charles,—"they cried the louder to be the better bought." Of the state of this parliament, Andrew Marvel, a man himself of incorruptible integrity, drew up a view, shewing how large a portion was under the influence of the crown. From this it appeared, that one-third of the House held benefices from his Majesty; and, with great reason, the author asks —what soldier in pay—what officer in the navy—what householder under government, can forget that he is his Majesty's servant and domestic. Yet these gentlemen, says he, being *full*, are less dangerous. Those from whom the worst evils were to be apprehended, were such as were still in expectation of places and pensions—who had yet to earn their reward —and these constituted the majority of the House. The small remainder bore no greater proportion to the whole mass, than that of a handful of salt, which preserved the gross body from corruption. This representation is, in the main, doubtless true. Now that the views and intentions of the popular chiefs were good and honourable, is testified by the French despatches themselves, from which we derive our knowledge of the intrigue—that bribery and corruption were employed against them to a most alarming extent, is proved by Marvel and others. The only question to be considered, therefore, is, whether, in this extreme case, they were justified in using the same arts in their defence, which their adversaries had recourse to in the attack. This is a question which it would require some nice casuistry accurately to determine; and however we might be disposed to decide, it must be confessed, the moral feelings are not likely to be improved by the consideration.

But to return: for whatever secret purpose this army might be intended, the pretext of war was still kept up by the court; and, at the king's levee, his Majesty told Sir John Reresby, and some other members then present, that "unless they speedily raised the money they had voted, it would come after the French king had done his work." War—nothing but war—dwelt ever upon the tongues of him and his brother; though it was shrewdly suspected that peace lay at their hearts. Even Lord Danby himself, when it was insinuated against him

that he had advised the king to conclude one, acknowledged, "it was not impossible but such a design there might be; but that if so it were, it proceeded from nothing but the king's own judgement, who was that way very much bent, if lawful it were so to say." Finally, Sir John thought the thing had but an unlikely aspect, particularly after he had "seen the king, duke, and French ambassador, so very often merry and intimate together at the Duchess of Portsmouth's lodgings, laughing at those who believed it in earnest." We shall not be surprised, after this, to find the House "full fraught with jealousies and fears"—members, in their speeches, hinting at the army, then levying, as rather "designed to erect absolute monarchy at home, than infest the enemy abroad"—complaints of evil counsellors—and a long debate, producing nothing but an address to the king, "that before they proceeded to grant any more money, his Majesty would be pleased to declare war."—One method which the minister took to allay the heats and overcome the repugnancy of the House, strikes us as somewhat strange, in whose days, affairs of this sort are managed in so much more dextrous and delicate a manner. He sent for several members of the House—Sir John among the rest—to the Treasury chamber, and there delivered them a sort of lecture. "He told us, it became all good subjects to withstand such motions and proceedings, which tended only to perplex the minds of men, and disturb the public tranquillity; in short, to raise jealousies against the government." The end of the whole business, however, was this: whilst the Commons were addressing the king to lay aside evil counsellors, and the king was replying, that their addresses were so extravagant, he was unwilling to give such answers as they deserved, the confederates were obliged to patch up the best peace they could with France.

"We blamed the States for their ready compliance; the States blamed the Spaniard, who was full of his offers, while he had neither men, arms, nor money, in Flanders, to defend it; and they both fell upon the parliament of England, who, when they should have given money, and made other preparations for the war, were wasting their time in quarrelling at home with the government, and with each other."

The king threw the blame on the commons, plainly telling them, in his speech, that it was owing to their negligence; whilst the country in general blamed the king, who had so long deferred to engage in the alliance; which, if he had sooner done, the French would not have been "able to make so good a market, as they had done, by the peace." From this charge the king defended himself by a strain of reasoning quite characteristic of the man; and discovering pretty plainly what

his notions of foreign policy were. He could not have believed, he said, that France would have been able to weather out the war so well as she had done,—that in case that kingdom had been humbled, "England might well have been satisfied with having been an unconcerned looker on, whilst she engrossed all the commerce of Europe, and might, in the end, have reaped an equal share of advantage with even the labourers themselves, who had been at all the pains and expense." Charles is acknowledged by Burnet, who was not likely to give him credit for aught he did not possess, to have known the interests of England, and understood foreign affairs well. We cannot therefore imagine he was duped by his own reasoning, or that he entertained any sincere conviction of the truth of the argument he used. Could England have, indeed, stood aloof from all foreign connexions, such, no doubt, would have been her true policy; and even inextricably interwoven as her interests have, at different times, unfortunately become with one or other of the European states, it is not every quarrel that may arise on the continent that should be deemed sufficient ground for draining her blood and treasure. But, at this particular period, when the balance of power, so necessary for her security, was on the point of being for ever lost, and Louis XIV. making rapid strides to universal dominion, such temporizing policy as that recommended by Charles, was merely playing into his hands, and affording if not open at least equally effectual co-operation. "I saw," says Sir John Reresby, "a copy of the letter"—meaning one that had been sent over by Louis, on occasion of some victory obtained over the Prince of Orange—"beginning with this style or title,—*Tres haut, tres excellent & tres puissant Prince, tres cher, tres aimébon Frère, Cousin, & Allié:*—and in truth," he remarks, "our king's neutrality deserved all this from France, and much more."

From this period we hear of no further political scruples on the part of Sir John, or of any disposition to relapse into a too popular way of thinking. Indeed, during the following sessions of parliament, in which the country leaders, partaking of the universal mania, prosecuted with such unaccountable vehemence the unhappy victims of a vile imposture, the duty of a member of parliament became one of much more than ordinary difficulty; whilst the ensuing debates on the exclusion bill, it must be confessed, were such, as not only to alarm the prejudices of a confirmed Tory, but even to startle the understanding of all, but men of the clearest views and strongest minds. "Nobody can conceive," says Sir John, "that was not a witness hereof, what a ferment this raised among all ranks and degrees;" and though a great deal of what was advanced "bore the face of improbability, yet such was the torrent of

the times, that no doubt was to be made of all that was heard." Even those, whom we cannot for a moment suppose to have been deluded by the gross fabrications of the witnesses, are subject, on that very account, to yet stronger animadversion, from the tortuous and even wicked policy they appear to have pursued. Among these, Lord Halifax, a man of the most subtle and piercing intellect, not even excepting his uncle, Shaftesbury, of any in that age of lively and pregnant wits, drew down upon himself the honest ire of Sir William Temple, by affirming that the "plot must be handled as if it were true, whether it were so or not, in those points that were so generally believed by city and country as well as the two houses"—

"Some truth there was, but dash'd and brew'd with lies."

Even this we think is acknowledging too much; at all events there is much less "folly" in believing "nothing" than believing "all." The fears very generally entertained through the nation of a disposition in the court inimical to the established religion were, doubtless, sufficiently well grounded; and to these alone did the plot, which else would have died prematurely, owe its rapid and monstrous growth. But in any other circumstance of the whole business there does not appear to have existed a grain of truth. Of a very different opinion, however, was the parliament of that day. First, says Sir John, the "commons fell upon my lord treasurer, for keeping the plot so long in the dark—seeing that the king might have been made away with in the mean time"—next they proceeded to the examination of witnesses, who came in plentifully—then they granted an indemnity to all who would make any discovery, though ever so deeply and blackly engaged themselves, and not only indemnity but subsistence into the bargain,—and finally they came to the resolution, that upon the evidence before them, it was plain there was "a hellish and damnable design to assassinate and murder the king, and to subvert the religion and government as by law established."

"Some thought they god's anointed meant to slay
By guns invented since full many a day."

The most awful delirium, to be sure, was this, by which it has ever been the ill fate of any country to be agitated; and, if we except the mysterious affair of the Mercuries at Athens, unparalleled for atrocity and madness, by aught that the history of any other people can produce. Indeed, between the two impostures—for that the Athenian affair was a fabrication no less than our own can hardly be doubted—there are many points of striking resemblance, with this single difference in

their origin, that whilst the first was, most probably, an invention of some political leaders, the latter, beyond a doubt, sprung up among the dregs and refuse of society, and was only adopted by abler men, when it had grown and expanded amid the preposterous fears of the nation. At Athens, as in our own country, there had been continually floating about among the people certain jealous fears, more or less well founded, derived from the memory of a former tyranny, of a disposition somewhere latent in the state adverse to the democracy "by law established." When, therefore, after many previous rumours of plots and conspiracies, whether the act had been perpetrated by some young men, in a drunken frolic, or, more probably, by the contrivance of a few factious politicians, all the statues of the god Mercury, standing in various places up and down the streets of Athens, were, in one night, defaced and mutilated, and from the same intimate connexion between the religion and law of the land, which subsists in our own constitution, the popular suspicion was instantly alarmed, and the safety of the state, no less than of the hierarchy, apprehended to be in danger. In the history of the transactions which ensued, we may discern the prototype of those monstrous proceedings, that followed the first announcement of a popish plot. Witnesses were forthwith sought with diligence—heard with eager attention—believed without examination; and on the testimony of some men of abandoned character many of the best and most reputable citizens were thrown into prison; it being deemed more adviseable that men, though innocent and upright, should suffer, than that the truth of the plot, to be extorted from them, if necessary, even by torture, should fail to be ascertained.* At length, when the commissioners, who had been appointed to investigate this mysterious affair, reported to the assembled people, that there was a "hellish and damnable design" abroad, to subvert the religion and government of the state, such was the terror this communication excited, that the imperial demus itself forsook its own agora and fled. The longer it raged, more furious grew the delirium—the people waxed every day more savage in their terror—numbers were taken up—the prisons were crowded—and yet more still continued to be sought. At length a certain one among the persons apprehended, who appeared particularly obnoxious to suspicion, was prevailed upon by some of his fellow prisoners to accuse, whether false or true, somebody or other, in order to secure himself and friends from the jealous rage of the people, by giving it a vent, and directing it upon the heads of others. The people received the informa-

* *Thucyd.* vi. 53.

tion with insane and brutal joy—the informer was set at liberty with all, whom he had not denounced—the accused were put instantly upon their trial, condemned, and executed. The blood of the best and noblest in Athens flowed freely; and the city having thus, as it were, breathed a vein, the fever abated—the passions of the people cooled—the judgement resumed its seat and office—and men began to wonder at the delirium into which they had been betrayed.

As in its origin, so in the conclusion, the oligarchal conspiracy at Athens, for such was it considered to have been, differed widely from the popish plot in England. The Shaftesbury of his age and country, who had hitherto steered successfully amid the conflicting factions of the state, instead of being the "arch-demon" who bestrode the tempest, was himself wrecked in the storm,—and, by a long train of remote consequences, involved in his fall that of the imperial democracy itself. Our own constitution, framed of more durable materials than the Athenian, weathered the storm of protestant fury; and the popish plot, destructive only to its victims, and a few of its managers, has left behind, among many other similar warnings, an awful but salutary memorial of the danger of spreading religious delusion among a devotional and deeply feeling people—affording us additional reason to thank God for the increasing light of the present age, which makes it less easy for designing men to practise upon the superstition of the vulgar. One other distinction, honourable to the nation, however grievously sinning, exists between our own plot and the one with which we have compared it; and this was owing neither to the temper of parliament nor the conduct of government, but solely to the spirit of the people. It has lately been remarked by a writer, whose works will distinguish the present age of our country more memorably than any thing else that has been done, said, or written in it, by any man or any set of men, that the English people, though clamorous in the pursuit of vengeance, yet, like the sleuth hound, desist from the chace, as soon as blood is sprinkled on their path.* And so it happened on the present occasion: the appetite for vengeance was quickly sated; and after the execution of the aged and venerable Lord Stafford, the Roman catholic plot lingered and died away. "It was the deepest solemnity," says Sir John Reresby, speaking of that nobleman's trial, "I have ever seen—and great were the expectations of the issue." He had been selected for impeachment, as being supposed less able to defend himself than any of the other lords in the Tower; but "he deceived the managers so far, as to plead his cause to a miracle."

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* *Peveril of the Peak.*

"The three chief evidences against him were Dr. Oates, Dugdale, and Tuberville: the first swore, that his lordship had brought him a commission signed by the pope, to be paymaster of the army to be raised against the king; the second, that he had offered him five hundred pounds to kill the king; and the third, that he had offered him a reward for the dreadful deed, but at a different time. And so positive seemingly were they in this and other dangerous evidence, that I, who sat and heard most of the trial, had not known what to think, had the witnesses been but men of any the least credit. But such were the incoherences, and indeed contradictions, which seemed to me to arise towards the latter end, that considering them, and the very evil name of the people that swore against this lord, I was fully satisfied that all was untruth they laid to his charge: but the poor gentleman was condemned by a majority of twenty-two. He heard his accusers, and defended himself with great steadiness and resolution, and received his sentence with great courage and composure; nor did he stoop beneath the weight of his doom, till he submitted his head to the block, with his last breath protesting his innocence, and the cruel wrong he suffered."

"The king," adds Sir John, "who heard all the trial, was extremely concerned at the rigour and abruptness of his fate." He disbelieved too, it is supposed, the whole of the plot,—why, then, did he allow the glorious prerogative of mercy to be idle in his hands? It is said he dared not exercise it—he dared do, however, or, at least, attempt things much more dangerous and equivocal. The patient and manly demeanour of this unfortunate nobleman on the scaffold seems to have excited the pity, and awakened the late repentance of the people. His protestations of innocence were answered by broken exclamations from the assembled multitude—"God bless you, my lord; we believe you." Of this, the most illustrious victim to the fanatical delusions of the time, we were lately unexpectedly reminded, by reading in the public papers of a new claimant to the dormant title of Stafford; and it was with some surprise and considerable regret we found that the attainder so iniquitously passed against its last possessor, had never, during so many ages of better feeling and juster sentiments, been reversed. When, however, we reflect how long the illiberal prejudices against the catholic sect, derived, in great measure, from the very imposture of which we have been speaking, were allowed to influence the counsels of the nation, perhaps we should be justified in attributing this omission to some other cause than simple neglect. For, to use the words of the author above alluded to, when, divested of his masquerade habiliments, he is officiating in the humbler duty of a commentator—"after this last victim, the popish plot, like a serpent, which had wasted its poison, though its wreaths entangled many, and its terrors held their sway over more, did little effectual mischief. Even

when long lifeless and extinguished, this chimera, far in the succeeding reigns, continued, like the dragon slain by the Red-cross knight, to be the object of popular fear, and the theme of credulous terrorists:"

"Some feared, and fled; some feared, and well it fained.
One, that would wiser seem than all the rest,
Warned him not touch; for yet, perhaps, remained
Some lingering life within his hollow breast;
Or, in his womb, might lurk some hidden nest
Of many dragonettes, his fruitful seed;
Another said, that in his eyes did rest
Yet sparkling fire, and bade thereof take heed;
Another said he saw him move his eyes indeed."

Whilst the terrors of the plot were thus agitating the kingdom from one extremity to the other, the houses of parliament were the theatres, in which opinions were conflicting with extraordinary violence, on a question of greater moment than has, perhaps, ever therein been discussed. We allude to the ever memorable debates on the bill of exclusion, the argument for and against which, though our author has drawn them up in something like battle array, he has neither fully nor faithfully stated. We shall not, however, travel over ground that has been so repeatedly trod before; but content ourselves with observing, that the palpable and gross absurdity of the disposition, on which every plan of limitations necessarily proceeded, sufficiently evinces the duplicity of the sovereign, with whom these plans originated. To imagine, for a moment, that James,—a man by no means easy to be governed,—but one, whom his brother himself had repeatedly pronounced "as obstinate as a mule"—and who was indubitably the most wrong-headed gentleman that ever wore a crown, should voluntarily, or without the most violent struggles, be compelled to submit either to legal restrictions, or to the authority of a regent, whether administered in the person of his nephew or his daughter, was that species of wilful blindness that argued the deepest insincerity in the person, who could profess such a monstrous belief. Had the country leaders suddenly thrown up the exclusion bill—turned short round upon his majesty, and accepted his limitations, it is hardly possible to conceive the embarrassment, into which he would have been thrown. To have extricated himself from this dilemma, he must have taken a quicker "turn upon the toe," than any, to which, during a reign of crooked politics, his own or the dangerous machinations of his ministers had ever yet reduced him. The uniform adherence of the exclusionists to their original plan, founded upon the presumption

that Charles would finally accede to it, though it proved fatal in the end, was authorized by every thing that, till that time, had been observed of his political conduct. It appears from the present *Memoirs*, how very distrustful the courtiers were of their master's firmness and constancy—how dreadfully alarmed, lest the offers of parliament so very fair, and the temptation of money so miserably wanting, should prevail upon his majesty to give up his brother, and part with "a snip of the prerogative" into the bargain. But there was a peculiarity in the present case, which distinguished it from all those, in which the king had been known to retract or change his resolution. The interest, or welfare, of any mortal on earth, when his own did not happen in some way or other to be involved in it, was never, for a moment, put by him in competition with his own ease and pleasure. Danby might rot in the Tower for signing letters, which himself had dictated—the innocent catholic archbishop Plunket, at a time when no personal fears could be alleged in excuse of his not exerting his prerogative, might perish on the scaffold, without his thinking it so much as worth his while to release the one, or save the other. No—his spirit of resistance was husbanded with the utmost frugality, and systematically confined to the defence of his own prerogative and power. This Lord Halifax appears to have well understood, when he calmed the fears of Sir John Reresby, by an assurance that there was not the least danger of his majesty's complying with the liberal offers of parliament; observing—"it was like offering a man money to cut off his nose." This peculiarity in Charles's character is repeatedly avowed and even extolled by his staunch defender, North:—The king's way was to let things have their full swing, without his interposing to protect any persons, who might happen to be endangered by the violence: but all the while that he yielded thus to the current, "he kept the reins of his authority tight in his hand, and would not quit an iota of his prerogative."

This saving regard to himself and utter indifference as to every body else made his ministers, at length, afraid to serve him, when the aspect of the times happened to be cloudy and troubled. Early in the year 1680, when parties were at the highest, the Duke of Newcastle being offered employment, declined accepting it: his majesty, he said, had not given him any in better times; he, therefore, begged to be excused now that they were so dangerous. Lord Halifax, the ablest of Charles's ministers, who served him most effectually and at the most critical period of his reign, often complained feelingly to Sir John Reresby of the slipperiness and precarious condition of the path he was obliged to tread; so that occasionally he would even talk of retiring from court. Particu-

larly the vote of the House of Commons, "that he was a promoter of popery, and a betrayer of the people"—too heavy, as he said, for the shoulders of an individual, however innocent, to bear unsupported, seems almost to have alarmed him into retirement. The example of so many ministers driven by similar votes from the helm of affairs into prison, or banishment, must have been to him a fearful warning, however signal were the services on which he rested his claim and protection. Nor, after the experience of so many ministerial downfalls,—and happy was the man, who, on going out of office, was allowed to hide his head in the country—after the signal ruin of so many who had served the monarch in high official situations, by each of whom, in succession, he had resolutely sworn to *stick*, was any reliance to be placed on his assurances of support, however deeply and solemnly pledged. "For," says North, "when by saying aye to the projects of the ministry they thought they had him fast by his personal assent, as soon as he found himself among the thorns and briars, he made no scruple to set himself right, whatever became of them." Sir William Temple acknowledges "he was very easy to change hands, when those he employed seemed to have engaged him in difficulties;" at the same time that his softness of temper made him "apt to fall into the persuasions of whoever had his kindness and confidence for the time," how different soever from the opinions he had previously held. Nor was it merely the effects of terror upon his mind, or his abhorrence of all trouble and disquietude, which his ministers had to apprehend, though in that case they were sure to be "let down the wind to prey at fortune;" almost as much was to be dreaded from the indolence and facility,—the fickleness and incertitude of his temper. While he seemed perfectly, said Lord Halifax, to approve of the council you gave him, he would hearken to others from a back door—you were never sure of him. Being once asked, how he stood with the king, he answered he had not the making of the king—God had made him of a particular composition—he knew what the king said to himself—he did not know what he said to others. Sir William Temple says of him, that he had great quickness of conception, with a great variety of knowledge,—more observation and truer judgement of men and things, than one would have imagined from so careless and easy a manner as was natural to him in all he said and did:—and even Burnet allows him to have had a very good understanding, and a great compass of information. Yet he was as incapable of thinking justly as he was of acting honestly; and there was no man, according to Sheffield, who was easier to be imposed upon than he. So that though his service was hazardous it was extremely

easy to his ministers. When affairs went wrong, their artifice was to attribute the miscarriage to some unforeseen accident, which, for the future, they would take care to provide for; and excuses of this sort he would accept without examination—or hearing any thing to the contrary. He held that all apologies were lies, and, as one told him to his face, he always chose to believe the first lie. Lord Danby, who got higher in his confidence than almost any other minister that ever served him, reached this elevation rather by the dexterity with which he excused his failures than any signal success he had in his undertakings. Besides, as North says, not being of a disposition "to break his head with study," he was resigned to the will of his ministers, yielding to every thing they proposed: and sometimes they would purposely apply to him, when they knew his head was full of something else; upon which he would bid them do what they wanted, and not trouble him longer. And yet such were the incongruities of his temper, that though he hated business, and could not be easily brought to mind any, still, when he was once got down to it, he would stay as long as his ministers had work for him. "Of a wonderful mixture," says Sheffield, "losing all his time, and, till of late, setting his whole heart on the fair sex," yet "in the midst of all his remissness, so industrious and indefatigable, on some particular occasions, that no man could either toil longer, or be able to manage it better." "They are clever fellows," says some one in *Peveril*, "who keep old Rowley from business"—perhaps so—but cleverer still were those who kept him to it. But besides Charles's indolence and caprice, there was another peculiarity of temper yet more irreconcileable with the character and office of a ruler: he could no more withstand a jest, a lively saying, or a piece of mimicry, than in ordinary cases he was proof against a thundering vote of the House of Commons. The fall even of Lord Clarendon is said to have been accelerated full as much by the wit and humour with which Buckingham strove to make his counsels appear ridiculous, as by the grave representations and perpetual railing of the whole bed-chamber put together. And Charles had such delight in seeing Buckingham, or some other gay courtier, by the help of a black patch across the nose, and a white staff, enact Harry Bennet, that, from this ludicrous association, Arlington, though a good man of business, could never find credit for the abilities he really possessed.

Such was the man, who had, in the latter part of his reign, to bear up against a more stern and resolute majority of the House of Commons, than ever sovereign, perhaps—if we except his father, had to contend with. Deep, in-

deed, must have been his sense of the peril likely to result to himself, from complying with the house, and abandoning his brother; and this we find, from Sir John Reresby, was what every body about court was strenuously inculcating. He was told, that if "he quitted his brother, it would be but an immediate step to ruin all his friends, and to become himself exposed to the will and wishes of those, whom he had no reason to think were over and above affected to him." "The king," adds Sir John, "dreaded the consequences and resolved accordingly." An observation of Lord Danby's, when Sir John was one day conversing with him in the Tower, during his imprisonment, strikingly shews how completely that nobleman believed self to predominate with Charles over all other considerations. He said, with emphasis, "that though the Duke of York had but little influence with him, as to what purely regarded himself, the minister would find him an overmatch with his majesty, as to any other person or concern:" that is to say, the strongest external influence was nothing compared with the mastery which his own close and selfish temper exercised over his actions, and this is confirmed by the whole tenour of his life—his conduct in all affairs of greater or less importance—and by the very colloquial expressions he was in the habit of using. His customary phrase, when giving individuals an assurance of protection, denotes much more strongly his sense of what was due to his own interest, than to their's, who solicited his favour. "Do not trouble yourself," said he to Sir John, when the latter was expressing his fears lest the house should fall upon him, for having penned the Yorkshire petition of abhorrence, "I will stick by you, and my old friends; for if I do not, I shall have nobody to stick by me." And on another occasion, when Sir John was in reasonable alarm, lest the lords, who were scrutinizing the list of military offices, should vote his place useless, "there being neither company nor gunner at Burlington, where I was governor, to make it appear a garrison,"—"let them do what they will," said the king, "I will never part with any officer at the request of either house; my father lost his head for such compliance; but as for me, I intend to die another way."* Yet so notorious had he become

* This dutiful and respectful mode of mentioning his father was not uncommon with him. When parliament was inquiring into the conduct of the judges, Charles observing, in the House of Lords, one of them sit pensive upon the wool-sack, went and sat down close to him, and "be of good comfort," said he, "I will never forsake my friends as my father did."

for the cold-blooded indifference with which he had been wont to extricate himself from difficulties, by the sacrifice even of ministers the most favoured, and measures the most solemnly resolved upon, that the exclusionists were justified by all their past experience in acting upon the conviction that the king, rather than suffer any annoyance, would, when he came to be pressed, desert his brother, as he had done every body else, who had trusted him; and they had many signal instances in support of this conviction. After having embarked with all his heart and soul in the intrigues of the cabal, and (by way of feeling the pulse of the nation) issued his memorable declaration of indulgence, such was the precipitation with which he veered about, when the storm began to whistle round his head, that even Shaftesbury himself, so adroit in shifting with every turn and change of the tide, had hardly time to tack about and get the start of his majesty. And it was not so long before, that,—having granted Lord Danby a full pardon, and swore that he would give it him, if occasion required, "again and again ten times over,"—he had suffered him to be committed to the Tower; where he lay for years after the storm, which had beat so furiously upon him, had subsided into a dead calm, and his majesty had no longer any thing to fear from the resentment of the commons. This desertion of Lord Danby reflects yet more dishonour upon Charles, as that minister, though false to most other people, had been true to him. "For had the treasurer," says Sir John, "considered nobody but himself, he might certainly have fared better;" but he resolved rather to suffer, than to do any thing that might draw discredit upon the king. "A most unhappy thing," he adds, "it is to serve a fickle prince, which, it must be owned, was part of our master's character." The word *fickle*, here made use of, is, we suppose, a courtier's euphuism for selfish and ungrateful. These glaring facts afford a striking commentary upon those high sounding verses of his *laurelled* poet, (for *laureate* we cannot bring ourselves to call the mighty bard.)

> "No groundless clamours shall my friend remove,
> Nor crowds have power to punish ere they prove;
> For gods and god-like kings their care express,
> Still to defend their servants in distress."

In short, to use the language of his vindicator, North, there was no dependence to be placed upon the king, such dexterity did he always manifest in saving himself at any time, —by any turn, or by the sacrifice of any person whatever. Thus, when his own ease and quiet appeared to demand that

his brother should be sent away, he could, with the most frigid indifference, tell him, he saw fit he should "absent himself some time beyond the seas." Again, when fears had been instilled into him, that, by removing his brother, he would only leave himself exposed to the aggressions of parliament, he could recall, and with the utmost shew of affection embrace him; swearing, as our author heard, that "nobody should ever part them for the future." But interest—his own sole and proper interest—was alike the moving spring of his conduct in both cases. Here the exclusionists did not discriminate motives with sufficient nicety—he had yielded, they said, ninety-nine times before he would yield the hundredth—and, in blood and confiscation, they paid the penalty of their error.

The period that elapsed between the dissolution of Charles's last parliament and his own death, furnishes more deep and useful reflection than whole centuries of happier and more flourishing times. It is that portion of our history on which we least like to dwell—from which our eyes are most frequently turned away in abhorrence, and where the feelings, implanted and cherished by our free constitution, its own best and firmest supporters, are most irritated and offended. But those who would deduce from the annals of our country the most salutary warning they are calculated to afford, must force themselves to look steadfastly upon these events, however painful and loathsome to contemplate; and in the temporary grave of English liberties to read the fearful secrets of that *euthanasia*, which the great historian and philosopher has predicted, as the final close of our mixed constitution. Were it only that they tended to interrupt the confiding security with which, from a presumptuousness common to all free nations, we are apt to repose upon the durability of our institutions, such studies, however uninviting, were of far more use to us than the perusal of the brightest triumphs and most splendid æra of our freedom. The condition of every government, both reason and experience alike teach us, is, at the best, but precarious. Even our own, however artfully constituted, is subject to the common law of all human institutions; and, like our bodies, containing within it the seeds of death, can only hope for a longer existence, from our superior knowledge—derived from a longer experience—of the diseases to which governments are subject, and our superior skill in the application of the proper remedies. Every state, in its turn, appears to have believed, that in its institutions there was a kind of immortal essence, which, both in defiance of time and chance, would suffice to preserve them from decay; and to this overweening confidence in their fancied imperishable nature their ruin may, generally, in great measure, be attributed. The free

republics of Greece, superior to all the world in arts and arms, vainly imagined that no circumstances were ever likely to arise within, or power without, of a nature strong enough to destroy their independence. Yet while, in this security, in ruinous wars with each other they wasted the energies they should have reserved for its defence, on their very borders was growing up a comparatively barbarous state, which in one short day dissolved the charm for ever. While the Roman contemplated with pride the spoils of a conquered world piled up in his capitol, and believed his power as everlasting as the rock on which he stood, he saw not—what we see—the barbarians louring, in dim perspective, behind. Far less did either Greek or Roman perceive the changes which time and corruption had wrought upon the constitution of their own states, or mark the progress of that internal decay, which was preparing them for servitude, and in the case of the latter, at least, had destroyed his freedom long before the downfall of his power.

As a nation, we have our full share of this vain and uncalculating self-confidence; but whether the storm be brewing in the east, or the west, we may be certain that—should it be destined ever to break upon us—we shall best prepare ourselves to weather its violence, by preserving unimpaired the freedom of our political institutions — "Whilst the Coliseum stands Rome shall stand"—a vain prediction, built upon the irrational grounds of a superstitious faith. Our own watery fence is a better protection than stone walls, but a better still is to be found in the free population it encircles; and be it our boast—a fairer than the Roman's—that whilst round us rolls the ocean, and within us lives the spirit of our fathers, our country shall not cease to be—what it has ever been—the fortress and strong hold of retiring freedom. But as no state can hope for duration, whose rulers keep not a watchful eye on all around, not only observing the powers which actually exist, but as far as it is given to man to pry into futurity—discerning such as are likely to arise; so no people can expect to retain their freedom long, who are not apprehensively alive to the dangers which surround it, and who do not scrutinize with jealous attention the tendency of every—even the most immaterial act of their government. To the care and sagacity of their rulers they must, in great measure, trust for security against the dangers from without; on themselves alone can they depend for protection against those from within. The statesman who should trust, with unlimited faith, to the goodwill of any foreign power on earth, would not commit a more fatal error than the people who should repose implicit confidence in the honour, however high, or the integrity, however great, of any government whatever. That to watch and be

watched is the sole condition on which the component members of a constitution, framed like ours, can possibly adhere together, is a principle which we deduce, at every step, in reading the history of the reign of Charles; and no less clearly do we see, that of the respective duties incumbent upon subjects and their rulers, that of the former is much more arduous in its nature, and more incessant in the attention it requires. Nor is it a duty which has grown either more easy or less necessary in the course of ages, but, on the contrary, has become only the more difficult and imperious by the substitution of a new enemy, much more subtle in its operations, and consequently demanding much greater attention than the former. Prerogative, though a strong and dangerous foe, could never effectually conceal his aggressions, which might, therefore, always be withstood and checked before they had proceeded to any fatal extremity. But influence, working underground, and imperceptible in its motions, sounds no note of alarm, and offers no point of attack. Like some subtle poison, stealing through all the veins of the body politic, it unnerves every arm, and corrupts every heart. Creating an opposition among our passions, and making interest rebel against honour, it arms us against ourselves, and deprives us not merely of the power, but even the will to act with freedom and resolution. Added to this, the science of politics having become much more complex than heretofore, and speaking a new language of its own, it is both much more difficult, on the one hand, to perceive the bearing and tendency of any particular measure; and, on the other, much easier to wrap up a pernicious meaning in an envelope of ill-defined or unintelligible phrases. Then the various parts of the government being more nicely adjusted than formerly, the whole works more smoothly and silently, and, therefore, less frequently draws our attention; and seldom stopping or going flagrantly wrong, never startles us into examining the state of the internal machinery. But it is not therefore certain, that it may not one day stop, and the derangement be found irremediable;—the most fatal and absolute decay is generally that, which, in the beginning, was the least perceptible. In the fortunate absence of such provocatives as are wanting to preserve in us the requisite attention to the motions of our vessel, it is well to get imbued with the spirit of more suspicious times; and to learn by the dire experience of others, rather than our own, the necessity of an alert and even watchful jealousy. This lesson, so needful in every free state, is inculcated more forcibly by the whole tenor of government proceedings in the reign of which we have been treating, than by that of any other period we could possibly select for the purpose. Besides, the elements of the constitution being

not then reduced to that perfect subordination one to another to which they have since attained, those different principles, that are to be found in every mixed constitution, and which, though more covertly, are not less surely working now than then, are there seen in open conflict, and give us the means of more duly appreciating their influence upon the whole machine of government. Finally, the catastrophe, though of a nature to inspire us with the profoundest melancholy, yet affords a memorable example of the madness, as well as danger, of trusting to the personal qualities of the monarch for the just administration of the laws; and consigning into his hands those reins on his authority, which the wisdom of our forefathers had lodged with the representatives of the people.

In reading the history of this singular issue of the disputes between Charles and his parliament, it seems, at first sight, as though we were unable, on reasonable and sufficient grounds, to account for the mighty revulsion of feeling in the people, which gave the monarch so complete a triumph over the exclusionists. The wonder is enhanced, when we consider that the fathers of that generation had contended in arms with his father,—and that they themselves, shortly afterwards, rose up against his successor, in defence of those very privileges, which they now were not only willing, but apparently delighted to resign. And, indeed, the causes of this phenomenon, though, as was seen by their effects, powerful in operation, are not very ostensible or marked in their character. Perhaps it was that very recollection of the war the country had waged, and of the military despotism in which it had terminated, that, having left a most disagreeable impression on their minds, made them feelingly alive to the danger of a like result to the present contest. The excesses of the republican party too had tended to lessen their respect for the cause of liberty in general; and giving the royalists a preponderance throughout the nation, furnished them also with the opportunity of raising a cry against their opponents, as aiming at a similar subversion of monarchy and episcopacy. The church and king in danger,—this—a watchword of alarm in all periods of our history—was never more successfully raised than now, by the opposers of the exclusion bill: and we must be well aware, how mighty in operation, in this country, is any cry that has once fairly got possession of the mouths and ears of the vulgar. Besides, the character of Charles was not seen in the same light by them that it is by us. That steady support of his brother,—which, if not virtue, at least, as Mr. Fox observes, bears strong resemblance to it,—though really to be ascribed to the influence of very different feelings, would doubtless appear to them to result from a noble affection, and strict re-

gard to justice. They thought him hardly used—his appeal softened their hearts—they compassionated him as a "very honest gentleman," ill-treated by a set of designing men—and as a king, they believed and trusted him.

On whatever principles we are to account for this revolution in the feelings of men, it certainly manifested itself in the most striking and portentous manner. No sooner had he dissolved the parliament, which met at Oxford, and issued a declaration, "fraught," as Sir John Reresby expresses it, "with the fairest promises to his people, and assuring them of his firm intentions to govern inviolably according to law, and the like," than he received "the thanks of the city of London, and of several counties and corporations throughout England."—Address followed address—each vying with the other in abuse of all those principles, which had both before and have since been entertained, with religious devotion. "The petitions for a parliament," said Lord Halifax, who never hesitated between his friend and a joke, "spit in the king's face, but these spit in his mouth." Among these, the addresses from the two universities were particularly distinguished by the virulence with which they condemned every principle on which a free government must necessarily depend for its existence; and, in that of Oxford especially, the day of Lord Russel's execution was, in a manner, celebrated by committing to the flames, in the absence of the authors, certain pamphlets which presumed to advocate more liberal sentiments. But it was not long before both the corporations and universities met with their reward.—The punishment of the latter, indeed, was deferred till the succeeding reign; but the former were almost instantly called upon to make good their assurances, and prove, by the voluntary surrender of their charters, that they did, indeed, believe his Majesty to be the "breath of their nostrils," and him of whom they held rights, property, and all. They had made an idol of their monarch; and he, instead of justifying their devotion, like most other idols, exacted, from his worshippers, offerings, which they were loth to pay, and yet durst not refuse. "A happiness, indeed, it was," exclaims Sir John Reresby, in a tone, which, if not meant to be ironical, might easily be mistaken for such—"a happiness, indeed, it was for his people to live under so good and so gracious a prince! And now we begin to have a prospect of halcyon days again."—What sort of days these were, we shall presently see.

The city of London, as in all time, both before and since, leading the way in every opposition to the court, and the first to remonstrate against every abuse of power, was the most obnoxious of all the corporations, and, therefore, the first marked out for vengeance. When, by the aid of his law officers, with

Lord Chief Justice North at their head, his Majesty had succeeded in storming this strongest hold of the independent party, and despoiled it of its charter, almost every other corporation in the kingdom, at the sound of the talismanic words *quo warranto*, was obliged, as our author says, "to truckle" to the crown, and make voluntary surrender. One instance, among many, deserves our particular attention, both from the share which Sir John seems to have had in the aggression, and as it shews on what grounds, and from what motives, his Majesty was induced to make it. The city of York, of which Sir John Reresby, through the interest of Lord Halifax, had obtained the government, had, it seems, (but he shall tell his own story)

"been more noted than most places in England, for the height and virulence of faction; but, after I had been there some time, finding some of the leaders willing to abate of their warmth, I engaged myself in some private discourse with Mr. Alderman Ramsden, one of the most extraordinary of the whole fraternity, and so well explained to him the danger they were in, if they did not shew some speedy signs of remorse and repentance for their former behaviour, that he confessed himself sensible of errors committed upon several occasions, (viz.) in that they had so often persisted in their choice of such members as they knew to be quite ungrateful to the king; in that they had so unhandsomely received the Duke of York, when he passed through their city, in his way to Holland; and in that they had petitioned for a parliament, but never addressed or abhorred; but that, after all, he was afraid their offences were *too enormous* to be pardoned, upon a consideration less than the surrender of their charter, which they did not know how to think of. I then asked him what he thought the city might be persuaded to do, by way of some atonement? To which he answered, they might be brought to do three things, if they might be accepted. First, to lay aside Alderman Thompson, a parish antimonarchial fellow, to whom it fell of course to be lord mayor the next year; secondly, to chuse a new high steward, and to offer the honour to his Royal Highness, in lieu of the Duke of Buckingham, whom they would put out, or, in case his Highness should refuse it, to his Lordship of Halifax; and thirdly, to elect better members for that city, when occasion should offer. These three things, he said, were feasible, might they be thought sufficient."

We think it was not without good reason that Sir John denominated Mr. Ramsden an extraordinary man: for a provincial alderman, he appears to have understood sufficiently well the way of courts, and the temper of princes. Lord Halifax, however, was too prudent to venture the king's letter to the corporation, upon the strength of these proposals; particularly, as the impending decision against the city of London charter, would leave that of York, as well as of every other

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town in the kingdom, at their mercy. As to their chusing his Highness to be their steward, " he judged it improper and unfit, upon many accounts ;" but as to their chusing himself, he was very willing they should do it, " provided it did not seem to be his own request." But the corporation, like experienced courtiers, judged it more advisable to send the patent of the office, in a gold box, to the little Duke of Richmond, the king's son by Lady Portsmouth ; for which compliment, they received her Grace's thanks in a letter, " wherein she said the king was very well pleased that the second city in England had had that regard for her son." But not so did the storm blow over the second city, after all : " the king had conceived fresh displeasure against it, and coming one evening from the Duchess of Portsmouth's, he said to Sir John, leaning upon his arm, he was afraid that the lord mayor was but a bad man ; and asked him, if " he knew sufficient matter for bringing a *Quo Warranto* against their charter." Sir John replied he did not, but would endeavour to inform himself thereof : to which his Majesty rejoined, " I only recommend it to you." Soon after, in consequence, the action was brought—and the charter surrendered at discretion. And what, think you, was the cause of this his Majesty's displeasure ? Not their electing opposition members—not their unhandsome reception of his Highness —not their petitioning for a parliament, and never abhorring : No—all this was venial, and might have been pardoned. The unpardonable offence was this :—" The lord mayor, it seems, had refused to let a mountebank erect his stage in that city, though he was furnished with the king's recommendation, which the man complaining of, his Majesty thought himself thereby slighted or injured !"

———————— Pudet hæc opprobria, vobis
Et dici potuisse, et non potuisse refelli.

Meantime, whilst Charles was thus instructing his people what degree of trust was to be reposed in the plighted word of a king,—" that in all affairs relating to himself, the laws should have their regular course," by making them the instruments of ruining every man, and every set of men, who had ever happened to give him the least offence,—people began anxiously to inquire of one another whether a parliament was ever to be called again. " This was the great point in expectation," says Sir John, " all over the country, and, indeed, throughout Christendom, which looked to it as the only chance left of preserving Flanders from the yoke of France ; but I learnt, (he adds) from a great man, that we were in no way of having one, his Majesty being bent upon ruling his kingdom in another manner." Even Lord Halifax, who was the only one of Charles's minis-

ters who really desired to see a parliament, "was, notwithstanding, quite willing," to use his own words, rather than relinquish his Majesty's service, "to invent excuses for him, and make the people easy." That nobleman was supposed to stand on higher and firmer ground with the country than any of the other ministers; and, therefore, being better able to stand the shock of a parliament, was the more willing that one should be summoned: "but, alas!" sorrowfully exclaims Sir John, "parliaments seemed to be no longer thought of, and to be quite out of doors." His regret appears to have been partly patriotic, for he, doubtless, loved his country, according to his own ideas of what was patriotism; and partly interested, for the court, being no longer in fear of a House of Commons, had no longer the same necessity for cultivating the good-will of men like himself. So that it is not merely to the "generous ambition" of high political characters that a free and popular government appeals for support, but we see that it affects even the private interests, consideration, and respectability of simple and undistinguished individuals.

Nor was Sir John Reresby the only gentleman in the country who was uneasy under the loss of that influence he was wont to exercise, and that voice he had formerly held in the counsels of the nation. Previous to the calling of the Oxford parliament, when very general alarm was entertained that the king never meant to summon another, and men yet dared to exercise their right, petitions were sent in from all quarters. To that of the city of London, praying that his Majesty would be pleased to call a parliament, he merely answered, "it was none of their business." Again, when the gentlemen of Wiltshire, headed by Mr. Thynn, the richest commoner in the kingdom, and the "wealthy western friend" of Monmouth, presented a petition, praying that parliament might sit for the redress of grievances, no otherwise to be redressed, his Majesty was pleased to ask them, "Whether they had their directions from the grand jury?" Mr. Thynn answered, No. The king presently replied, "Why say you, then, that you come from the county? You come from a company of loose, disaffected people. What do you take me to be? and what do you take yourselves to be? I admire that gentlemen of your estates should animate people to mutiny and rebellion. You would not take it well I should meddle with your affairs; I desire you would not meddle with mine." To the gentlemen of Essex, he said, "he was extremely surprised to see them meddle with matters that concerned none but himself;" adding, "that he was unwilling to call to mind things past; yet, that he could not but remember the act of oblivion, though not as some did: that those who stood in need of that act, would do

well not to take such courses as might need another; and that he very well remembered forty;" and so turned away. As for the Berkshire gentlemen, and their petition, which was presented the same day, he answered in another vein, drolling on them, "that they would agree that matter over a cup of ale, when they met at Windsor; though he wondered that his neighbours would not let him alone, but must be meddling with his business." Nor were these rude and threatening replies the mere effusions of resentment—forgotten as soon as uttered; on the contrary, they were publicly inserted in *The Gazette,* that the whole nation might be aware of their import.

However, in defiance of what the court lawyers had asserted in the proclamations, and Charles himself uttered in discourse, we find it resolved by an unanimous vote of that House of Commons,—

"That it is, and ever hath been, the undoubted right of the subjects of England to petition the king for the calling and sitting of parliaments, and redressing of grievances. That to traduce such petitioning, is a violation of duty; and to represent it to his Majesty as tumultuous and seditious, (this was called "abhorring") is to betray the liberty of the subject; and contributes to the design of subverting the ancient legal constitution of this kingdom, and introducing arbitrary power."

After the dissolution of this parliament,—when the king, in consequence of his final triumph, had got the reins of the law into his own hands,—men chose to let their "undoubted rights" lie dormant awhile, rather than risk the danger of incurring such heavy penalties, as the courts of law were now in the habit of dealing out against all acts, however legal, which they were pleased to construe into a breach of his Majesty's peace. Charles's present mode of thinking and speaking of parliaments presents a strange contrast to the fond expressions which he was in the habit of using, whilst the union betwixt him and his parliament was yet in the honey-moon. "When God brought me hither," said he, at the close of the first session of his reign, "I brought with me an extraordinary affection and esteem for parliaments:" Again, "I deal truly with you.—I shall not propose any other rule to myself, in my actions and counsels, than this: what is a parliament like to think of this action, and this counsel?" And again, when he reminded his second and *pensioned* parliament, that they had neglected to repeal the triennial bill, "I admire," said he, "that you have not considered the wonderful clauses in that bill. I pray, Mr. Speaker, and you, gentlemen of the House of Commons, give that triennial bill once a reading in your house; and then, in God's name, do what you think fit for me,

and yourselves, and the whole kingdom. I need not tell you how much I love parliaments: never king was so much beholden to parliaments as I have been; nor do I think the crown can ever be happy without frequent parliaments: but assure yourselves, if I did think otherwise, I would never suffer a parliament to come together by the means prescribed by that bill." Even after he had dismissed the last he ever intended to call, he persisted in the use of the same honied expressions. "Let not," says he, in his famous declaration of 1681, for which he was thanked in loyal addresses from all parts of the kingdom,—"let not the restless malice of ill men, who are labouring to poison our people, persuade any of our good subjects that we intend to lay aside the use of parliaments: for we do still declare, that no irregularities in parliaments shall ever make us out of love with parliaments, which we look upon as the best method for healing the distempers of the kingdom, and the only means to preserve the monarchy in that due credit and respect, which it ought to have both at home and abroad. And for this cause we are resolved, by the blessing of God, to have frequent parliaments; and, both in and out of parliament, to use our utmost endeavours to extirpate popery, and to redress all the grievances of our good subjects; and, in all things, to govern according to the laws of the kingdom." Now, not to mention that he himself was secretly a member of the religion he here swears to extirpate *, and, as for governing according to the laws, had, in 1670, concluded a treaty with

* "I dare confidently affirm," says the Duke of Buckingham, "his religion to be only that, which is vulgarly (though unjustly) counted none at all: I mean Deism. And this uncommon opinion he owed more to the liveliness of his parts, and carelessness of his temper, than either to reading or much consideration: for his quickness of apprehension, at first view, could discover through the several cheats of pious pretences; and his natural laziness confirmed him in an equal mistrust of them all, for fear he should be troubled with examining which religion was best." And, he adds, that it was by a kind of accident only he came to embrace Catholic opinions, "in his weakness." But Lord Halifax, with more apparent truth and knowledge of man, concludes, "that when he came into England, he was as certainly a Roman Catholic, as that he was a man of pleasure; both very consistent by visible experience." "There were broad peepings out," he continues, "glimpses so often repeated, that, to discerning eyes it was glaring. In the very first year there were such suspicions, as produced melancholy shakings of the head, which were very significant."

A law was passed making it penal to affirm, that the king was a papist; and yet, in his correspondence with France, he affected so deep

Louis XIV. for the express purpose of establishing absolute monarchy in England; in that other particular of "frequent parliaments," he attests God's blessing in the very utterance of a gross and palpable lie! For, at the dismissal of the Oxford parliament, he not only never intended, but was absolutely bound by treaty with Louis, as the condition on which he was to receive his pension, never to call another. And yet this solemn and egregious falsehood was ordered by his Majesty in council, on the motion of Archbishop Sancroft,* to be read in all churches and chapels throughout the kingdom! We have never called to mind that saying of *Junius*, respecting this king, —"Charles II. was a hypocrite of a deeper dye, (than his father) and should have perished on the same scaffold"—without wincing at it, as beyond measure rancorous and vindictive. But really, at present, we hardly know what to say.

In the present emergency, it is scarcely possible to say what should have been the conduct of the popular leaders, and all the friends of the constitution and religion of the land. From the beginning of the year 1681 O.S. to the month of June 1683, when the nation was alarmed by the report of the Rye-house plot, an interval crowded with acts of atrocious violence, perpetrated under the form of law, England had been without a parliament, and the king had ruled more despotically than any of his predecessors had ever done, even in ages the most remote and barbarous. That by these tyrannical aggressions on the liberty of the subject, he had broken his coronation oath, and forfeited all right to the allegiance of the people, no one, at this day, will for a moment dispute. But those who attempt opposition by force of arms to the violence of even an usurping government, must not only have strict justice on their side, but also a fair and rational probability of success. If this be wanting, the justice of the cause will be but a weak apology for the rashness of the undertaking; resistance, however legal, if not justified by circumstances, is little else than sedition, and the patriot hardly better than a mere insurgent. If, therefore, the popular leaders embarked,

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a conviction of the truth of that religion, as to represent himself as uneasy at not being able to make a public avowal of his faith. This was urged by him, frequently, as an argument to increase the pension and hasten the supplies he was to receive from France.

* It is much to be regretted that this exemplary prelate should have lent his name and authority to a piece of mummery, so false and profane. He received, however, retributive justice in the following reign, when James was for obliging him to cause his declaration for liberty of conscience—designed as the death-blow to the church of England—to be read in all the churches, in time of divine service.

at a time so unpropitious to the undertaking, in any actual combination against the government, their conduct was not only indiscreet, but highly blameable. But as far as any thing was ever proved against the persons of higher rank implicated in that medley of all sorts of plots, called the Rye-house plot, their conduct appears to have been not only justifiable, but praiseworthy. What were they to do?—The only regular mode of obtaining redress of grievances by parliamentary remonstrance was not within their reach—for the disuse of parliament was one of the grievances to be redressed. To petition, in the customary way, the power that committed these violations of law to forbear violence, would have been absurd—and even if not absurd, would have been punished as "mutiny and rebellion." The people, in general, regarded with supine indifference the wanton outrages committed by the government upon the constitution of the country. From a change of monarchs little good was to be expected;—and besides, Charles might live long to oppress the land. The dictations of the courts of law, pronounced in perfect coincidence with his tyrannical views, and which now superseded the laws, would, in the lapse of time, become laws themselves. In these arduous circumstances, some of the popular leaders, particularly Shaftesbury, appear to have thought, that no remedy but absolute force could be applied to evils so intolerable. But the conduct of that statesman, at this eventful crisis, was little consistent with that character for deep sagacity, which he had earned in a long course of subtle and artful policy. However, in his counsels, or those of the other "hot men," as Monmouth termed them, neither Sidney nor Lord Russel, it is clear, had any participation, though common connexions and former intimacy might occasionally bring them together. In what they appear to have actually done—meeting together to consult about the means they either possessed or could devise, to avert the impending destruction of all that was glorious or free in the institutions of the land, they deserve the thanks of every one who duly appreciates the inestimable benefit he derives from our free constitution. And for this, and this only, were those two illustrious patriots called to seal with their blood the principles they had ever been wont to assert. Even if we believe, in its full extent, the evidence of the witnesses against Lord Russel, his crime went no farther than bare misprision of treason: "and yet," said he, in the paper he delivered to the sheriffs on the scaffold, "I am condemned as guilty of a design of killing the king. I pray God, lay not this to the charge either of the judges, or sheriffs, or jury.—I shall not reckon up the particulars wherein they did me wrong, I had rather their own consciences should do that."—

" I have always loved my country," he adds, " much more than my life; and never had any design of changing the government, which I value, and look upon as one of the best governments in the world; and would always have been ready to venture my life for the preserving it." The still more flagrant violation of law in the trial of Sidney, committed by producing, as a substitute for the second witness necessary in a case of treason, some papers, written long before—never intended to be published—and containing mere speculative opinions, surpasses all the annals the bar can furnish, of what is most illegal and atrocious. Besides this, in his petition to the king, he shews, " that he was brought to trial; and the indictment being perplexed and confined, so as neither he, nor any of his friends that heard it, could fully comprehend the scope of it, he was wholly unprovided of the helps that the law allows to every man in his defence"—neither was he allowed a copy of it before his trial, according to the provisions of the statute of treasons. Moreover, when several important points of law were started, and Sidney desired counsel might be heard, his motion was over-ruled by the violence of the Lord Chief Justice (Jefferies) and himself " so frequently interrupted, that the whole method of his defence was broken, and he not suffered to say the tenth part of what he could have alleged in his defence: so the jury was hurried into a verdict they did not understand." This plain statement his majesty, in Sir John Reresby's hearing, qualified with the epithets " treasonable and evasive :" however, adds our author, " it was not thought proper to be printed."

It was in the following style and language that the brutal Jefferies, on the trial of Barnardiston for having in a *private* letter expressed sentiments deemed improper, could insult the memory of these illustrious victims to court violence and judicial iniquity—" Here," said he,—speaking of that gentleman's letters, which were given in evidence,—" here is the sainting of two horrid conspirators. Here is the Lord Russell sainted, that blessed martyr; my Lord Russell, that good man, that excellent protestant, he is lamented. And what an extraordinary man he was; who was fairly tried, and justly convicted and attainted for having a hand in this horrid conspiracy against the life of the king, and his dearest brother, his royal highness, and for the subversion of the government. And here is Mr. Sidney sainted—what an extraordinary man he was! Yes, surely, he was a very good man: because you may some of you remember, who have read the history of those times, and know what share Mr. Sidney had in that black and horrid villany, &c... And it is a shame to think, that such bloody miscreants should be sainted and lamented, who, to their dying

minutes, when they were upon the brink of eternity, and just stepping into another world, could confidently bless God for their being engaged in the *good cause*," &c.

But the greatest delinquent, in the present instance, without excepting even Jeffries, was Charles himself, to whose policy or vengeance they were sacrificed. We find him personally implicated in all the proceedings—himself taking their examination—displacing one judge to procure another better adapted for the service—active in the prosecution, and closeted with the judges,—for not by the very pandars of the court was the king's back stair-case more frequently trod than by the law officers of the crown. The last scene of this legal farce was a deeper tragedy than had ever before, or has ever since, been acted in our country. A series of impossible fictions—false charges constructed without ingenuity, and tyrannical oppressions under the form of law, ended in a scaffold, to which Sidney went as to a victory, and where Russel displayed the mild fortitude and equanimity of an English patriot. His mind was not like that of the other, filled with images of liberty drawn from the classical ages of Greece and Rome, but stamped with all the constitutional virtue and attachment, which are more peculiarly the growth of our own country.

Mr. Fox has said, that when the memory of Sidney and Russel "shall cease to be an object of respect and veneration, it requires no spirit of prophecy to foretell that English liberty will be fast approaching to its final consummation." We devoutly hope that there is more generous feeling than truth in this observation; for it seems to us as if indifference had nearly already superseded that veneration which Mr. Fox has supposed would be coeval with our liberty. If, indeed, there really be in the present age a disposition to regard these two illustrious names as transmitted down to us with applause, rather, like those of Harmodius and Aristogeiton, in consequence of the triumph of a party, than from the intrinsic merits of the persons to whom they belonged, we do wrong to their memory, and an injury to ourselves. We wrong them, by depriving them of the prerogative which they are entitled to enjoy in common with all who have deserved well of their country—that of living, for ever, in the memory and affections of their countrymen. We injure ourselves, inasmuch as the more we cultivate such affections and cherish the remembrance of the illustrious dead, the more likely are we to tread in their steps, and preserve inviolate the principles they have bequeathed us. The celebration of departed worth and patriotism has distinguished every age of generous freedom, or liberal sentiments. In the enjoyment of their rude liberty our remote ancestors sang the deeds of their heroes, and the triumphs of their race. In the purest ages of

classical freedom, the citizens of Greece and Rome perpetuated the memory of their deliverers, and animated their own patriotism by reviving the recollection of their forefathers.

> " —— coronati, Thrasea Helvidiusque bibebant
> Brutorum et Cassi natalibus."

END OF VOL. VIII. PART II.

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